The Outlook

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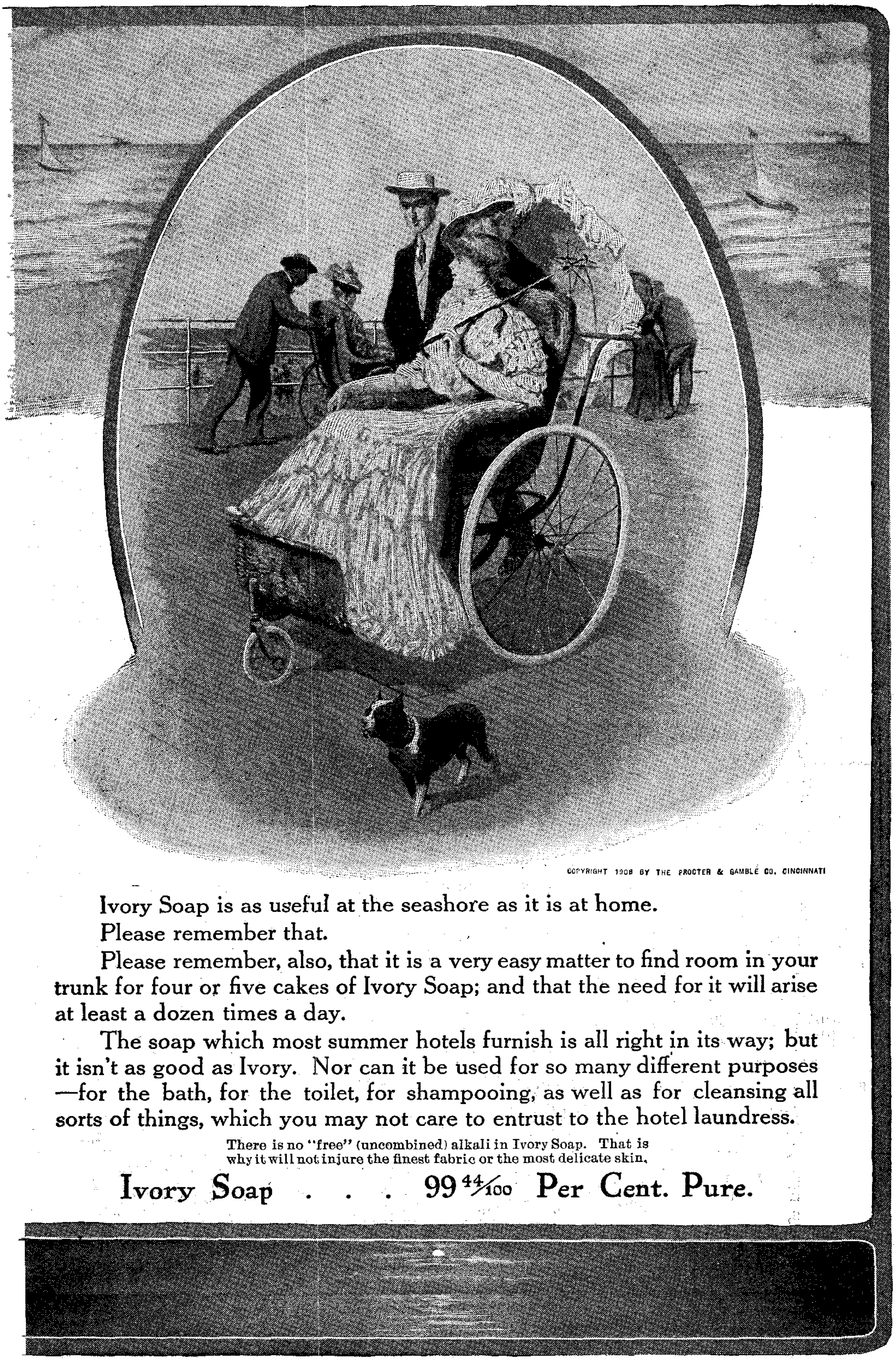

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The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1908

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The Currency Question

Congress has come to the definite conclusion that the country needs a more elastic form of bank note currency. The bill introduced by Mr. Vreeland, of the Thirty-seventh New York District, has been passed in the House of Representatives by a large majority, and the Senate has passed an amended form of the Aldrich Bill. These two measures will form the basis of a conference between the two bodies, although at this writing it is difficult to determine whether it will be possible for the conferees to agree upon a joint measure in the short time that is now left before the probable adjournment of Congress. The Outlook has several times stated the general principles of the Aldrich and Vreeland measures. Senator Aldrich proposes that additional circulation may be taken out by the National banks, secured by approved municipal, county, and State bonds. Representative Vreeland has adopted the idea, first clearly expressed by ex-Secretary Gage, of permitting the National banks of the country to issue additional circulation guaranteed by the Government and secured by the indorsement of Clearing-House Associations regularly organized under a provision of the bill. These Clearing-House Associations may accept as their security for their endorsement various forms of collateral, including commercial paper. Under the Vreeland Bill this emergency circulation will cost a bank ten per cent if maintained for a year or more. According to the Journal of Commerce of New York City, the chief objection of the bankers of the country is directed against this provision of the act. Bankers say, it is alleged, that this emergency currency will cost them too much and that they cannot make a profit in loaning so expensive a form of currency. To The Outlook this objection seems entirely unreasonable. An emergency currency is not to be provided to enable the National bankers to make a profit, but to enable them to save themselves from practical bankruptcy in times of financial stringency. For a bank which is unable to pay any depositor his balance in full on demand is practically bankrupt. The banks of the country have been so long accustomed to default in payments to depositors when it was inconvenient to honor checks that some of them have fallen into the habit of mind of supposing that a bank may pay or may not pay at its own convenience. The following story, which we find in the Youth's Companion, while it may be apocryphal, illustrates in a very amusing and telling way the attitude of many bankers with regard to their customers' balances in a time of currency disturbance:

> During the financial stringency, says a Western banker, we were compelled to limit the amount our depositors might withdraw to $10 per day. It occasioned some inconvenience, but most of our patrons took the matter philosophically. One man, though, an eccentric old farmer, was highly indignant when we refused to let him withdraw $60 at one time.
>
> "Doesn't the money belong to me?" he demanded.
>
> "Certainly," I told him, "but we have other depositors to accommodate, and as the Eastern banks have tied up our money, we can pay out only a limited amount each day."
>
> The explanation did not appear to be very satisfactory. So, partly to mollify him and partly because I knew that he had unusually fine poultry, I bargained with him for a Thanksgiving turkey. I paid for the turkey in advance—a good stiff price—and he promised to deliver it dressed on Thanksgiving morning. At an early hour he arrived with a large bundle, but when the wrapper was removed from the package it proved to be a pasteboard box containing a solitary turkey leg and this note:
>
> > *Dear Sir*—The demand for turkeys has been enormous, and as I have other customers to accommodate, I can supply you with only a part of your turkey each day.
>
> I was considerably put out, but I made the best of the matter and bought another

turkey at the butcher's shop for our Thanksgiving dinner. The next morning the farmer sent a turkey wing, and the following day we got a thigh, and for over a week that eccentric old fellow sent to town every morning a piece of that turkey. Then I received this note:

> *Dear Sir*—Your colored cook informs me that you have "done gobbled all that turkey," and I wish to warn you that you are overdrawing your account. You didn't bargain for the gobble.

Most of the banks of this country were for several weeks last winter in the condition satirized by this farmer. It appears to The Outlook that bankers who have sometimes charged their customers as high as seventy per cent for loans to save those customers from bankruptcy ought not to object to paying ten per cent to save themselves from a similar misfortune.

❀

Prosperity and the President

"The National Prosperity Association . . . applauds the correction of evils in business methods. . . . The financial stringency has passed. . . . We believe this is an opportune time for business men with honorable ideals to get together. . . . The National Prosperity Association has been formed, designed in the first place to promote confidence among our business men, and, in the second, through co-operation with you, to impress that confidence upon all our own people and the world at large. . . . The Association recognizes the debt the business interests, indeed the whole country, owes you for what you have done. It feels now that the time has come to take stock, to call a halt upon radical, hasty, and experimental legislation, designed to regulate industry. . . . The dishonest corporation, the dishonest railroad management, should be punished. But the honest corporation, the honest railroad management, should be protected, and this the Association relies on you to provide." This is the substance, expressed in the original phraseology, of the speech addressed by Mr. E. C. Simmons to President Roosevelt last week. The occasion of this speech was the visit of the Executive Committee of the National Prosperity Association to the President. In his reply the President made it clear that there was nothing in this statement to which he did not subscribe. In other words, he accepted it at its face value. He stated, as he had stated before, that he believed commercial and civic dishonesty to be exceptional. The Nation could not, he declared, go back to the toleration of dishonesty. He continued: "Such further regulatory legislation as is required is merely a building upon the broad foundations that have been laid. It conceals no menace to business, any more than that legislation which has already been enacted. There is no need for agitation concerning it; there is no excuse for demagogic excitement about it. It is as much our duty to conserve the *real* rights of *property* as *it is to* conserve the real rights of labor. . . . As you have well said, wherever there is evidence of dishonesty, it must be pursued relentlessly and punished, but . . . let no man seize the moment when we have as a Nation pilloried the real malefactors to say that all American business men, or even any considerable number of them, are malefactors."

❀

Regulation and Honesty

It is gratifying to note that the National Prosperity Association, which has blazoned over the country its motto "Let Us Alone," is committed to the condemnation of dishonesty and opposes agitation which is demogogic. On such a platform it could unite all citizens—grafter and demagogue included. It is because Mr. Roosevelt has not only preached against dishonesty and demagoguery, but has aimed effective blows at both these evils, that he has the confidence of the American people to an extraordinary degree. If this is all that the National Prosperity Association is organized to combat, it is rather superfluous. It is a mistake to assume, however, that the present Administration, which embodies and is carrying out the determination of the American people, is confined to the task of merely insuring honesty; it has a larger task than that. It has avowed the policy of securing to the people control of the people's creatures. In other words, it is maintaining the doctrine that the sovereign should be sovereign. It is not merely the thief who is under the law; it is the respectable householder as well. So it is not merely the criminal corporation or the fraudulent railway that should be regulated by the Government, but the honest and law-abiding as well. The railway man who regards railroading as a purely private business, the corporation official who regards the corporation as an affair with which the public has no concern, is becoming rarer. So long, however, as men of this mind exist, so long the honest among them will join with the dishonest in the cry, Let us alone. The only way by which the honest man or the honest corporation can be protected against the grafter on the one side and the demagogue on the other is by the establishment of such Governmental regulation of railways and corporations that the grafter will have to face the light and the demagogue will be deprived of the popular unrest on which he trades.

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Pan-American Progress

The laying of the corne stone last week at Washington of the new building of the American Republics was an interesting event. The structure is to stand on the site of the old Van Ness mansion, the scene half a century ago of much social life. The location is about half-way between the State, War, and Navy Building and the Potomac River. The tract of five acres provided by Congress is bounded on every side by streets, and to the south and east faces public parks. The flag of each of the twenty-one American Republics floated over the site, and each Republic was present by an accredited representative. This was highly appropriate, since all the Republics have a common interest in the Bureau, the seat of which they agreed long since should be in the capital of the United States of America. The Bureau's governing board is composed of the official representatives in Washington of all the Republics. This board also constitutes a permanent committee to see that the resolutions of each Pan-American Congress are faithfully carried out. Three such Congresses have been held—at Washington, the City of Mexico, and at Rio de Janeiro; the fourth is to convene at Buenos Aires. The Bureau of American Republics, especially under the energetic guidance of Mr. John Barrett, its present Director, formerly Minister to Argentina and Colombia, has become a recognized medium of international intercourse. It carries on an enormous correspondence with every country of both continents, answering questions as to the varying laws, customs, and opportunities of the various regions. In addition it publishes a monthly bulletin of current events and existing conditions, thus aiding mutual acquaintanceship, trade, and sympathy. Since the trip around South America of Mr. Root, Secretary of State, the work of the Bureau has received special impetus. Hence the laying of the cornerstone of the new building marks another step in Mr. Root's increasingly successful effort to establish a better understanding among American Republics. President Roosevelt said on the occasion:

> I believe that history will say that though we have had other great Secretaries of State, we have had none greater than Elihu Root; and that though in his high office he has done much for the good of his Nation and of mankind, yet that his greatest achievement has been the success which has come as the result of his devoted labor to bring closer together all the Republics of the New World, and to unite them in the effort to work valiantly for our common betterment, for the material and moral welfare of all who dwell in the Western Hemisphere.

It was Mr. Root's good fortune after the completion of his journey to find a public-spirited citizen ready to give a great sum to further the cause by providing a new home for the Bureau of American Republics—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose splendid gift of three-quarters of a million dollars was peculiarly appropriate as a gift to the Nation, for it came from one who has long strenuously striven for the cause of international peace. In the course of his address Mr. Carnegie said:

> There is no work going foward in the world to-day which good men everywhere should regard with deeper interest and warmer approval than that in which the American republics are now engaged. . . . In this sublime labor it thrills me to feel and to repeat that there is no people whose heads and hearts are more fully enlisted than the people of the United States, no ruler who

will labor more zealously than the President, no Secretary of State who will study more deeply or advise more wisely than he who holds that office to-day. This work accomplished, to every one who has contributed to it in the smallest degree there will come the assurance he has not lived his life in vain.

❀

Government by the People The Message of Governor Hughes to the New York Legislature at the opening of its extraordinary session had an element of surprise in it. The session was called primarily to consider the bills abolishing race-track gambling, but the only reference to that subject in the Message was in the final sentence, in which the Governor announced his intention of laying the matter before the two houses at a later date. It was a wise bit of political strategy. The Legislature can consider at a special session only those subjects which the Governor recommends in his Message; and Governor Hughes had no intention of letting it take premature action on the race-track question while the anti-gambling forces were in a weakened condition owing to the illness of Senator Foelker, and before the new Senator from the Forty-seventh District had taken his seat. The Message, however, gave the Legislature plenty to work upon. Governor Hughes recommended the amendment of the Public Service Commissions Act so as to bring the telegraph and telephone companies under the regulation of the Commissions; the amendment of the primary election law so as to make suitable provision for direct nominations and an official primary ballot; amendments to provide for more complete identification of voters in connection with registration, thus reducing the opportunities for fraudulent voting, and to make better provision for the government of political parties, thus furnishing protection against corrupt or arbitrary action by conventions or committees; for the appointment of commissions to inquire into speculation in securities and commodities and into the condition of the unemployed; and one or two other smaller matters. The fight which Governor Hughes is making is for the rehabilitation and maintenance of government by the people for the people. The defeat of the anti-gambling bills at the regular session was an exhibition of government "by the bosses for the gamblers." The most important of the Governor's recommendations in his Message are all directed toward the same goal, the freeing of the nomination, election, and party machinery from the domination of the bosses and the special interests which they represent. He aims to make it not only possible but easy for the people to nominate for office the men they want, to have at the head of their party machines the men of their choice, and to elect, without corrupt or arbitrary interference, the men they really prefer. In this fight we believe the people of the State are on the side of Governor Hughes. At the special election in the 47th District Mr. William C. Wallace, the Republican candidate, was elected to the Senate by a small plurality. Mr. Wallace had pledged himself to the support of the anti-gambling measures, and he received absolutely no assistance in his campaign from the Republican machine. His election, under the circumstances, is a real victory for the Governor and for the principles which he is battling to maintain. The outcome on the race-track bills is still in deep doubt. The election of Mr. Wallace would break the deadlock in the Senate, but the illness of Senator Foelker has restored the *status quo*. The battle is not won, but neither is it lost. The friends of law and order and decency in the State should continue to bring to bear on their representatives in the Legislature every influence in their power in the cause of government by the people for the people.

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Illegitimate Injunctions The unanimous decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in New York City in six separate cases gives official indorsement and significant emphasis to the claim that certain of the courts have carried the equity powers of the injunction cases beyond all reason as well as beyond the earlier precedents. Our readers will perhaps remember that when the police authorities in New York City undertook to enforce the Sunday laws against concerts and theatrical performances, as those laws had been interpreted by one of the judges of the city, injunctions were issued by a number of the theatrical managers forbidding the police to enforce the laws. The Appellate Division now declares unanimously that these injunctions were illegitimate. The position of the Court is thus stated by Judge Ingraham:

> There is no charge that the defendant has committed or has threatened to commit a trespass, and it was the duty of the defendant to enforce the criminal law and to arrest any one committing a crime. There is presented, therefore, the question whether a court of equity has jurisdiction to interfere with a police officer in the performance of his duty by an injunction prohibiting the police officer from arresting a person so charged upon the ground that the act which the plaintiff was about to do was not a crime and the police officer was mistaken in his conclusion that it was. It seems to me that the mere statement of the proposition involves the answer to it.

It ought not to be in the power of a single judge, without a hearing, to interfere with the official acts of either State or National officials by injunction proceedings. Measures have already been introduced into Congress forbidding Federal courts from issuing injunctions, except in extraordinary exigencies, without a previous hearing, and limiting the power of Federal courts to interfere by injunction with the official acts of State officials. Similar measures should be introduced into all our State Legislatures. We are inclined to believe that in no case ought the courts to be permitted to enjoin an official act of a State or Federal official without previous hearing, and we are certain that such *ex parte* injunctions ought to be granted only in rare cases instead of, as now, almost as a matter of course.

❀

The Unemployed Problem Of all the numerous causes of unemployment, such as the introduction of machinery, the displacement of industries, the cutting off of the supply of raw material, strikes and lockouts, weather conditions, seasonal unemployment, lack of industrial education, destructive competition, overproduction, the reorganization of industry, old age, trade diseases, accidents, illness, vagrancy, immigration, intermittent labor, etc., that resulting from industrial depression has been the most dominant throughout the greater part of the country the past eight months. Naturally, it has been most acute at our industrial centers, and particularly so in the large cities. In New York City, for instance, the number of men and women out of work the past winter, who ordinarily are employed in gainful occupations, is estimated at not less than 200,000, and there are those familiar with the conditions who believe that the number is largely in excess of these figures. The unemployed are not confined to a few trades and occupations, but represent to a greater and lesser extent the building and stone-working trades, clothing and textiles, metals and machinery, ship-building, transportation, printing and binding, wood-working and furniture-making, office employees, tobacco workers, and a large number of unskilled laborers. In consequence, a heavy burden has been placed upon all the charitable organizations; the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to mention only one, at the present time is aiding more than four thousand families as compared with only 2,475 in January, a fact which shows that, although the extent of unemployment is not increasing, the need and distress of the idle workers is growing more widespread. So serious has the situation become, and so urgent is the necessity for an intelligent and thorough study of the actual conditions, that Governor Hughes has recommended to the special session of the New York Legislature the appointment of a commission to investigate the causes and effects of unemployment and the condition of the unemployed, and to suggest remedial measures. Not only in New York State but also in many other States the problem of the unemployed has become a pressing one. From Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities have come reports of the adoption of extraordinary measures to meet the emergency. "Marches" of those out of work to the City Hall to demand employment of the municipality took place the past winter in nearly every important city, and in many of them municipal work has been undertaken to relieve the distress. So general is the situation that President Roosevelt has been asked to appoint a National Commission on the Unemployed in order that the subject may be investigated and studied in all its various phases to the extent which its importance justifies. The necessity for a serious and determined grappling with this growing problem is coming to be more and more apparent, and in this particular much of value can be learned from the experiences of European countries.

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Effects of Unemployment

Not since 1893–4 (the days of Coxey armies, of soup houses, of bread lines, of unprecedented recourse to public improvements in order to give employment to those out of work) has there been experienced such widespread unemployment, nor have conditions among the unemployed in the United States been so acute. The temporary suspension of production beginning with October suddenly threw hundreds of thousands of men and women upon their own limited resources, and brought an unusual enrollment of raw recruits to that "army of the unemployed" which, year in and year out, marches the able-bodied who are willing to work, across the borderland into pauperism, criminality, vagrancy, and prostitution. Experience has taught us that periods of unemployment are accompanied by the moral deterioration as well as the physical breakdown of many of our workers. Viewed from the social rather than the individual point of view, the effects of unemployment result in an enormous cost to society. There is an absolute loss in the labor supply when next a period of prosperity sets in, and for years to come, moreover, the public will be compelled to meet the great expense of supporting, in penal and other institutions of various kinds, many thousands whom temporary unemployment has forced into dependency and crime. That there has been an increase of crime and in the number of criminals because of unemployment the past winter, the records of courts and jails and penitentiaries bear all too convincing proof. In New York City, for illustration, in the short space of time of three months, as many as eight hundred and fifty penniless and homeless persons voluntarily appeared before its magistrates and were committed to the workhouse. "Almost in every case," in the words of one magistrate, "the person committed stated that he was out of employment, and, upon inquiry, it was found that for the most part they were never before committed." With the passing of winter the physical necessities of the unemployed population as regards food, clothing, and shelter have lessened, but at the same time many who somehow have come safely through the winter are in a deteriorated physical condition, with the probability that they will continue to add to the number of the sick and diseased and dependents. Also of importance is the fact that many have exhausted not only their savings but their credit. Nor is there any positive assurance of an early resumption of industrial activity on a scale that will absorb all the idle labor supply. For recovery after periodic unemployment, such as the present, is always much slower than from seasonal unemployment, and in consequence the summer months are not likely to bring a resumption of work to the extent prevailing last year before the depression set in. It is true that the Nation's labor supply has been decreased somewhat by the exodus of immigrants to their European homes. Then, too, we must take into consideration the fact that this is a Presidential year, and that this election always has an effect to retard industrial activity, as large employers of labor will not enter upon extensive production until after the issues of the coming conflict have been settled for at least the next four years. All the ascertainable facts in the situation are sufficiently serious to lead to a determined effort to prevent in the future a repetition of the experience of the past winter.

❀

An Intolerable Tyranny

Chester, Pennsylvania, evidently stands in sore need of a new Declaration of Independence; it has fallen under the rules of an intolerable despotism. The tyranny of one man is bad enough; the tyranny of a self-constituted organization, or of a mob, is worse; and this is what has happened to the pleasant old town of Chester. A strike against the trolley cars has been going on for some time, and it still continues, but the cars are running on schedule time, though passengers are so few that, a correspondent writes, "the conductors need a good deal of imagination to collect the fares." Quite recently a car was blown up. Broken windows are so numerous that they are negligible. One hotel has been driven out of business, and other places of business are said to be seriously threatened. If the strikers had stopped here, their action would have been offensive enough and tyrannical enough to arouse the indignation of every man with American feelings and principles; but it has gone a good deal further; it has entered the schools. During a recent rain-storm the principal of one of the public schools and one of her assistants, who live at some distance from the school, rode to and from school in what has been described as "the worst storm in several years." The next day half of the scholars in each of the rooms presided over by these two ladies were absent. There is a small confectionery store in the neighborhood of this school, conducted by a widow whose children attend the school, and who depends for her living largely on the small purchases of the children of the school. She was ordered to take her children out of the school under penalty of a boycott of her business. She yielded to the demand, and asked that her children should be excused. On the evening of that day the principal of the school was escorted to her boarding-place by an officer, lest she should be molested. On the same day the superintendent and the truant officer were sent to the school in question; the former, a trustworthy correspondent of The Outlook reports, requested the teachers not to patronize the cars any more, and the teachers signed a statement which we reproduce: "We have not ridden on the cars before, and it is not our intention to ride." This has been interpreted as an apology to the children of the school; but the teachers declare that they did not understand the declaration to be an apology, and that they are now sorry they signed it. They now declare that, while they are willing to walk in good weather, if there comes another rain, they propose to enjoy the privilege of American citizens and ride. The attempt to boycott two women teachers because they used the only available means of going home in a heavy storm would be amusing if it were not an indication of a very serious state of affairs. Another teacher, who had been using the cars, and who learned that her pupils were likely to strike, called in the truant officer, and, on the non-appearance of fifteen pupils, waited on their parents, called attention to the fact that their children were under her control during certain hours of the day, and declared that, if they were not sent from their homes, they would be taken from them by the truant officer. She declared further that she had been riding in the cars, and that she intended to ride in them; that she owned shares in the company, and regarded it as her right and privilege to ride when and how she pleased; and she still rides, although her pupils walk to school. This lady has shown more courage than most of her townsmen, and deserves an honorable place in the history of the community. It ought to be written on the blackboards of the Chester schools that any American citizen can ride in any car he chooses so long as he obeys the law; that public schools are for the benefit of children, but that they are conducted by their elders; and that class persecution, whether directed against the poor or against the rich, is not allowable under the American system.

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A Victory for Decency

Much light has been let in upon the dark and devious ways of certain patent medicine manufacturers in the last year or two, especially through the investigations of Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, reported in Collier's Weekly. One of the most illuminating chapters of Mr. Adams's story had to do with the obtaining of testimonials to the magic results of the particular nostrum to be advertised. Last week practical confirmation was given to some of Mr. Adams's charges in a United States Court in New York City. Miss Frances Wynne, a saleswoman in a New York department store, was awarded damages in the sum of $6,000 for the unauthorized use of her photograph in an advertisement. The offending advertiser was the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, manufacturers of certain widely and unpleasantly advertised remedies. Some time in 1905 Miss Wynne was told by a fellow-employee, Miss Tierney, that a customer of the store, Miss White, had been so impressed with her beauty that she would like to have her go to a certain photographer and have her portrait made. The photographs were to cost her nothing, and she was to have eleven copies for herself while the photographer would keep one "for use in his show-case." The photographs were made, and Miss Wynne heard nothing more of the matter until her portrait appeared in an advertisement in several New York papers over a testimonial from "Miss Elizabeth Wynn, of 205 Eighth Avenue," saying that the medicine advertised had cured her of certain ills. The appearance of the advertisements gave Miss Wynne unpleasant notoriety among her fellow-workers, and finally obliged her to give up her employment. The testimonial, it appeared, was written and signed by Miss Tierney, who had assisted Miss White at various times in getting other testimonials. This business of obtaining commendatory letters from women who had (or, as it seems from the present case, had not) used the Pinkham remedies was Miss White's chief, if not her only, occupation. The verdict of $6,000 was awarded the plaintiff under a law only a few years old in New York State, which forbids the use of a portrait for advertising purposes without the express permission of the subject. This verdict should be widely welcomed. Patent medicine makers who obtain their advertising material by the use of such methods as were revealed in this case, by their own actions arouse suspicion, amounting to practical certainty, of the worthlessness of their remedies. The advertisements of such concerns are, happily, more and more being strictly excluded from the pages of reputable journals. Any blow which can be dealt to this disgraceful class in its most sensitive spot—the pocket—is a stroke for decency and good order.

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Union's New President

Under the guidance of Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, Union Seminary has attained a position of leadership in theological education, and specifically in that form of theological education, too much neglected, which trains men for the practical work of the ministry. At the Commencement exercises, held last week, it was announced that Dr. Hall's successor is to be Dr. Francis Brown. One of the foremost American scholars in Hebrew and Assyriology, Dr. Brown is fitted to maintain the reputation of Union Seminary for high scholarship. He has been Professor of Hebrew and Cognate Languages in Union Seminary for the past eighteen years. He has had opportunity to watch and study the growth of the Seminary, and has had an influential part in shaping its character. A man of liberal spirit, he has often been the champion of men who have had to maintain against odds their freedom to seek the truth; but his spirit is as constructive as it is liberal. In these days the choice of executive heads of academic institutions frequently falls upon men conspicuous because of their abilities in financial administration or in public address; in this case the position seeks a man whose reputation has been won in the comparatively small circle of the discriminating admirers of learning. Dr. Brown comes to the headship of Union at a time when its material and spiritual inheritance has been greatly enriched and its future is full of promise. He has an unusual opportunity to show that scholarship is vital and displays itself to best advantage when identified with actual life.

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A Thousand Miles of Boys

Next July a message is to be carried afoot from the Mayor of New York to the Mayor of Chicago. The carriers will be seven hundred boys between fifteen and seventeen years old. For a week or so, during the night as well as the day, some lad will be speeding across the country at the rate of a mile run. The first will start from the City Hall in New York and run northward. At the end of a mile a second will be awaiting him, and on his arrival will seize the message and carry it to the next mile-post. There is probably but one organization that could select these carriers solely from its own membership along the route, and, by representatives already on the line of the race, arrange for all details and guard the race as it occurs. That organization is the Young Men's Christian Association. Each city Association along the line will have charge of a certain section. The New York Association, for example, will have charge of the route which extends through the city until it touches the territory assigned to Yonkers. The stretch over which Buffalo has jurisdiction is the longest in charge of any one Association. Inasmuch as the Young Men's Christian Associations have about a hundred thousand boys under the care of physical directors, the material for such a relay run is ample. The boys selected for this event will be under special training. No boy will have any other competitor than time, or receive any prize other than the honor of wearing his Association's colors. A generation ago no religious organization could have attempted anything of this sort. What the Young Men's Christian Association has accomplished in uniting with the Hebrew the Greek ideal in religion, interpreting Christianity as a force for the welfare of the whole man, body as well as mind and spirit, is dramatically embodied in this picturesque undertaking.

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What is News? Every issue of a newspaper is its answer to the question, "What is news?" It is therefore rather interesting, as throwing light on the editorial point of view, to find on the first page of two journals of such prominence as the New York Times and the New York Sun, on Tuesday of last week, a communication by telegraph from Washington, filling about one-fifth of a column in the second column of the first page of the New York Times, and a shorter space in an equally prominent position in the New York Sun. The Outlook reprints from the Sun this paragraph, with suppression of names, as the most expeditious and effective way of putting its readers in possession of what constitutes news from the perspective of these two editorial offices:

> Washington, May 11.—Mrs. ——, radiant in a costume of Alice blue, entered the Executive gallery of the House reserved for the President a few minutes before the House was called to order at noon. Finding a tack on the floor, the daughter of —— unthinkingly placed it on the chair adjoining the one she occupied. A gentleman of the party, coming in a few minutes later, sat on the tack, and he got up again smothering some language that would not sound well in a parlor. Mrs. —— was so overcome with merriment that she left the gallery.

The New York Times is one of the most reputable daily newspapers in the country, and the New York Sun one of the most entertaining and vivacious; but a singular judgment of the intellectual capacity and interests of their readers is revealed in the publication of this striking bit of news. A great deal has been said at various times about the young lady whose name appeared in this paragraph. Most of what has been printed may be dismissed as the impertinent invention of those newspaper offices in which news is manufactured while the edition waits. If the incident to which the Times and the Sun attach so much importance happened, it was of no possible consequence except to the two persons immediately concerned. To elevate it to the dignity of news was an exaggeration which might possibly have been humorous if the incident had been different, but which, under the circumstances, lacks even that excuse.

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An Arbitration Treaty with Japan Last week the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate reported favorably on the treaty of arbitration recently signed by the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, and Baron Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Ambassador at Washington, on the part of the American and Japanese Governments. This treaty follows the lines of those already satisfied between our Government, on the one hand, and, on the other, the Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Mexico. It excludes from arbitration subjects involving national independence, vital interests or honor, and limits its scope to differences of a legal nature or which bear upon the interpretation of treaties. The treaty is to run for five years, and may be continued. While the treaties concluded with the above-mentioned Governments are of general interest, the Japanese treaty has a special interest. It contradicts the impression that irreconcilable misunderstandings have arisen between this country and Japan because of the treatment of the Japanese in America. As a matter of fact, whatever may have been the attitude of inconsiderate people on the Pacific slope, or of the yellow press in Japan, the relations between the two Governments have been constantly cordial. The Senate should be quick to ratify the treaty, and thus prove by deed the earnestness and sincerity of our professions of friendship.

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The Meeting of the Governors

The meeting of the Governors of the several States in Washington last week, reported on another page, is a highly significant event. The mere fact that nearly all the Governors accepted the invitation to this Conference is itself a demonstration of the widespread interest in the movement to preserve our natural resources from further wasteful destruction. Neither sectional prejudice, partisan hostility, personal convenience, nor official duty was allowed to keep, we believe, a single Governor away. Hardly less significant is the fact that the Governors were called together by a President whose critics have charged that he was arbitrarily extending Federal authority at the expense of the prerogatives of the States. The fact that such a Conference was deemed necessary, not only by the National Administration, but by every State Administration, constitutes a severe rebuke of the inaction of Congress. While our forests are yielding to the woodman's ax at such a rate that in the next generation they will all be gone, and our coal and oil are yielding to the demands of private thrift at a rate which in an easily estimated time will probably exhaust our now recognized sources of light and power, the Senate is wasting its time in listening to speeches on the questions whether certain privates whose dismissal from the army has been justified by three separate investigations should be restored without any investigation, and whether a dissatisfied army officer ought not to be assigned to a more agreeable post; and the perplexed Representatives are counting the postal card petitions for and against the bill for the improvement of the Anti-Trust Law in order to see what effect its adoption will have on the coming Presidential election. Such are the conditions which have brought the Governors, regardless of party, to Washington to consider what can be done to save a prodigal Nation from its own self-impoverishment.

The inaction of the House is defended on the ground that the proposed bill for the acquirement of forests in the Appalachian and White Mountains is unconstitutional. In our judgment, this defense is inadequate, for the following reasons:

I. For years thoughtful students of National conditions have known and pointed out the imperiling waste of our National resources. For the last three or four years this peril has been pressed upon the attention of an apathetic public with increasing vehemence by practical men of affairs. The House should have acted at least five years ago. Two weeks' time should have sufficed to consider the constitutionality of the immediate remedy proposed. If that remedy was either inadequate or unconstitutional, the House should have proposed a better one. If Congress could not legislate, it could by joint resolution sound the alarm. It could by public invitation convene the representatives of the States to consider what the States could do. Difficulties in the way are never an excuse for inaction; they ought only to serve as an inspiration to greater endeavor.

II. The purchase of forest lands by the Federal Government may be unconstitutional, but it is not certain that it is so. The point is debatable. The most that can be justly said is what Mr. Richard Wayne Parker, of the Judiciary Committee, has said: "I regard it as at least doubtful whether the United States can in any event acquire land in the several States for forest purposes." But when the House of Representatives *doubts* its Constitutional power to act, it should give itself the benefit of the doubt and act. And this for a very simple reason. If it passes an act of doubtful constitutionality, the act can be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States and declared unconstitutional, and little harm is done. If it refuses to pass an act of doubtful constitutionality, there is no way of getting the act before the Supreme Court of the United States, and by its failure to do what the Court might have approved great harm may be done. Congress should always assume that it has Constitutional power to do whatever is necessary for the public welfare. It should refuse to act only when there is a general consensus that it has no such power.

III. In this case there is no such general consensus; there is, on the contrary, very good ground for affirming that it has the power which the majority of the Judiciary Committee deny to it. The proposal embodied in the bill is "to acquire for forest purposes, by purchase or gift, lands more valuable for streamflow than for other purposes, and situated on the watersheds of navigable streams" in certain districts specified in the bill. Has Congress the Constitutional power to make such purchases?

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Nation has power to acquire by purchase or otherwise territory outside the United States, as Louisiana, Porto Rico, the Philippines. It has power to acquire territory within the United States and within a State for the purpose of a public park. The Supreme Court sustained the act of Congress acquiring by purchase and condemnation proceedings the Gettysburg Park. "Any act of Congress," says the Court, "which plainly and directly tends to enhance the respect and love of the citizen for the institutions of his country and to quicken and strengthen his motives to defend them, and which is germane to and intimately connected with and appropriate to the exercise of one or all of the powers granted by the Constitution,[1] must be valid." By a parity of reasoning, an act necessary to preserve the country as a habitable land, and prevent it from becoming the desert which wastefulness has made of other once fertile lands, should be within the powers of Congress.

But its power does not rest on this general statement. The right of Congress to erect a public park and a cemetery for its soldiers within the borders of a State is based on the power of Congress to declare war and create and equip armies and navies and to levy taxes for the general welfare. The right to preserve such forest areas as are necessary to retain and equalize the rainfall is at least as easily discernible in the provision which gives Congress power to regulate inter-State commerce. For a long line of decisions of the Supreme Court leaves it no longer disputable that this includes power to preserve, maintain, develop, and control all navigable rivers; to remove obstructions in such rivers, and to prevent obstructions above the line of navigation if they impair the navigable character of the river; to "exercise jurisdiction over navigable streams to the extent that may be necessary for the encouragement and protection of commerce between two or more States;" to exercise this jurisdiction over "navigable rivers entirely within the limits of a State," provided such rivers connect with other navigable rivers so as to form a channel of communication between the States; to exercise such jurisdiction though there is no such connection, provided the river is used in connection with railways for inter-State commerce; in brief, "all the powers which existed in the States before the adoption of the National Constitution, and which have always existed in the Parliament of England, are the powers which are possessed by Congress over navigable waters under its authority to regulate commerce." It is true that the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee scoffs at the idea that forest preservation has any appreciable effect in preserving and developing navigable rivers. "No person," says the Chairman, "will want to risk his reputation by saying . . . that the acquisition of lands by the United States will increase rainfall or improve navigation." But the Secretary of Agriculture, and Mr. William G. Brantley in his minority report, appear to accept this risk with equanimity. "All the waters," says the Secretary, "gathered by the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains flow to the sea through navigable rivers;" and Mr. Brantley sums up the Secretary's conclusion in the following words: "His argument is that forest reserves in these mountains would aid navigation in all streams having their source in these mountains." The Outlook can see no answer to the argument of Messrs. Littlefield, Diekema, and Bannon in their minority report. After citing a decision in the Supreme Court that the Federal Government had a right to construct a dam for the purpose of retaining the flow of water in order to promote the navigability of the Savannah River, they very logically conclude: "If an artificial reservoir may be created and maintained at one point, no reason is perceived why a National reservoir may not be restored and maintained at another point, if the purpose and result be the same."

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[1] In the report before us the language is "granted by Congress;" but since it is clear that the powers of Congress to act cannot be defended on the ground of powers granted by Congress, we assume that this is a misprint for "by the Constitution." At all events, the Constitutional power of Congress is affirmed by the Court.

We do not here report the arguments of the majority against the Constitutional power of Congress to pass the proposed forestry measure. We do not consider the proposal of the minority to avoid these Constitutional objections by explicitly limiting the purchase of the forests to such as immediately affect the headwaters of navigable rivers. We are not concerned with the details of the proposed measure. Possibly it needs amendment. We here endeavor to make clear to our readers these five propositions:

1. There is great danger that our present prodigal wastefulness, if continued, will leave to our heirs a bankrupted continent.
2. Congress ought at once to take action to guard against that danger.
3. Doubt as to its Constitutional power should not prevent its action. If there is reasonable expert opinion that it has power to act, it should assume such power and leave the Supreme Court to pass final judgment on the constitutionality of its course.
4. There is clearly a reasonable ground for maintaining that it has power to protect from further destruction any forest areas the destruction of which might impair the navigable value of rivers at whose head-waters these forests are situated.
5. And it might well give time and thought to a serious consideration of the question whether an amendment of the Constitution is not both feasible and desirable which will give to the Federal Government power not only to preserve our forests but to protect other National resources.

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The Real Danger

Certain public prints and various individuals more or less conspicuous have been harping on the danger of executive usurpation. The luxuriant imagination of some man occasionally even pictures a possible American dictator. Fears of this sort of peril are an inheritance from the days when popular liberty had to be defended against the arbitrary will of a king; they would be negligible to-day if it were not for the fact that they tend to distract the minds of Americans in this twentieth century from the real danger. That real danger is the danger of oligarchy.

Two recent incidents indicate both the nearness of the danger and the mischief its imminence works. These two incidents are the Brownsville case and the Stewart case. In each case a coterie of Senators has undertaken to usurp the function of the Executive. Though in both cases the attempted interference has been futile, it has worked no little incidental harm.

The Brownsville case was simply this: The President, convinced that certain enlisted men were unworthy of confidence, and, as soldiers, dangerous both to the army and to the people, dismissed them from the service—not with the stain of dishonor, which could be affixed only by trial, but without the mark of honor to which they had no inherent title. This the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, had the Constitutional right to do. Thereupon Senator Foraker undertook to have a bill passed requiring the President to reinstate any soldier who would take a prescribed oath. In other words, Senator Foraker would have Congress, whose power over the army is limited to making rules and regulations, administer these rules and regulations in place of the Commander-in-Chief.

The other case, that of Colonel Stewart, is as clear an illustration of attempted usurpation. Colonel William F. Stewart, an officer of the regular army, has been for years a vexation to his superior officers, an irritant to his subordinates, and a wrangler with civilians. By reports from five Generals, the President was convinced that Colonel Stewart had become "a nuisance in the service." He was therefore assigned to a post in Arizona where there were no subordinates over whom he could domineer, no superior officer he could hinder, and no civilians he could annoy. Inasmuch as this post was not considered desirable, he was given the opportunity to retire. This, however, he refused to do. Now, since he does not like his assignment, he is complaining that he has been "punished." As his champion, Senator Rayner introduced a resolution in Congress which "authorizes and directs" the President to hold a court of inquiry in this case. The Senator remarked that his resolution followed word for word a resolution adopted in 1874, with what the Senator calls "one slight correction." That resolution requested, Senator Rayner's directs, the President. Of course such a resolution is an attempt to usurp the functions of the Commander-in-Chief. It is beyond dispute that Congress has no Constitutional power to assign officers to commands.

In both cases the attack upon the President is based upon the allegation that the soldiers and the officer have been judged and punished without a regular trial. Senator Rayner preposterously likened the Stewart case to the Dreyfus case. This, we believe, is the first time any one has suggested that Dreyfus could have left Devil's Island by the simple process of resigning. To imply that Colonel Stewart is a prisoner is disingenuous. He is incurring no "punishment" except that which he chooses to accept. He wants a brigadier-generalship; and he has been deemed by his superior officer unfit for that position. If, on the chance that he may some day be promoted, he chooses to remain at an uncomfortable post, no one has the right to prate of his punishment. If Congress could grant any officer the right to a court of inquiry whenever he was detailed to a duty he found disagreeable, and if it could allow any dismissed enlisted man, even though unconvicted of crime, to re-enlist on his own oath, Congress would be commanding the army—not the President.

Congress can pass laws determining modes of appointment and dismissal, but it cannot name those who shall be appointed and who dismissed. Congress creates the position of Ambassador to Germany; has Congress the right to select the man for the position? The President transfers a post-office inspector from one post to another; has Congress the right to interfere? Neither has Congress the right to say what men shall be enlisted, or on what duty an officer may be detailed.

Happily, these two attempts to create government by oligarchs cannot succeed. Senator Foraker's bill has been put off till next December, and is doomed to failure; and Judge Hough, of New York, in the United States District Court, has, by a decision last week, upheld the President's power to dismiss the soldiers. Senator Rayner's resolution has lost its significant word "direct," and becomes a mere request which has only the force of a suggestion, and even that will soon be forgotten. The lesson, however, is clear. The country needs to be on guard against the danger of oligarchy.

A Great Municipal College

There has never been a more significant and inspiring scene on Manhattan Island than that which was witnessed under a clear sky on St. Nicholas Terrace in New York City on Thursday morning of last week. The new buildings of the College of the City of New York were formally passed into the custody of the trustees by the officers of the city, and dedicated with appropriate academic ceremonies. Designed by Mr. George B. Post with the boldness of the architect who does not shrink from the most difficult problems of his art, and who has had the unique opportunity of housing a college completely at one time, this noble group of buildings, harmoniously supplementing one another in a most original and impressive architectural scheme, Gothic in design and spirit but adapted to academic uses, express the dignity and solidity of a great municipality. The representatives of more than eighty colleges and universities, as well as a large body of distinguished citizens, were the guests of the College; and the academic procession, showing every variety of academic gown and hood, was strikingly impressive as it passed out of the buildings across the central plaza around which the College is grouped and arranged itself as an audience in the fine plaza. It was surrounded by a host of people, filling every window, crowding every bit of ground, standing on every wall; every class and condition of New York society, every profession, and almost every prominent institution of higher learning in the United States, were represented in that metropolitan assemblage. The significant moment in the outdoor exercises was the presentation of the National and city flags, and the raising of both flags upon their flagstaffs amid a thunder of guns, roars of applause, and the singing of the vast multitude. At that moment the relationship of the College to the city, the significance of such an institution in a democratic society, the equality of all Americans, and the symbolism of the flag as interpreting the fundamental idea of the open door and the value of every man as a man, without regard to race, color, creed, or nationality, must have touched the imagination of even the dullest spectator. It was a poetic moment in the life of a great commercial community, a sudden revelation of the soul hidden behind its vast activities, a confession of its deepest faith.

Nor was this impression lessened when the procession reformed, marched entirely around the college buildings, passed through every gate, and finally made its way to the fine academic hall, designed not only for college purposes, but for the use of the city on ceremonial occasions. In this magnificent Gothic hall the metropolis possesses at last a hearthstone where it can assemble on great occasions and at which it can welcome illustrious guests. The addresses of Mr. Edward M. Shepard for the alumni, of Mayor McClellan for the city, of Dr. John H. Finley for the College, of Mr. Oscar S. Straus, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, for the President of the United States, of Mr. Bryce for Great Britain and the University of Oxford, of President Eliot for the higher institutions of learning in America, and of Mr. Choate for the citizen, were varied in theme, but sounded the notes of good citizenship, of loyalty to the highest ideals and to the most thorough training, and of service as the opportunity and the obligation of the educated man. The Mayor made an effective speech, in which he succinctly stated the attitude of the city toward education:

> In a democratic State, government ought never to interfere with the individual except in self-defense. In accordance with this theory it is generally agreed that there are certain duties which the State must undertake. The most important of these is education. No one denies that the State must teach its children at least the rudiments of knowledge; must teach them the difference between right and wrong, so that they may become virtuous women and honest men; must do its best, by trying to make them good citizens, to give them a fighting chance in life.

In this great academic hall, into which nearly twenty-five hundred people were crowded, the windows contain the seals in glass of thirty-six American colleges and universities, and from the capitals of the columns will hang banners showing the seals or arms of those Old World universities to which the New World is specially indebted. At the back of the stage a mural painting by Mr. Blashfield represents youth receiving the torch of learning from the city; while Alexandria, Rome, Cordova, Bologna, Athens, Leyden, Heidelberg, Oxford, are personified in a group of figures, reinforced by Newton, Harvey, Shakespeare, Galileo, Kelvin; the colossal figure of Wisdom, holding the earth in her lap, presiding. An impressive moment in the celebration came when Mrs. Cleveland touched the button on the speaker's stand and set the great bell in the College tower booming.

Established nearly sixty years ago under the name of the New York Free Academy, as the completion of the New York public school system, the institution which last week turned a new page in its history and entered upon a larger and more significant period of its growth has had but three Presidents: Dr. Horace Webster, General Alexander Webb, and Dr. John H. Finley. Through all the years when New York was governed by bosses and rings, and its politics sank to the lowest ebb, the City College, owing to the skill and integrity of its presidents and the influence and devotion of its alumni, remained outside the sphere of political action and pursued an ascending path of efficiency and usefulness. Dr. Webster and General Webb were both graduates of West Point Military Academy, and brought to the service of the institution over which they presided intense patriotism, keen sense of honor, and a soldier's loyalty to duty and love of order. They impressed upon the academy a character which survives now that it has become a college. Dr. Finley came at an opportune moment. He faced a great responsibility and took upon himself a great burden; from the modest structure on Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue the College has been removed to Saint Nicholas Terrace, where it properly belongs, in the neighborhood of other institutions of kindred aim and dignity, and housed in a group of magnificent buildings at a cost well within the appropriation of seven millions of dollars. If its earlier presidents brought soldierly thoroughness and devotion to duty to the institution, Dr. Finley brought an ardent zeal, large experience although a young spirit, a genius for administration which has enabled him to use a great opportunity to the utmost advantage, and a genius for friendship which has buttressed his position with the confidence and affection of a host of influential men.

The College of the City of New York is the only institution of its rank and magnitude which is owned and supported by a municipality; the only college which completes a great free school system. It is the crown of the education which the metropolis offers to the child of every citizen. At the gateway of the New World, through which nearly twenty million people of foreign birth have passed, it stands as a symbol of respect for man as man, without reference to condition, race, or creed. Within the college walls nothing counts except integrity, intelligence, and industry. No institution in the country is more fundamentally democratic in its spirit and practice. In its sixty years of history the College has never pushed its claims nor advertised its achievements; but the roll of its alumni is starred with the names of graduates distinguished for patriotism, public service, and intellectual achievements. It now enters a wider field, and is nobly and symbolically housed. The most obscure citizen who is only beginning to speak the English language will read in it the confession of the faith of a great commercial city in the worth of man as man, and in education as the necessary condition of good citizenship; and it will make clear to the country at large that New York has other interests than those of commerce and other ambitions than that of leadership in wealth. One by one the higher interests of man are being nobly housed and fitly symbolized to the eye in the metropolis. With this group of great buildings, of which the country hears and knows little, but in which the soul of New York expresses itself, the new City College takes its place; dedicated, like them, to the supremacy of the spirit in a commercial age.

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THE MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

In the front row from left to right are Senator Newlands, of Nevada; Governor Harris, of Ohio; Governor Hughes, of New York; Governor Davidson, of Wisconsin; Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. William J. Bryan, Mr. James J. Hill, Mr. John Mitchell, President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Justice Harlan, Justice Brewer, Justice White, Justice McKenna, Justice Holmes, Justice Day, Justice Moody, Secretary Cortelyou

THE WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

Washington, Wednesday, May 13, 1908.

THIS week is witnessing what will perhaps prove to be the most important event in American history since the Constitutional Convention. There has never been a meeting in Washington of all the Governors of the States with the President. To-day such a body is assembling to confer concerning the conservation of our natural resources.

We now realize that the resource of water is not only for navigation, but also for irrigation, for the turning of the wheels of factories, and for the generation of electricity. As to our second resource, land, we realize, as never before, that our soil is not only to be preserved from destruction by flood, but also from exhaustion by man. As to another resource, the forests, we now realize that they are not only producers of lumber, but storers of water and aids to climatic benefits. As to another, fuel, we now realize that the earth produces oil and gas as well as coal. As to all mineral supplies, we now see that they are non-renewable, whereas the resources before mentioned are renewable. These are the sources of our National prosperity. They must be conserved. What shall we do about it?

To answer this question the President called together the Governors of the States and charged each of them to bring three competent advisers.

Hence there are comparatively few political "hacks" here, as one looks upon the men now assembling. The most intelligent Governors have chosen their advisers from among eminent engineers or economic authorities, the latter including a gratifyingly large number of college presidents and professors.

They are pouring into this historic East Room, designed in Colonial days. It occupies the entire east end of the White House. One counts the Governors of over forty out of the forty-six States. With them are entering members of the Cabinet, Judges of the Supreme Court, members of Congress, heads of great associations—for instance, one sees Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, alongside Professor Chamberlain, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; one sees John Hays Hammond, President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, alongside Seth Low, President of the National Civic Federation; one sees Professor Rowe, President of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, alongside Dr. Howe, President of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education.

The familiar East Room is considerably transformed. Nevertheless, the three giant crystal chandeliers still depend from the white ceiling, and on three sides the walls are still relieved only by the mahogany doors and the gold plush window-draperies. On the polished oak floor are the hundreds of gilded bent-wood chairs used at musicales in this room. But they now face the east wall. This wall is in large part covered by a framework about fifty feet long and twenty feet high. Its chief features are two enormous maps of the United States, the first showing in vivid colors our forests, watersheds, irrigation facilities, and inter-State water powers; the other, our mineral resources in coal, lignite, iron, copper, lead, and zinc. Between these maps stands a monumental-looking device, also framed in green plush, for the reproduction in color of glass illustrations of certain features of the various addresses which we shall hear. On either side of this device are high-backed green plush chairs for the President and Vice-President. Back of these are placed silk American flags, and also the President's flag as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and his flag as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy.

The seats facing the audience in front of the maps are now being occupied by the members of the Cabinet and the Justices of the Supreme Court. The central seats on the floor now represent a compact mass of Governors. The other conferees sit at their right and left.

It is eleven o'clock. A fanfare of trumpets announces the President's arrival. He is on time, as usual. Every one stands up, of course, and there is a great clapping of hands. Preceded by Captain McCoy, his military aid, Mr. Roosevelt steps briskly forward, and suddenly the assemblage seems electrified as by a new nervous force!

One has hardly time to realize that Mr. Fairbanks's tall, dignified figure adds another to the little group of Presidential possibilities sitting, as it happens, close together—Governor Hughes, Mr. Bryan, Governor Johnson, Judge Gray, Governor Folk, and others.

The President raps sharply with his gavel. An epoch-making Conference has begun.

By the President's side rises the venerable and beloved Edward Everett Hale, who reads from the Bible the description of the fertile land promised to the children of Israel. Dr. Hale then prays for divine guidance for the Conference. He closes with the Lord's Prayer, in which all join. Without further ado, the President plunges into his opening address. It is as interesting as it is important. No one realizes that it occupies fifty minutes. It states the case thus succinctly:

> We are coming to recognize as never before the right of the Nation to guard its own future in the essential matter of natural resources. In the past we have admitted the right of the individual to injure the future of the Republic for his own present profit. The time has come for a change. As a people we have the right and the duty, second to none other but the right and duty of obeying the moral law, of requiring and doing justice, to protect ourselves and our children against the wasteful development of our natural resources, whether that waste is caused by the actual destruction of such resources or by making them impossible of development hereafter.
>
> Any right-thinking father earnestly desires and strives to leave his son both an untarnished name and a reasonable equipment for the struggle of life. So this Nation as a whole should earnestly desire and strive to leave to the next generation the National honor unstained and the National resources unexhausted.

The President cannot resist the temptation to interject one characteristic parenthesis into his carefully prepared manuscript: "I notice members of the Co-ordinate Branch [Congress] present. I would like to say that the Inland Waterways Commission ought to be perpetuated, but if Congress does not see fit to do so, I shall do it myself." This good-natured challenge to Congress, at a time when the newspapers are making much of the conflict between the Executive and Legislative branches, was greeted by cheers and shouts of laughter in which the Congressmen themselves joined.

Aside from its plain statement of existing conditions, Mr. Roosevelt's speech is notable because he tells us what to do. First, he quotes from an opinion rendered two months ago by the Maine Supreme Court in response to questions as to the right of the Legislature to restrict the cutting of trees on private land where such cutting precipitates flood and erosion. This opinion sets forth the principle that the property rights of the individual are subordinate to the rights of the community, and especially that the waste of wild timber land, derived originally from the State, involving, as it would, impoverishment of the State and of its people, and thereby defeating one great purpose of government, may properly be prevented by State restrictions.

Secondly, with characteristic candor, the President referred to the real creator of the Conference, Gifford Pinchot, the Chief Forester, to whom the Nation owes much of the progress already made in handling the co-ordination and conservation of natural resources. Mr. Roosevelt even declared that if it had not been for Mr. Pinchot "this Convention neither would nor could have been called."

With equal truth Mr. Roosevelt might have added that but for his own energy the present result would not have been attained.

When, last autumn, the President invited the Governors of all the States and Territories to confer with him this month concerning the conservation of our natural resources, he justly said that there is now no other question before the Nation of such importance. He wished to have conditions described by those who know best about them; he wished to have suggestions made by the most practical men. Accordingly, it was appropriate that this afternoon session should be begun by an address on our mineral resources from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the veteran ironmaster and philanthropist. If any one knows about coal and iron, he does. Hear him:

> All estimates of future consumption and destruction of coal are liable to error, yet, making all reasonable allowance, unless there be careful husbanding or revolutionizing inventions or some industrial revolution comes which cannot now be foreseen, the greater part of that estimated 2,000,000,000,000 tons of coal forming our original heritage will be gone before the end of the next century, say two hundred years hence.

As to iron, thirty years hence, says Mr. Carnegie, about half of the original supply will be gone, only the lower grades of ore will remain, and all the ore now deemed workable will be used long before the end of the present century.

If Mr. Carnegie's address is the first in the Conference authoritatively to emphasize our fast-disappearing mineral resources, that of Elihu Root, Secretary of State, is the first authoritatively to warn the States of the penalty attaching to the non-use of their political resources:

> There are here the representatives of forty-six sovereign States, all sovereign. All are here at the invitation of the sovereign Nation—the United States. No one can overestimate the importance of maintaining the individual sovereignties of the several States, and no one can question the importance of maintaining the sovereignty of the Nation.
>
> I feel deeply impressed, however, with the idea that the forty-six sovereign States, in the performance of the duties of government, are lagging behind the state of development which other sovereignties of the earth have reached. What every State does is important to the people of every other State. The States in the exercise of their sovereignties, in the exercise of the powers reserved to them, have a duty to perform similar to that which is performed by the nations of Europe when they conduct negotiations for mutual understanding and mutual good. No State has the right to live unto itself alone. It is true that the Constitution forbids States to make agreements with each other without the consent of Congress, but there is no limit to the number of agreements that can be made with the consent of Congress. The States should not force the National Government to do what they should do themselves.

Among other personalities to the fore this afternoon, peculiar interest is shown in Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, an increasingly important Presidential candidate. Lank, tall, smooth-shaven, his face betokens iron will, experience, and maturity; but his gestures betoken unquenchable youth, vivacity, and instant sense of humor. His deep, resonant voice emphasizes the earnestness and vigor of his address. He represents spontaneity, lack of pose, and humanness. His phrases come apparently unstudied, as he pleads for waterways and says, "Now we will give the politician something to do." "Let us expend a few *intelligent* millions."

Thursday.

What Mr. Carnegie and Mr. John Mitchell, the labor leader, and others did yesterday for mineral resources is being done to-day with equal impressiveness by Mr. James J. Hill, long President of the Great Northern Railway and the genius of expansion in transportation. He speaks especially concerning land. Of this great natural resource a billion tons of the richest soil are being swept out to sea every year, meanwhile clogging the rivers and obstructing harbors. But this is not the worst, warns Mr. Hill. Because of the wasteful way in which we use the soil, the annual production per acre for all the United States has fallen to something over eleven dollars. Even in the great granary of Kansas, says Mr. Hill, the average wheat yield per acre during the past decade was only slightly over fourteen bushels; by proper care of the soil the amount should have been doubled.

As to waterways, all the experts and many of the politicians agree in declaring against the policy which threatens these channels with absence of water because of forest destruction. And this brings up the whole subject of forestry. We use eight times as much lumber per head as the Europeans do. We are cutting down our forests three times as rapidly as they are being renewed. At this rate they will be gone in a generation. Speaking of this, Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, seems the most effective of all the many orators so far. He is now making an impassioned appeal for action by the Conference to compel Congress to pass a bill to establish National Forests in the White Mountain and Appalachian watersheds, a matter in which North Carolina is vitally interested, as are the dozen other States whose Governors have already put themselves on record in favor of the measure. As Governor Glenn says, the forests constitute the most important of our natural resources. Their rapid destruction causes irreparable injury to the interests of navigation, water power, agriculture, and timber supply. Hence the first step to be taken in the conservation of our natural resources is the preservation of the forests. Applauded at every period, Governor Glenn answered Speaker Cannon's recent suggestion that the States interested might unite their forces to this end and leave the Nation as such out of the reckoning. "I want to say," remarked the Governor, "that we of the South tried such a confederation once, but it did not pay."

This Appalachian-White Mountain Bill is a case in point, showing that, had Congress done its full duty, the Governors' Conference would not have been so necessary. The result of such inaction necessitates co-operation between the States, as represented by their Governors, and the Nation as represented by the President. In his address, Mr. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, emphasizes this feature of co-operation, the keynote of the Conference. He declares himself ready to co-operate in any way with any development which a State can undertake. But he also fitly points out the fact that the growth of trade and commerce has practically obliterated State lines. The inevitable sequence is Federal initiative, supervision, and control.

Friday.

On this the final day of the Conference the Committee on Resolutions makes its report. It reiterates the necessity for united action for the conservation of natural resources; it commends the President's action in calling the Conference; it recommends that future similar conferences be called by him at such times as conditions shall warrant; it suggests legislation along general lines by Congress and the States, also that the States individually put the subject into the hands of competent commissioners.

Conferees are now talking about two practical methods of future action. The first is that other conferences of Governors with the President and with each other are desirable and necessary. Greater co ordination and co-operation must be had if, as a Nation, we are to economize and develop our natural resources, and if, as States, we are also to unify State legislation on many subjects. Such conferences need not interfere with the prerogatives of Federal or State Legislatures.

A second method involves the union in one Federal department of the control of natural resources now vested in various bureaus of the Departments of War, of the Interior, of Agriculture, and of Commerce. As there is objection to creating another Federal Department, the solution would seem to be the enlargement of one of the existing departments, preferably that of Agriculture, and henceforth to define it as the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources.

The present Administration deserves well of history. It has many deeds to its credit. But its meeting with the Governors has stimulated interest not only in the conservation of our natural resources. It has stimulated a new co-operation in *all* subjects between the States and the Nation. It has removed some provincial prejudices. It has quickened the sense of National responsibility, the appreciation of the duty to work together in certain matters not so much as citizens of the States as citizens of the Nation. Thus the gathering of the Governors to confer with the President at the White House this week may perhaps take its place in future history as the Administration's most patriotic service.

E. F. B.

SAN FRANCISCO'S WELCOME TO THE FLEET

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

A LITTLE after midday on Wednesday, May 6, the cream of the United States Navy steamed through Golden Gate, after circling a continent in an unequaled, history-making cruise. On this great armada were some thirteen thousand men and officers, all curious to know what greeting San Francisco had in store for them.

"We have tasted the hospitality of South America, and not for a long time can we forget the splendid way in which they treated us; we have enjoyed the patriotic receptions of the Southern California cities, the more so as they were the first of America we had seen since leaving Virginia's coast; now here we are, with appetite whetted by what has gone before, and expectation roused by reports of magnificent preparation—what do you offer us, San Francisco?" Thus spoke the Fleet. The people of America are each day learning new particulars of San Francisco's reply, of her splendid welcome to her country's navy.

Especially let one impressive fact be borne in mind. This city of regal welcome, this fairyland of gayety, is a city all but risen from the dead, a mourner replacing sackcloth and ashes with flags and streamers. Two years ago San Francisco was a mass of disheartening ruins, while to-day she rises undaunted, patriotic, joyfully draping her scars with bunting, smilingly showing her visitors the devastated wastes left by the fire, or proudly pointing out the miracles wrought in eighteen months of reconstruction, oblivious of her recent sorrow in the universal spirit of enthusiastic celebration. The voyage of the Fleet is said to be an object-lesson to the world, and certainly San Francisco's welcome is an object-lesson to all America.

For weeks previous to the great day one could only hear talk of "the Fleet," for every one had to discuss plans for "seeing them come in," and the relative merits of Goat Island, Golden Gate Park, and Telegraph Hill were threshed out *ad absurdum*; the press was full of accounts of the forthcoming celebrations, and the air of rumors from the Southern cities, telling of unprecedented gayety. San Francisco's reception must outshine all others—it must be as perfect as thought and unstinted expenditure could make it. So said the popular voice. Committees labored, plans were perfected, programmes were published and duly revised, the city was decked in gala attire, and thousands of visitors poured in. Then came the welcome news that Admiral Evans would be in command—not to have had an opportunity to cheer "Fighting Bob" would indeed have been a privation. At the last minute the powers that be decided that the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets would not enter the Golden Gate simultaneously. "Never mind," said the optimistic San Franciscans; "we shall have twice as much enthusiasm for half the fleet as for the whole!"

By May 5 all plans were perfected and the eleven days of the Fleet's stay filled to overflowing with every conceivable variety of entertainment for officers and men. Then the weary hosts of to-morrow sought their downy couches to sleep the sleep of the just, dreaming only of myriads of gleaming brass buttons and endless fleets of battle-ships.

If Nature had fashioned the environs of San Francisco solely with a view to the coming of the Fleet, she could not have surpassed her original plan. A wide-stretching bay, capable of comfortably containing the combined navies of the world, a gate, a "Golden Gate," of but a mile's width, giving access to this land-locked sea, and bordered by beautiful rugged hills overlooking the entrance as if intended for the onlookers;

and by the shores of the Bay, within the Gate, and hidden from the sea by hills, lies San Francisco.

It is Wednesday noon. The course of entrance is clear of shipping, the excursion boats are anchored and patiently waiting; the hills, from Golden Gate to the very city, the wharves, the shipping, all are black with people, and everywhere are waving flags and good-natured anticipation. Goat Island looks as if a huge swarm of bees had settled upon it, for the "Bay Cities" have moved over, *en masse*, for the day. Low-flying clouds and eddies of fog are borne shorewards by the chilly west wind, making ever-changing effects of light and shadow upon the coast hills and lofty Tamalpais, while the blue mountains further inland are bathed in lasting sunlight. The broad Bay, the hills, the crowded wharves and shores, the gayly decorated shipping, are lit up as the sun occasionally flashes forth, or are suddenly darkened by a passing cloud.

"Here they come!" Sure enough, the black smoke of many funnels, wind-chased, swirls in through Golden Gate, and forthwith appears the Connecticut, proud flagship of the Fleet, upon whose bridge is Admiral Evans, and after, one by one, her fifteen stately consorts advance as slowly and unconcernedly as if all these welcoming thousands meant nothing, and her voyage was from Los Angeles alone and not from Hampton Roads. The end of the long cruise at last! Cheers break forth—cheers for the Fleet, for its Admiral, for the flag. As the majestic line of huge vessels comes abreast of the fort, ever growing more imposing to the eye, a salute thunders forth from the guns ashore and is answered by the batteries of the Connecticut. As the line of snow-white battle-ships swings gracefully southward towards their anchorage, out from Racoon Straits emerges the West Virginia, flagship of the Pacific Fleet, leading her eight companions into line.

"It's worth the trip from Goldfield," asserts an enthusiastic representative of that new-born city, who wears a patriotic red, white, and blue necktie. He is right—it *is* worth the trip, and more. Such sights make slow blood run fast, and are warranted to cure lack of patriotism.

When all the vessels have come to anchor in their allotted positions between the city and Oakland, the many-fashioned "Fleet-seeing" craft draw near, and wander up and down the broad aisles between the anchored men-of-war, each of which is now "dressed" in flags from stem to stern. The bands play, hundreds of tiny, white-topped tenders bustle about from ship to ship as busy as the proverbial bees, pale-winged yachts flit in and out, while every one cheers lustily for every one else—a happy scene of animation, full of picturesque contrast; the light-headed pleasure boats skipping about the stern, unmoving war-ships, the multi-colored flags showing brilliant against a sky of ever-changing blue and gray as cloud and sunlight alternate, the decorated city proudly looking on, and the mountains and hills, exquisitely blue in the distance, rising from the far shores of the Bay. The citizens of San Francisco and their "country cousins" make the most of this their first opportunity of viewing the floating city added to their domains, until the sun sinks, as suns will, and the point of interest shifts shorewards, centering about the Hotel Fairmont, where the first great ball and reception is given in honor of the Secretary of the Navy and the Admiral.

Before the overworked officers had time to recover from the gayeties of this first experience at the hands of their friends ashore, they were obliged to turn out for Thursday's parade, which made a prompt start at nine o'clock. The stream of 15,000 sailors, marines, and soldiers poured up Market Street between walls of cheering humanity, thence along Van Ess Avenue, the center of the uptown shopping district, and finally countermarched by the same route, thus affording a double view to the appreciative multitude on curb, grand stand, roof, and signboard. Admiration for the pale-faced leader of the Fleet was the keynote of the parade's reception. The pomp and grandeur of the marching fighters, the thrill of patriotism inspired by the spectacle, gave way to spontaneous, limitless applause for Admiral Evans himself, an acclaim softened by a certain reverence and pity, for the onlookers knew that this parade practically marked the end of his official career, and, realizing this, they showed their sorrow even as they cheered their hero. It was a splendid tribute to the closing days of a career of which all Americans should be proud, an unconscious acknowledgment of a people's appreciation of a man and his work.

Next to the ovation for the Admiral, his sailors received the lion's share of applause. The people knew the soldiers, were used to them, and liked them and their marching, but this was a naval parade, a welcome to a *fleet*, and the energies of all were directed to cheering the jackies, who received a royal reception from start to finish; and well they deserved it, for a finer-looking body of young men and better-drilled marchers never existed. I say young men, for among all the bluejackets there were not a dozen bearded faces, and to the casual observer the great majority seemed about twenty years of age. The goats of the Fleet, who marched with dignified mien at the heads of their respective ship companies, immensely pleased the popular fancy, and roused a measure of enthusiasm far passing that accorded ordinary governors, generals, and that sort of thing, who were utterly unable to compete in popularity with the four-footed naval representatives. After all, a tame goat with gilded horns is a possession to rejoice in, and rightly may be looked upon with National pride! One enthusiastic Governor (we think he was a Governor), probably with memories of his cheer-leading college days still fresh in mind, stopped his carriage and "led" cheers therefrom, in the orthodox style. It was a good display of whole-lunged patriotism, and speedily made him a close second to the goats, although never really endangering their supremacy.

In the evening there was a great banquet, and on Friday the official review of the Fleet by Secretary Metcalf, followed by another banquet; and so on for ten days—a bewildering succession of dinners, balls, receptions, excursions—until it would seem that the worn-out officers might well prefer a little treat like entering Manila Bay with Dewey to this appalling social warfare. But the grit of our fighting officers is proverbial! The fertile minds of the committeemen had planned other things in addition to balls and wearying parades for their sailor visitors. Dances and dinners are all well enough for the officers, and parades are pleasant for the civilian on the grand stand, even though his newspaper cushion is rather thin; but what is to be done for Jack? The question was answered in a multitude of ways, and, indeed, Jack himself had a good deal to say, for he is a man of ideas, and knows pretty well how, when, and where he wants to spend his money, and in this happy pursuit he readily finds willing companions. As a matter of fact, the Fleet itself did considerable entertaining, for there were receptions on the vessels, thousands of school-children and their elders visited them and were shown about, and with boat races, baseball games, and other athletic events Jack held up his end of the line.

There were sightseeing cars about the city, visits to the surrounding places of interest for officers and men, including an ascent of Mount Tamalpais, expeditions to Stanford University and to towns as distant as San José, while Oakland took a prominent part in the entertainment, and Berkeley had a day to herself, filled with athletic events.

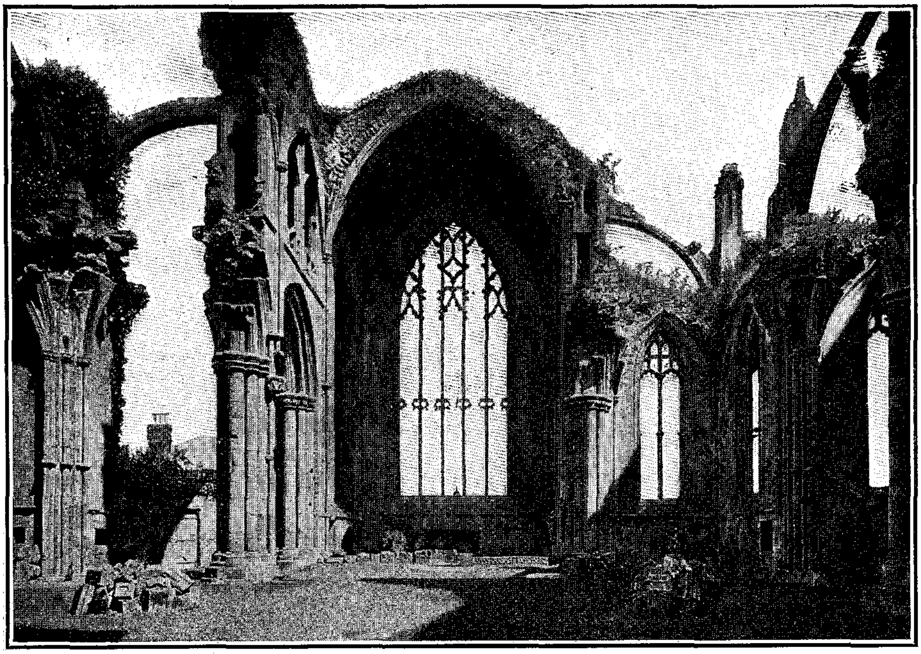
In connection with Jack ashore, perhaps the most interesting place was the Young Men's Christian Association Naval Club House, down near the water front, where were many beds for his use at cost, a lunch counter where he could get good food cheaply, pool, billiards, and other games, reading matter, a writing-room, and unlimited loafing space. Here he could obtain information, leave his valuables in safe keeping before he drifted to worse places, and "sober up," if needs be. Also a large tent hall had been secured, christened the Naval Pavilion, and put at Jack's disposal, where he danced, wrestled, or boxed, as the spirit moved. Other thoughtful people, who were *not* members of the Young Men's Christian Association, had also planned for Jack's delectation—and for his money. Every saloon in the city displayed a picture of "Fighting Bob," awful to look upon in varying degrees; "con" games, cheap shows, multitudinous "nickeldoms," dance halls, and the many attractions of Chinatown and the Barbary Coast, allured him. In every quarter of the city you found him, usually quiet and minding his own business, and even when intoxicated no worse than overhappy. The Fleet patrols constantly circulated about the city, especially in those sections which have a bad name, always two together, armed with stout clubs, and with handcuffs in their belts, ready to take Jack in hand if he became too boisterous or troublesome, and prepared to look out for his interests if needs be.

If San Francisco was beautiful by day, she seemed doubly attractive at night, when the brilliant illuminations showed all that was finest and most picturesque, and the kindly darkness shut from sight the occasional ruins and barren places. From the hill, up by the Fairmont, the scene was lovely beyond words. Directly below glowed the fairyland pagodas of Chinatown, outlined in glowing light against the somber depths of the "Barbary Coast" section; away to the south illuminated Market Street stretched like a fiery snake through the darker portions of the city to the Ferry Building, whose great tower stood one mass of radiance supporting a tremendous starry shield, with lights of red and white and blue visible from end to end of the city. The St. Francis seemed a pile of light, and on the top a great American flag of waving brilliance shone against the dark sky, while beneath the little park of Union Square was one twinkling field of gay Chinese lanterns. And the Fleet! Far below, on the dark waters of the Bay, lay twenty-six fairy ships, outlined, hull, masts, funnels, and all, with gleaming lights, unbelievably beautiful, each with its name light-printed in letters visible for many miles. The searchlights played from side to side, now centering on the clouds in one single piercing shaft, a veritable pillar of light, now swerving in mad dances, zigzagging through the heavens, playing on the city, lighting up the water front with blinding brilliance, or wandering far towards the distant twinkling radiance of the cities across the Bay. A city illuminated is a memorable sight—add to it a great illuminated fleet, and the picture is surpassing.

So the days and nights of entertainment and gayety succeeded each other, the city folks became accustomed to the great white fleet in the Bay, the jackies got to "know the town," the officers learned the true meaning of the phrase "Western hospitality," and every one devoted himself to having a good time. "Fun for all" expresses the spirit of those lively eleven days, and it was all happy, good-natured fun, with no mishaps. The city had made great preparations for her guests, and the guests had expected much of the city; neither was disappointed.

And at last San Francisco's welcome to her sailor friends came to an end, as even good things will. She had entertained them to the very best of her ability, with balls, dinners, sightseeing expeditions, athletic events, theater parties, automobile rides, and they have departed on their voyage to the waiting welcomers of the North. The spectacle of a truly American city giving this magnificent reception to the greatest fleet America has seen is one that must be memorable for years to come.

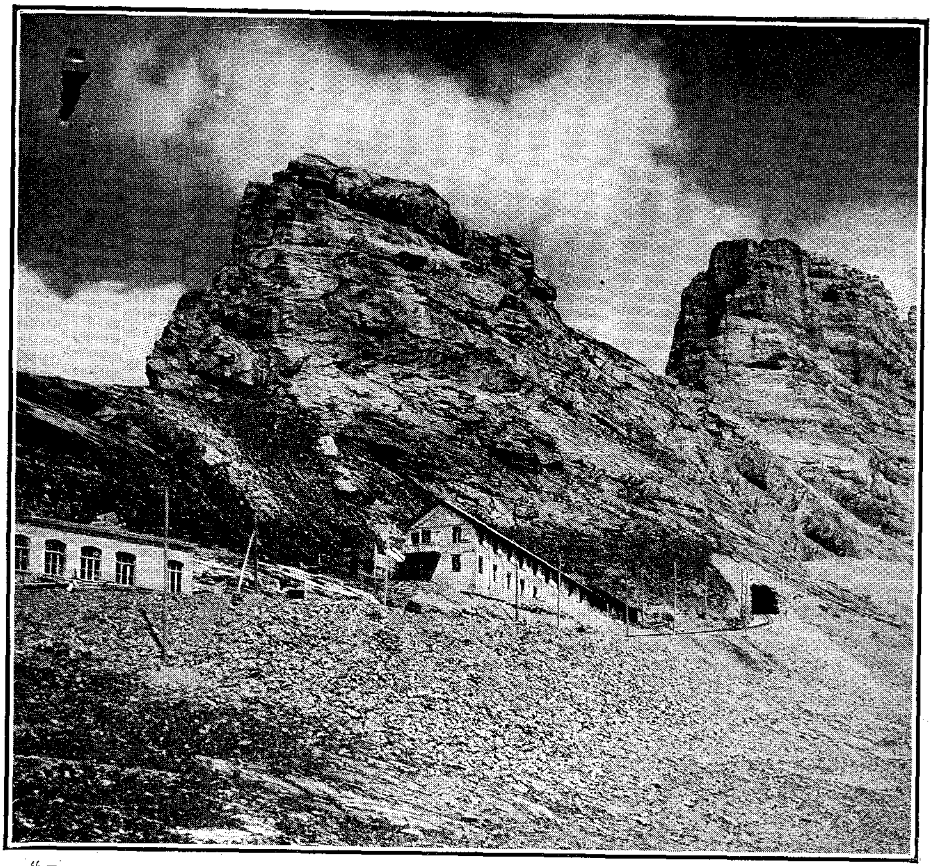
San Francisco was proud of her country's fleet, and of her opportunity to entertain it, and America can well be proud of the manner in which her Western city filled the honorable position of host.



THE CHANCEL OF MELROSE ABBEY

THE SPECTATOR ABROAD

YEARS ago, before the Spectator had ever crossed the water, he used to ask each friend who had been to Europe, "What is the most beautiful or interesting thing you have seen?" and he made a list of their answers, with the firm belief that in that way he would learn to see the best that was to be seen. But as each human face is different, so is each human mind. When the Spectator started out on his own travels, he found that, just as all his friends' answers had been different from each other, so his choices were not the same as theirs. There was the man who raved over Ehrenbreitstein, for example. Ehrenbreitstein is imposing, and has a name that alone, as the phrase goes, is worth the price of admission. But the Spectator's heart warmed far more to Rütli, lying on its bit of mountain meadow above the lovely Lake of Lucerne. Patriotism and scenery are inextricably mingled in Swiss history. The heroes of Switzerland, whenever they did a brave deed, had nature ready to give them the most entrancing background and foreground for it. No arm of Lake Lucerne is so exquisitely romantic as the Lake of Uri, and no spot on Lake Uri is more beautiful than the meadow of the Rütli, which is Switzerland's Runnymede, the most sacred spot on the soil of Helvetia. Here, six hundred years ago, on November 7, 1307, Walter Fürst, of the Canton of Uri, Werner Stauffacher, of the Canton of Schwyz, and Arnold Anderhalden, of the Canton of Unterwalden, accompanied by all the followers they could muster, met and formed a league, in the name of the three cantons, against the tyranny of Austria. William Tell followed close on their heels, but they were ahead of him. Could the immortal three have looked forward to the days of freedom, international peace, and tourist travel, they could not have chosen their ground better. The Spectator first saw the Rütli from the Axenstrasse, that gallery in the cliffs which is the most picturesque road in picturesque Switzerland. Then he went in the boat, and landed with many other pilgrims and climbed to the



"THE JUNGFRAUBAHN WHERE IT DIVES INTO THE ROCKY SIDE OF THE EIGER"

rustic chalet, with stone-weighted roof, that entertains unnumbered patriots and tourists every year. Sunday is the great day for the Rütli, but it was quite crowded enough that week-day to suit the Spectator. He looked out over the blue lake to the Axenberg and the chain of the Rosstock, and regretted that the American Revolution did not take place in the Yosemite. Ehrenbreitstein is all very well—but Rütli is the Spectator's private choice, every time.

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Another friend had set the Fountain of Trevi down on the list. It is good water—but for human interest the Spectator found himself infinitely more attracted by the fountains of Nuremberg, in the fascinating market-places around the Frauenkirche. The water of these fountains can be drawn at will by the passer-by, through one or more quaint iron tubes, on swivels, which, when swerved under the fountain-jets, convey the water out toward the pavement in an extremely sudden and swift stream. The children of Nuremberg are always playing with these water-guns, and the unwary tourist, coming too near, is apt to get wet, to the delight of the small boy and girl. The "Gänsemännchen" on a good, crowded market day thus holds a small circus of his own, and is beloved by all Nuremberg for his tricks. Compared to Trevi, the Goose-man is small indeed; but of the two, the Spectator avows that he loves the tricksy one the best.

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Then as to tombs. Everybody seemed to have a favorite tomb. The Spectator visited Westminster and St. Paul's and the Invalides and St. Denis. He gazed upon (though he did not weep over) the monuments of Wellington and Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth and Catherine de

THE SILBERHORN AND THE JUNGFRAU FROM THE TROLLEY ROAD

Médicis. But his favorite tombs, he found, were not on the list. He stumbled upon them in Bruges, in the "chapel of tombs" in Notre Dame. Once upon a time, before the French Revolution, they stood out in the choir, as befitted their occupants—two such important personages as Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his daughter Mary, the ancestress of the great emperor Charles the Fifth. The Revolution railroaded them into this side chapel, fortunate to be safe even there, but doubly fortunate in that they came into the changing and many-colored light of the stained-glass windows, which plays over them with unimaginable beauty. They are all of gilt copper and black marble, with marvelous enameled armorial shields and escutcheons. How any two persons could be descended from so many different and splendid houses passes the understanding of all except trained genealogists. Duchess Mary's tomb, particularly, is a glorious example of the richest mediæval art, and her recumbent statue is simple and fine. Over them both, lying there in state, the changing colors pour and shift, and the enameled colors of shield and escutcheon shine out in answer. The whole air of the chapel seems to waver with color and radiance. Charles the Bold was as restless in death, at first, as in life. His body was first buried at Nancy, where he was killed in battle, then at another place in Bruges, and finally brought to Notre Dame by his great-great-grandson, Philip the Second of Spain. Certainly he has at last found a most desirable spot to lie in, and the Spectator hopes that no future revolution will deprive him of it.

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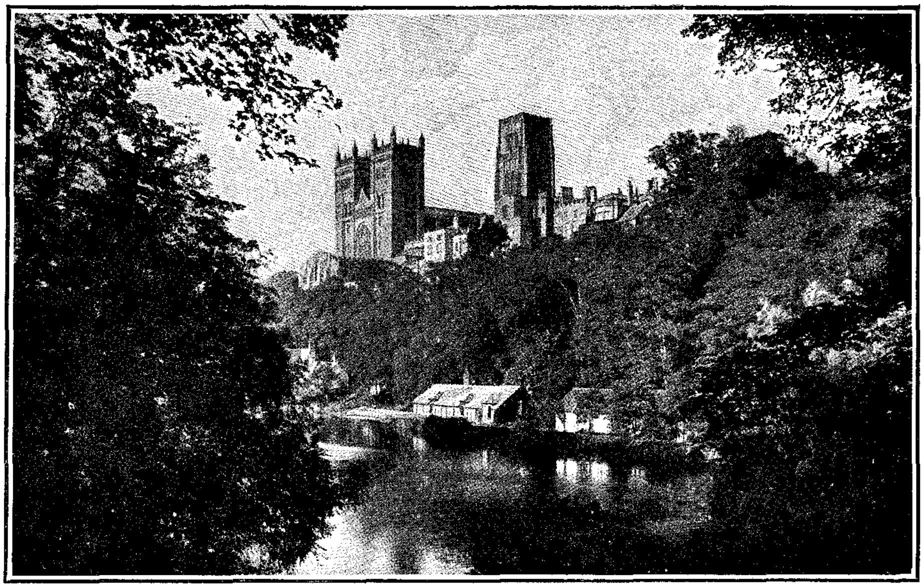
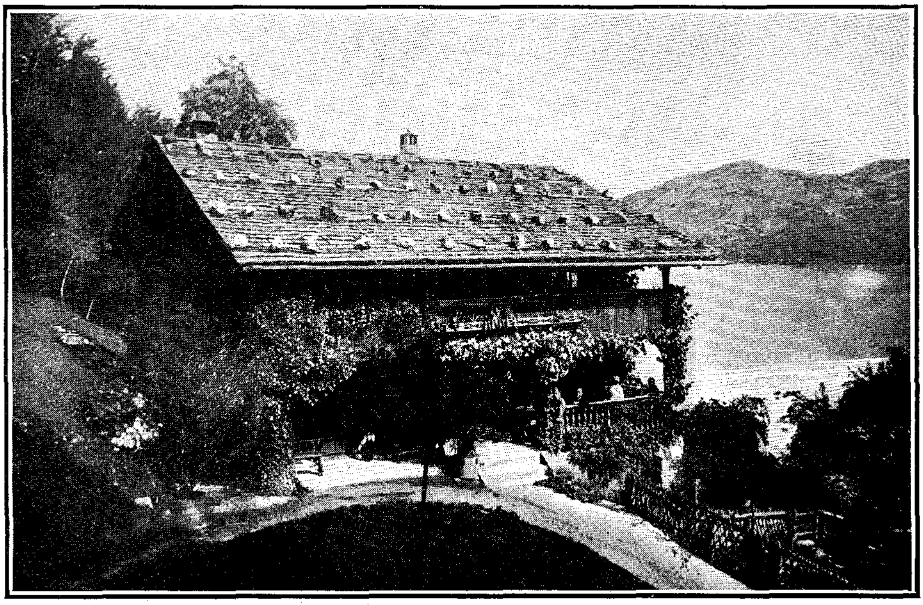
Michael Scott, the wizard, also had a tomb that appealed to the Spectator. It is public and yet retired, for the Spec-



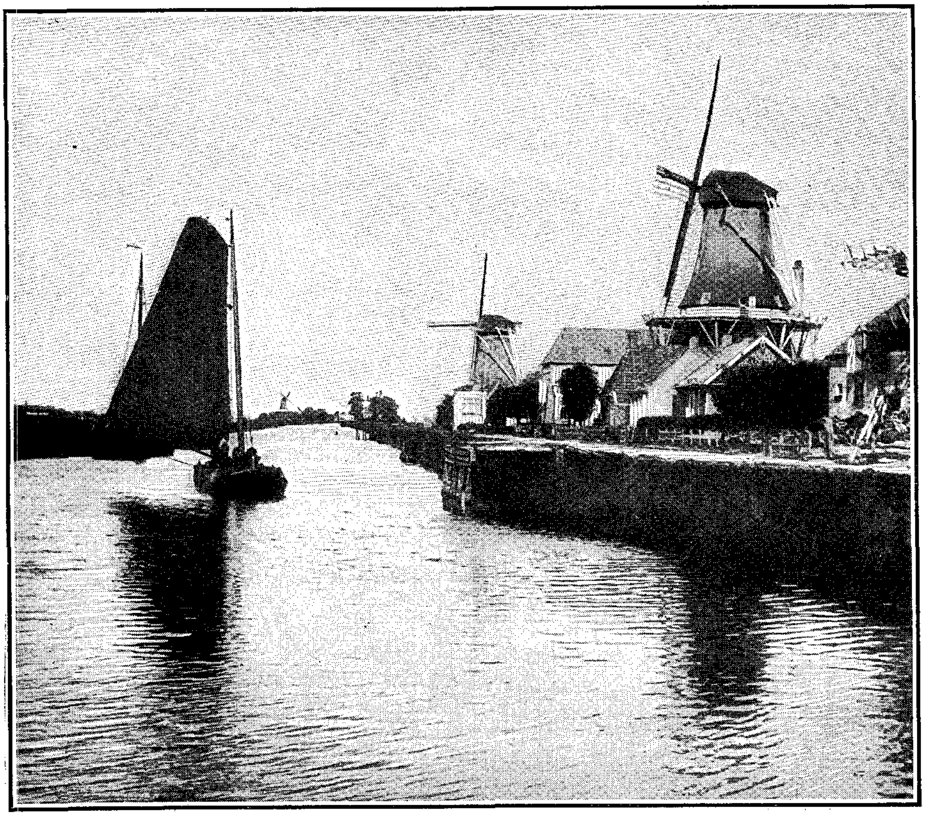
DURHAM CATHEDRAL

tator finds that most people who visit Melrose Abbey never see it. He has had to show its photograph to many doubting Thomases who insist that when they were in Melrose it was not there. It is not a work of art, and even the guide-book goes back on it, and intimates that the head was originally one of the bosses of the chapel. It certainly does not seem to fit the figure according to artistic rules of proportion. Yet here Sir Walter Scott used to come and sit, and here, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" insists, the mighty Wizard and his book were buried. Besides, are not the Eildon Hills close by, which the magician "cleft in three"? The evidence is quite enough for a lover of the



RÜTLI

"The rustic chalet, with stone-weighted roof" probable, which the Spectator rejoices to be. Michael Scott, like William Tell, may be subject to expert criticism as to his very existence, let alone his burial. But Switzerland accepts William Tell, and Scotland and Walter Scott accept the Wizard, and the Spectator is content to be credulous in such excellent company. He did not go the length of visiting Melrose by moonlight (as did one American lady whom he met at Edinburgh afterwards) and reading the Lay at the grave of Michael Scott, because, for one thing, his eyes are not keen enough to read anything by moonlight, and a copy with raised letters for the use of the blind would have been necessary; and, for a second thing, there was no moon due when he visited the Abbey, and he landed there prosaically on a fine day, just after lunch. But to the public who can read by moonlight, and have the moonlight, this idea—and the tomb—are hereby cordially recommended.



A PAIR OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED WINDMILLS OF ZAANDAM"

Of course everybody comes back from abroad with a cathedral on the list. But there is really nothing more intimate and individual than one's chosen cathedral. Nobody ever loves anybody else's pet cathedral on recommendation, either. Even young people, personally conducted by instructive and enthusiastic elders who tell them just what they ought to think about everything, rarely receive favorite cathedrals submissively. They choose their own when not being watched. Like the choice of true love, the choice of a cathedral has no special explainable reasons to outsiders, nor can the charm be explained fully to one's self. The Spectator could not explain, either to a churchman or an architect, why his best-beloved cathedral, in England, happens to be Durham. He only knows that, climbing up from the wooded banks of the Ware, he looked and saw and loved, and remains unalterably true. When he meets a man who will hear of nothing but Lincoln, or a woman who is irrevocably attached to York, he lets them talk. He, too, has been in Arcadia, and knows too intimately what they feel to argue with them.

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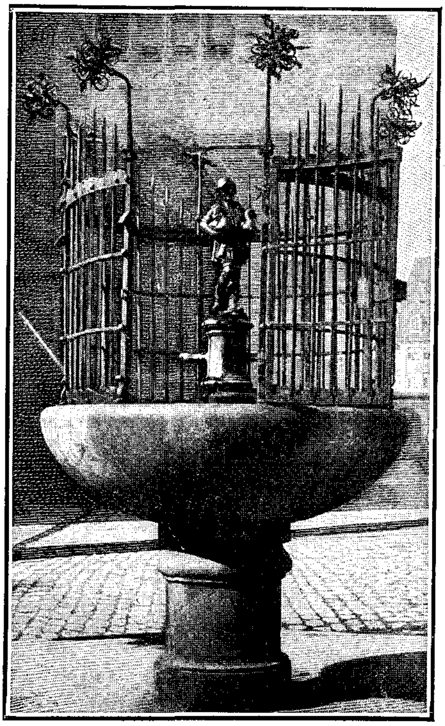
There was one friend whose list guided the Spectator to a most fascinating experience. "The four hundred windmills of Zaandam" was her recommendation, and to Zaandam, accordingly, the Spectator went, in a boat that plies from Amsterdam. He did not believe beforehand in the four hundred, thinking that, like the Four Hundred of New York, it was a figure of speech. But it wasn't. There are not any stones at Zaandam, as it is all bricks and water. But if there was a stone to be found, one couldn't throw it without hitting a windmill. The Spectator took a little cart, with a driver-guide of surpassing bad English, and drove for a mile or more along a narrow brick causeway of a road, past all the back gardens in Zaandam. Queer little gardens they were, with the canal lapping at their feet, and dank little arbors with Chinese decorations, and rustic tables where friends were drinking beer, and settees where fat old Dutch ladies sat with their parrots perched beside them. There must have been a good deal of East India trade in Zaandam, to judge from those quaint gardens. The Spectator would like to have sat in one of them and rested after his personally conducted tour through a windmill, for it was somewhat arduous.



THE GÄNSEMÄNNCHEN IN NUREMBERG

⁂

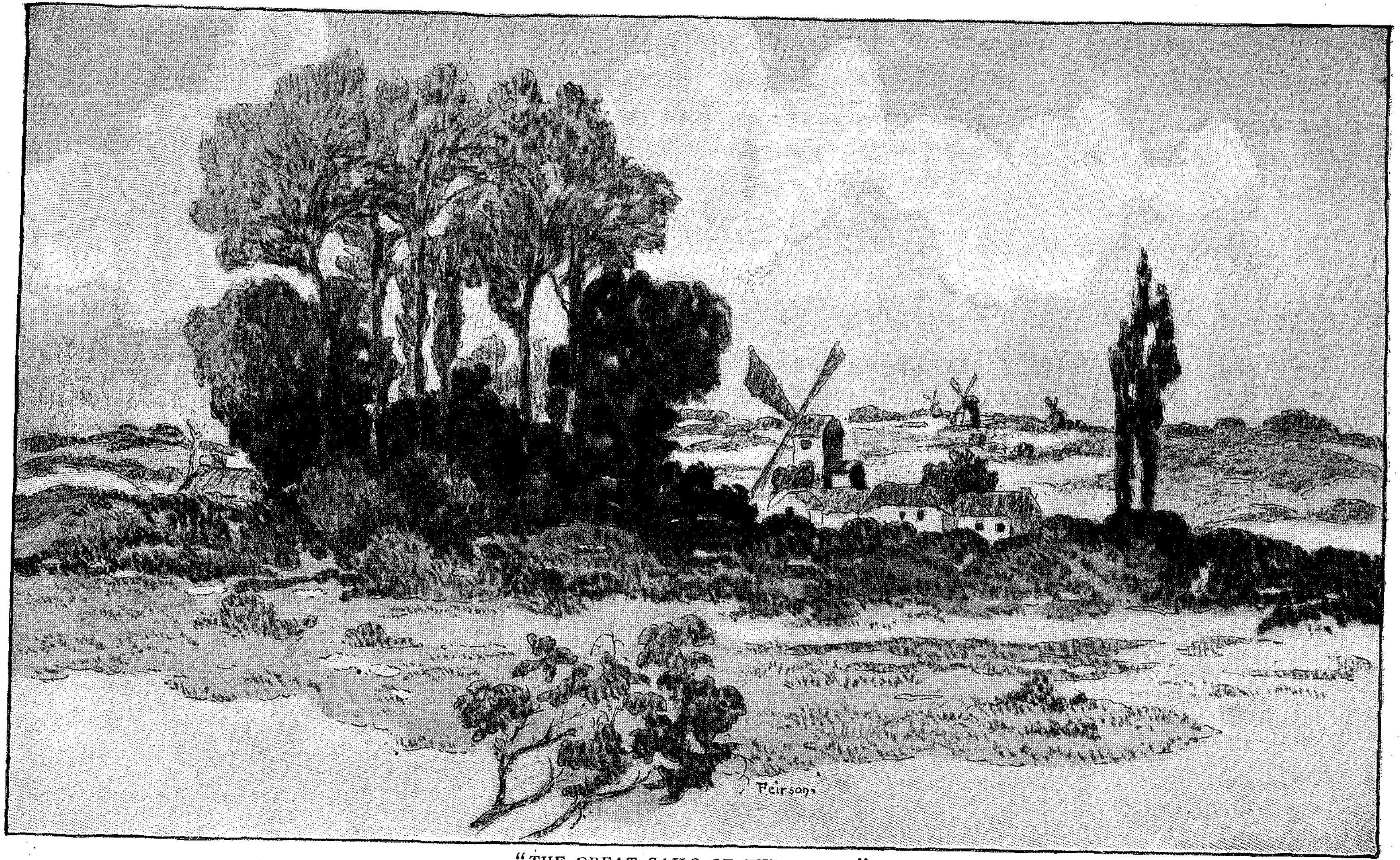
It was a mossy old mill, with the date of 1785 on its frame wall. The thatch looked as old as Methuselah, but that was dampness, not age. It is this artistic dampness which prevents anything in Holland from looking glaring even when new or freshly scrubbed, and which gives a picturesque bloom to every surface that is no longer young, so to speak. This particular windmill, though romantic-looking enough for any purpose, was engaged in the prosaic Dutch business of grinding oil-cake for the fat Dutch cattle. It was pervaded with oil-cake. On entering its door a fine rain of powdered oil-cake began settling upon the visitor, as he climbed ladder after ladder, from one story to another, all the way to the top. The interior of the mill had the darkness and warmth and general style of architecture of a barn-loft, only there was no hay, but only oil-cake stacked up everywhere, ready to be ground. From the window at the top, past which the great arms of the sail flailed round in a brisk breeze, a perspective of windmills unfolded itself in every direction. There were new windmills and old windmills, tall windmills and short windmills, red and green and brown windmills, enough windmills to keep all the Quixotes of the earth busy for years, and all moving. The Spectator does not know how much horse-power an average Dutch windmill represents; but it did seem as if thrifty Holland got out of that breeze all there was in it. Dynamos do not appear to be necessary in Zaandam unless a dead calm should set in. The Spectator came away from that ancient mill with a great admiration for Dutch methods and about an inch of oil-cake over him. But the windmill man's wife saw to that. He was ushered, before he left, into her spotless kitchen and brushed off with the thoroughness of long practice. Zaandam (the Spectator shrewdly suspects) considers tourists a foolish lot, but it takes good care of them in its silent, self-respecting way.

❀

The man who advised the Spectator to try the trolley up the Jungfrau was another valuable counselor. His advice was a trifle ahead of time, for the trolley has not yet reached half-way to the peak itself. But it is a wonder and delight as far as it goes. The Spectator is not an Alpine climber. He is one of the innumerable majority who must conquer the Jungfrau by trolley or not at all—unless the air-ship should suddenly arrive at dirigible perfection. The "Jungfraubahn," therefore, with its enticing picture time-tables, filled a long-felt want. The slender ribbon of the trolley track winds up first by the pastures and waterfalls of Lauterbrunnen, then around the shoulder of the Wengern-Alp, in full face of the giant wall of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, up to Kleine Scheidegg. Looking at that glorious icy rampart towering to the heavens and shining invincibly in the sun, the very idea of scaling it seems a fairy tale. It is a fairy tale, but of science. Up and up the track winds, and at Kleine Scheidegg the passengers change cars. While changing, the Spectator counted five avalanches falling off the Jungfrau with snowy rush and thundering roar, as if in defiance of man's puny attempt to cross the icy gulf. The trolley does not attempt to cross—there is its strategy. It does not climb; it burrows. Through a hole that looked from afar like a pin-point, it dived into the rocky side of the Eiger at right angles to the Jungfrau. For the next few minutes the Spectator might as well have been in the Subway as in the Alps. But the cars came to a stop soon; the guards cried, "Eigerwand!" and the Spectator stepped out with the rest into a gallery in the rocks, from which, through great openings like windows, he looked forth upon the mountain world around, all ice, snow, and sun. If his own unaided eyes were not sufficient, mounted telescopes were at his service. More than that, lunch was being served at the buffet—lunch and a buffet inside the Jungfrau range! Man certainly has his heel on the very neck of Nature nowadays.

❀

The trolley did not stop here. It went on to a further station, Eismeer, with a nearer and more splendid view of the mountain amphitheater. Beyond here the workers were busy, boring on into the majestic mass of the Mönch. "How long?" said the man who sold souvenirs to an inquiring tourist; "but who knows? Seven years, perhaps. When the tunnel is gone through the Mönch, and through the Jungfrau to the middle, then there is the lift. But it will all be done—it is only that it will take time." The Spectator felt almost a pang for the stately Jungfrau. A lift! Yet that is the plan—a tunneled shaft to the very peak, in which cars will run up and down as smoothly as in the Eiffel Tower. There is to be a hotel on the top, the Spectator understands. Imagine a Swiss table d'hôte on the peak of the Jungfrau! And the next campaign is to be to conquer the Matterhorn in the same style. After that, the North Pole may pride itself a little while on being still inaccessible—but just wait! In a few generations the American tourist may yet be buying tickets to Mars, with stop-overs for the moon. The Spectator wonders what people will put first on their lists after having been to Mars!



"THE GREAT SAILS OF WINDMILLS"

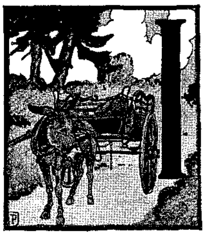
The Pleasant Land of France

Vagabond Glimpses of Two Old Provinces

By Harold and Madeline Howland

Illustrated with drawings by
Katherine Gassaway and Alden Peirson

Fourth Paper



MIGNON

IN pursuance of our new quest we took train to Quimperlé—a ten-hour ride from Tours. We had no special reason to suppose that the long-eared brethren of ancient lineage dwelt there; indeed, we knew Quimperlé only as a black dot on the map of the province of Brittany, but we liked the name, so we hopefully sought its better acquaintance. It was a fine gray day, not one of your still, brooding kind, but alive and changeful. Great masses of cloud kept hurling themselves across the sky. From time to time a curtain of driving mist swooped down upon us, blotting out the landscape. Then it would lift, giving us perhaps a glimpse of the great sails of windmills in startling relief against the leaden sky.

Gradually, as we left peaceful Touraine behind us, the aspect of the country changed. From gently sloping meadows we climbed up among steep hills, rugged and furze-grown. The look of thrift and cultivation gave place to a wild beauty, and the cozy little white villages grew more and more infrequent. Quite as clearly the constantly changing personnel of our third-class railway carriage marked our progress into Brittany. Small shopkeepers and artisans of ordinary type, with nothing to distinguish them from other members of their class the world over, left the train at the various little way stations, and their places were taken by picturesque peasants, saboted, smocked, and coiffed in typical fashion.

We had brought with us a delicious lunch, put up at the convent by our dear Sister Geraldine, and two thrilling narratives, "She" and "The Moonstone," I think they were, lest time should hang heavy. But we had little need of recourse to them, finding sufficient entertainment in the scenery and our traveling companions. One of the advantages of a third-class compartment (we are not speaking of the *disadvantages* now) is that one's fellow-travelers are so numerous that among the number some are sure to be interesting. Soon after we had crossed the line into Brittany a sturdy peasant, in tam-o'-shanter, blue smock, and *sabots*, squeezed into the seat opposite. He had a merry twinkle in his eye and was evidently sociably inclined, for he presently began addressing observations to the company at large. We promptly pricked up our ears, for it was an unfamiliar tongue in which he spoke, a strange and uncouth-sounding jargon of which the Frenchmen in the compartment could make as little as we. It was the Gaelic, and apparently the only words it had in common with the French were the names of pieces of money. The good man was evidently desirous of telling us the story of some adventure, a fortunate financial transaction perhaps; at any rate, he presently pulled from his pocket a knotted handkerchief and exhibited its contents, a motley collection of coppers and small silver. We did our best to appear appreciative, but our means of expression was limited to grunts, ohs and ahs, and eventually he subsided, returning the money to one pocket and drawing from the other a hunk of bread of indeterminate color, which he fell to munching contentedly.

Later there took a seat by his side another being—a peasant I suppose he was, though he seemed a truant from Olympus. He had a pointed, golden beard, intense blue eyes, fine features, and withal an air of singular grace and beauty. He wore the usual costume of the people—but he wore it with a difference. M'sieur studied earnestly the rakish cock of the tam-o'-shanter, the light of emulation glittering in his eye. (He subsequently purchased one and spent several hours of endeavor before the glass—but there remained a difference.) Our handsome peasant, as we have called him ever since, seated himself directly opposite us. An instant look of recognition flashed in his wild blue eyes, and, with a manner wild to correspond, he claimed us as previous acquaintances. We denied the honor, whereupon he waxed very wroth, and gave time, place, and circumstance. Although he spoke French of a sort, it was not of the purest or most easily understood, but we maintained a politely acquiescent manner, under which he finally calmed down, and, plucking a cigarette stump from behind his ear, betook himself to the solace of the fragrant weed.

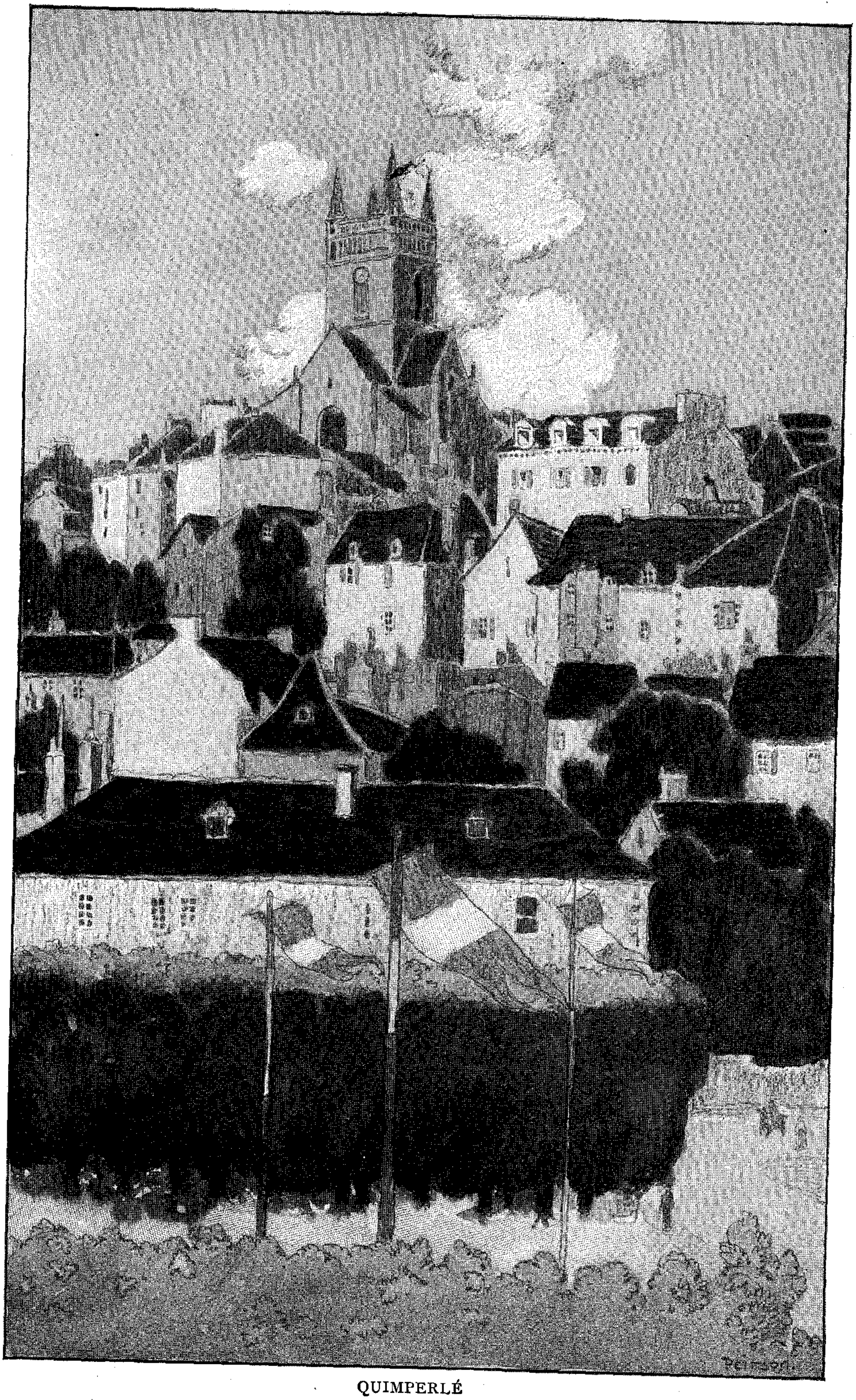
The rain was descending now in real earnest, and the darkness sifted in on us. The dusk of the carriage was presently relieved by little flaring gas lights in the roof of each compartment (the partition which separated the compartments rose only a little above our heads), which served to bring out in high relief the rows of white faces and to emphasize the shadows in the corners. A portly individual in our compartment rose and, drawing from capacious pockets a motley collection of trinkets, watches, bracelets, pins, and the like, proceeded to ply his peddler's trade. His bargains were marvelous, so his persuasive eloquence assured the occupants of first one and then the other end of the carriage, but they were alike deaf to the alluring offers, and, with the hurt look of one misunderstood and unappreciated, he retired to his corner. And then the train stopped, the guards shouted "Quimperlé," and in the dark and the wet we stepped out on Breton soil.

We were soon comfortably installed at the inn of the Lion of Gold and the Travelers, and looking out on the inevitable rain, fine, gray, and persistent, but, be it noted on the credit side of the account, *not wet.* In the interval before dinner we were given an opportunity of converse with Madame la propriétaire. She was short and fat, and clad in a horrible black stuff which M'sieur was sure, by an intuition born of early literary associations, was bombazine. To her evident though courteously suppressed curiosity as to the object of our visit to those parts we offered satisfaction. We contemplated a walking trip, of uncertain duration, in the interior parts of Brittany. We wanted to see none of the "sights" in particular, only the country and the people. Polite interest, mingled with a little disrespect for our judgment, on the part of Madame (she of the bombazine). Then M'sieur:

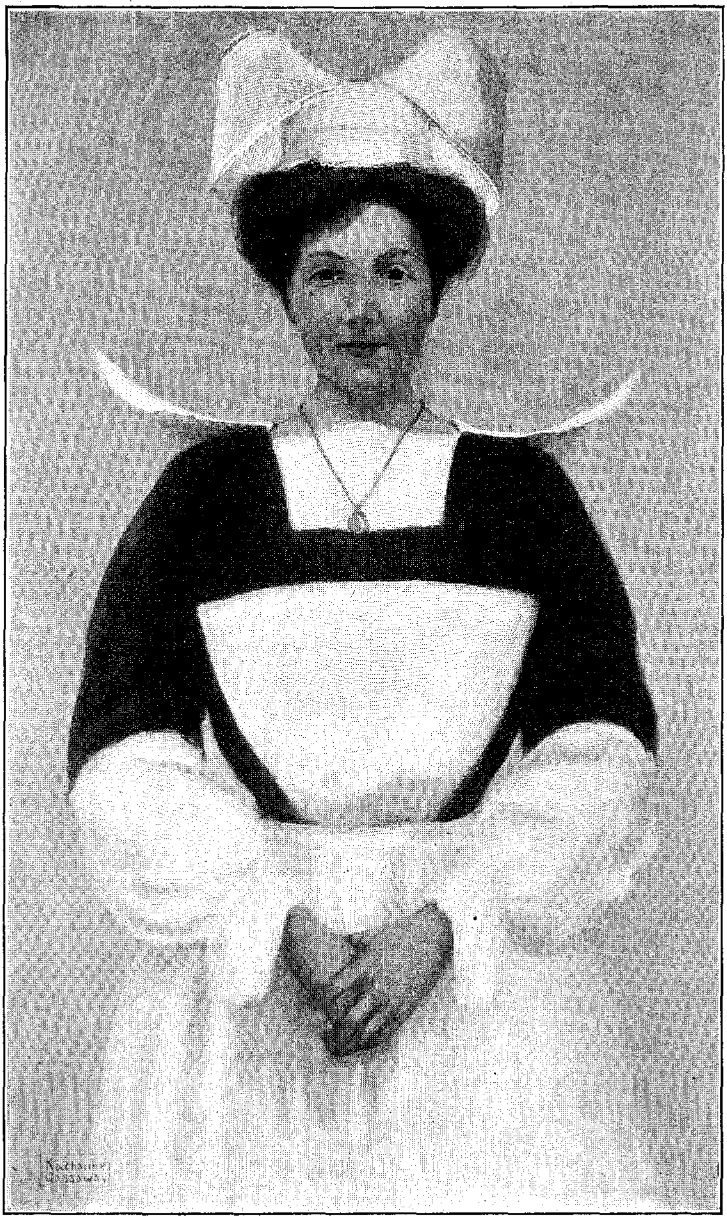
"We want to find *un âne,* a donkey, to carry our luggage. Do you know where we could buy or hire such a little beast?"

And then the deluge. First an incredulous stare, then a burst of unaffected laughter, then the disheartening "*Mais non,* M'sieur," in its most unsympathetic intonation. "There are no donkeys hereabout," she vouchsafed, with an evident reservation with regard to those of biped structure who come from foreign parts. We were crushed, but, we rejoice to say, unconvinced. M'sieur always *knew* that bombazine was odious and could only cover a heart of its own blackness.

Dinner, repose, breakfast, and a sight of the unfamiliar sun next morning gave



QUIMPERLÉ



LOUISE

us new heart, and we set out to find a donkey for ourselves. Donkeys? Of course there were donkeys. They only wanted the hunting.

As if to reward our faith, there, not a hundred yards from the inn door, stood a patient little gray beast. It was harnessed, it is true, in a charcoal vender's cart; but we boldly approached the driver and inquired if we might buy the animal.

"*Mais non*, M'sieur."

Could we hire him for a few days?

"Ah non, M'sieur. I need him for my livelihood."

Did he know where another donkey might be found? Alas, no. Donkeys were scarce in Quimperlé. His words were little encouraging; but the appearance, in the flesh, of even a single *âne* was something. We rambled up and down the hilly streets of the town, but never another donkey did we see.

A sudden inspiration sent us into a saddler's shop; who should know better than a maker of harness where the wearers of harness might be found? A group of workmen were gravely sympathetic with our quest. The problem was solemnly discussed, with many shakings of the head and much doubtfulness. There were no donkeys, they feared, but—the prospect brightened—a friend of the proprietor had a pony and cart. As delighted as we with the thought, he doffed his apron, seized his hat, and led us off down the street. The pony was out, but his master was in. He seemed, on inquiry, so impressed with the excellencies of his beast and so insistent on the undying affection with which his whole family regarded it that we could not bear to separate them, especially at the price. Besides, it was a donkey we wanted, anyway. Once more forth upon our quest; and now we knew what to look for. One saddler had produced a pony, another might have a donkey at command. At the foot of the hill the bold sign "Ledu, Sellier" over the portal of a tiny shop caught M'dame's eye. We entered boldly, and in a moment we knew that we had found a kindred spirit. He plainly thrilled at the thought of the journey we planned. By the gleam in his eye and the eager note in his voice we recognized the true vagabond, bound it is true to his bench, his leathers, and his awl, but in his heart making his pilgrimages "eke in stronge londes."

"Did he know a donkey?"

A hurried word with Madame his wife, then—

"Ah, oui, M'sieur. The widow X——, who had only recently lost her spouse, had *un beau âne* which she wished to sell. *Une petite charrette*, a tiny cart, too, just fitted for the little beast."

"And where did the widow X—— abide?"

With a rush he dragged us to the door, with eager finger pointed out our road, and with a beaming smile speeded us donkeyward.

The little place of Madame X—— was not hard to find. Rising from her knees in the midst of her trim little garden, she greeted us and awaited our questions. Alas for our confidence! The donkey was but just sold to a market-man in "L'Orient"—thirty miles away. "*Quelle dommage*," we murmured; and "*C'est vraiment dommage*," she kindly echoed, as we turned back to our saddler vagabond. He, too, mourned with us over our ill luck, but, like us, he refused to be daunted. True citizens of the wander-world may be repulsed, they cannot be defeated.

A new suggestion was promptly forthcoming. He had a friend in a village a dozen miles away who made a business of selling horses. Perchance he might have a donkey, or (we had told our friend of our earlier experience) a pony. We chafed at the thought of delay presented by the idea of communication by post or in person by railway; so a telegram was drawn up and sent, with reply prepaid. It inquired, without preamble or explanation, "Have you a donkey or little pony to sell or to hire?"

The interval of waiting for the reply was filled in with *déjeuner*, and incidentally with an exciting chase of another donkey which appeared upon the horizon as we rested after the meal. She was a tiny craft, towing a cart much larger than herself, laden with milk-cans. After a long stern chase through the streets of the town, we drew alongside and hailed her master (mistress, rather, save for the figure) with the by now stereotyped query, "Will you sell or charter?" Receiving the also familiar response, "*Ah non*, M'sieur," with entirely adequate reasons therefor, we put about and beat back to harbor, under the trees before the inn.

Another check—and still another when the reply to the telegram reported the horse dealer out of town for the day and perhaps longer. But our friend of harness, whips, and halters, now thoroughly aroused, had still other resources.

Moëlan, another village of the region, possessed a donkey, in the household of a friend of his. A letter or a telegram, or, better, a personal visit, might accomplish something there. There would be a train the next morning—but M'sieur, impatient, could not wait even for a telegram, much less for the next day's train. He would drive to Moëlan; would M. Ledu go with him? Like a school-boy at the prospect of a holiday, he threw off his apron, hesitated a moment for his wife's approval, and darted off to engage a vehicle. In half an hour M'sieur, wrapped in his Orleans cape (for it was raining!), and M. le Sellier, shaven to the blue and dressed in his holiday best, were rolling luxuriously toward Moëlan. As we rolled he chattered like, as an old letter-writer's manual might have said, Any Walrus to Any Carpenter—"of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, of cabbages and kings." His talk wandered from his military career to the *grisant* effect of the cider of the country, an effect which he was artistically to illustrate before our return. It was an unexpected holiday for him, a little excursion into Vagabondia, and he meant to make the most of it.

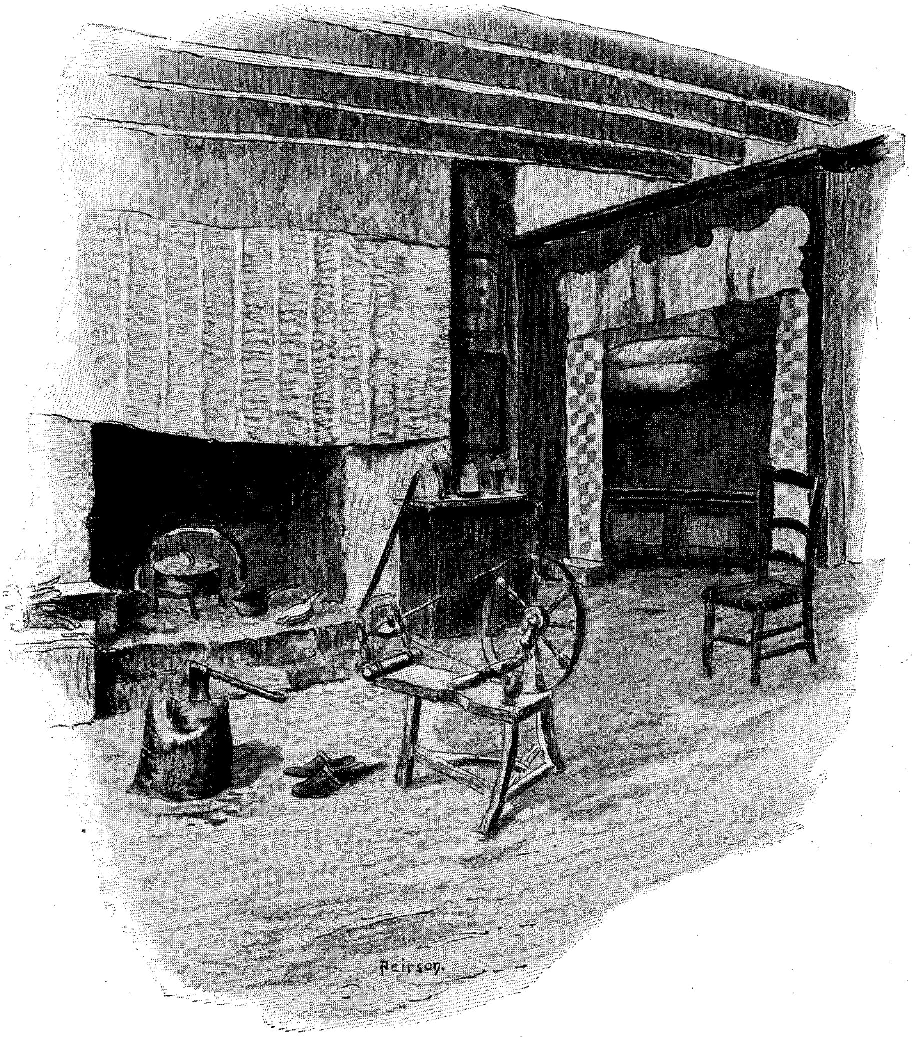
We found our man in his little cobbler's shop, long, thin, and bearded black with half a week's growth, and our donkey in her little house behind the shop, tiny, narrow of flank and round of belly, and as gray as any mouse. Our desire was quickly made known and as promptly negatived. Mignon was beloved of the family like a daughter and a sister, and as useful as she was beloved. Besides, donkeys were not easily to be come by in that Breton land. (We had already begun to suspect it.)

Plainly the case was one for diplomacy, and an adjournment was had to a neighboring *brasserie*, where sundry "drops" of cider were forthcoming. The draught opened the vials of the saddler's eloquence while it raised the barriers of the cobbler's determination. The pleader's arguments were overwhelming, only his victim declined to be overwhelmed. In a confidential aside, M. Ledu informed M'sieur, with a fine detachment born of his new status as citizen of the world, "They are very obstinate, these Bretons, *très*, *très entêtés*."

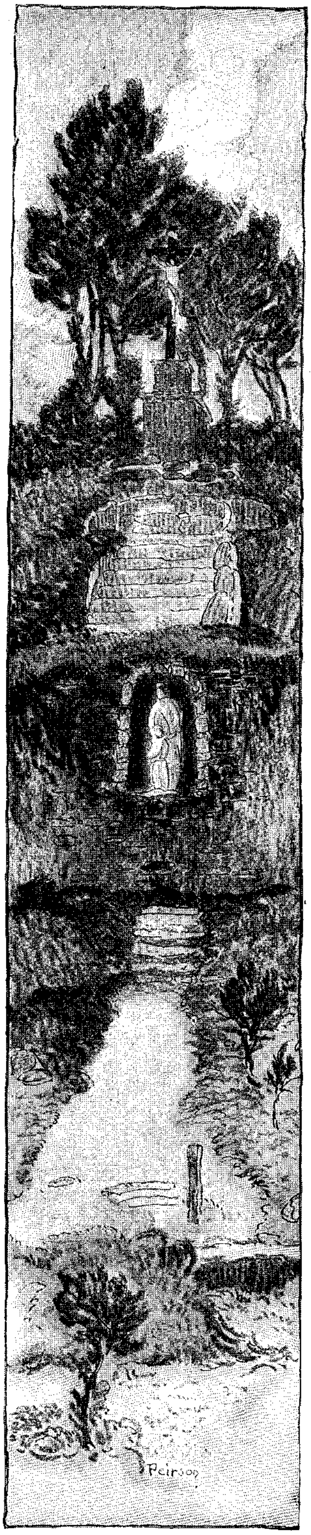
Again we seemed to have entered a *cul de sac;* but inspiration pointed a way out. The donkey, it seemed clear, might not be bought, but perhaps it could be hired. The suggestion, and another glass of cider, quickly smoothed the path; sundry francs passed from M'sieur to the cobbler; the latter promised to have donkey and cart at the Lion of Gold and the Travelers at ten precisely the next morning; M'sieur on his part agreed to return the equipage, by train or in the care of a *garçon*, when the wanderings were ended; and the deed was done. We drove back to Quimperlé in festal mood. M'sieur was triumphant at the success of the mission, and planned wickedly how he would gloat over Madame Bombazine and her scornful incredulity. M. le Sellier, *un peu grisé*, or, as another traveler with a donkey luminously has it, "lit internally with wine," fairly outdid his conversational performance of the outward journey.

We woke Sunday morning with a delightful sense of expectancy of the new adventures before us, dressed and packed with despatch, and went down to breakfast. Then we sought out Madame the proprietress, announced the successful outcome of our search and our intended departure at ten o'clock, and settled the account. I fear that we felt not a little pride that we had attained our desires in the face of so much discouragement, and doubtless showed it in a rather jaunty manner. Madame, we fancied, seemed impressed. She ventured to suggest, however, that it was unfortunate that we were leaving so early, as there was to be a *fête* in honor of the return of the colors to the veterans of Quimperlé. We were politely regretful to miss so interesting an occasion, but showed plainly by our manner that more important matters claimed us. Having, however, an hour or more to pass away before the arrival of our small *bête*, we wandered out into the Place Nationale, on which the hotel fronted, and watched the crowds assembling for the *fête*. The country folk in their holiday best kept rolling in, six and eight (to say nothing of a few babies) to the cart-load, to be met and enthusiastically greeted by their more sophisticated town friends and relatives. All the women wore voluminous bib aprons, of silk if their pocketbooks permitted, otherwise of fine wool or gay cotton. Snowy *coiffes* with flying buttresses of lace (their elaborate structure suggested architectural terms) surmounted all their tidy heads. These caps, we learned, were of great significance, as their differing convolutions indicated to the initiated eye the native town of the wearer, Pont Aven, L'Orient, Bannalec, or Rosporden, as the case might be. In addition to apron and *coiffe*, no costume was complete without the wide white collars whose ascending curves suggesting wings continually gave the impression that the owners were about to take flight. Some of the men of the town were distressingly unpicturesque in the conventional attire of the average man, but their brothers from the country were satisfactory in sabots, smocks, high-cut velvet waistcoats decorated with two rows of steel buttons, and tam-o-'shanters. Ten o'clock came and passed as we watched, but brought no donkey. We began to have misgivings. But the sounds of distant music warned us of the approaching procession. We beat a hasty retreat to the hotel, and fled upstairs to our room, whose window commanded the square.

Despite our heavy hearts, the inevitable little thrill of excitement shook us as the military, to the inspiring music of fife and drum, swung across the bridge into the square and took their places around the raised platform in its center. Now, as to just what the " return of the



A BRETON COTTAGE



A WAYSIDE SHRINE

colors to the veterans of Quimperlé" may signify we are to this day in ignorance, but we can bear witness that it was a moving ceremony. We had, as it were, front row balcony seats, with special privileges too, for we stood in them, or rather it, for one large chair supported us both. First a stuffy little old gentleman in civilian's dress ascended the platform (loud applause) and made oration (more applause). Then the band played and the soldiers sang, a well-meant but painful effort. Next, amid great enthusiasm, a portly uniformed individual made a few remarks, then the colors were presented, and then the band played the Marseillaise! Whereat, standing there upon our single chair, we fell upon each other's necks and wept in unison. Vague emotions of patriotism filled our souls, but the feeling in our hearts which brought the tears to our eyes was, I suspect, a bit of homesickness.

The ceremony being over, the crowds scattered, while the soldiers came over to the terrace before the hotel, where they joined the gentry of the vicinity who were assembling there. They all seated themselves at little round tables, drank much *sirop au vin blanc* (a delectable concoction), chattered incessantly, and appeared to enjoy themselves hugely.

Meanwhile, hanging out of our upper window, we obtained an interesting bird's-eye view of the festive occasion without being ourselves perceived. The gayly uniformed officers joked and flirted with the pretty waitresses who moved among them, constantly refilling the long glasses, the gentry's children trampled on their mothers' long skirts, asked insistent questions which remained unanswered, and made surreptitious grabs at all the eatables and drinkables, while their fathers and mothers talked on unheeding.

When the hour for *déjeuner* arrived, we remembered with a pang that we were donkeyless, that we had boasted in the morning of our success and departure, and a sudden shyness seized us as we realized that to reach the dining-room we must inevitably encounter her of the bombazine. We loitered in our room awhile miserably, then the inner man prevailed. We slipped inconspicuously past Madame, whose mocking smile made our ears tingle, and threw ourselves on the mercy of Louise. Charming Louise, as kind as she was pretty, who waited on us with gracious care and entertained us with merry words! She was all sympathetic interest in our disappointment, and comfortably assured us that our donkey and cart would doubtless yet arrive.

In the afternoon we roamed the streets and made a few aimless purchases (the shops were all open), but finally M'dame, tired and discouraged, retired to her room and book, leaving M'sieur to patrol the streets alone. And at last his patience was rewarded by the sight of the diminutive gray Mignon stepping demurely along before her cart, in which were ensconced the leisurely cobbler and his family. It was four o'clock instead of ten—but Monsieur the cobbler had washed the cart!

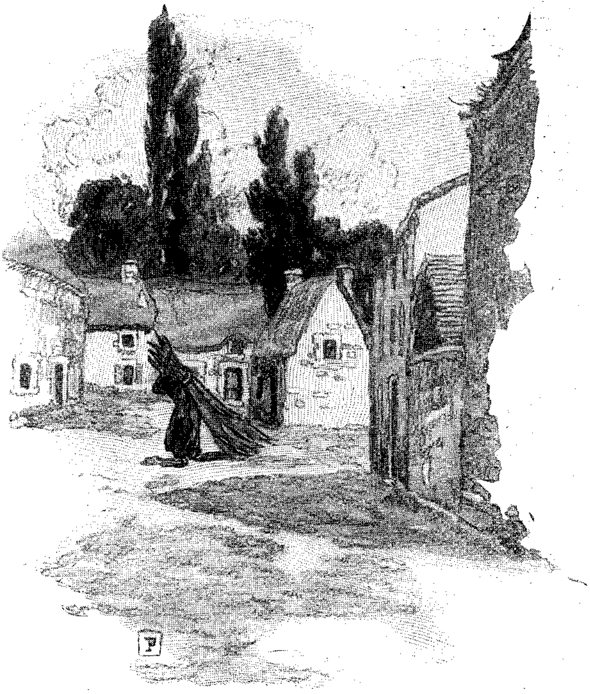
Our bright and early departure on the Monday morning was under the eyes of the ranked cohorts of the inn. Madame Bombazine was still amused and faintly scornful, maids, porter, and miscellaneous servitors were interested, but plainly uncomprehending—only Louise, dainty as a flower, was sympathetic, helpful, and enjoying with us the spirit of the occasion. To be sure, her parting comment, "It's a very large cart for so small a beast, isn't it?" was a little discouraging. But her smile robbed it of any sting, and her cheery "*Bon voyage*" sounded like a good omen.

On our way out of town we visited our saddler once more to thank him again for his services and to purchase a whip. The whip had a stock as long as M'dame, and by the same token as long as Mignon, and a lash even longer. We wondered if we could ever bring ourselves to use it on the patient little beast—we discovered later that we could! At another shop, kept by two little ladies of a certain age, we bought sundry pairs of stockings, volubly guaranteed innocent of cotton, and attesting it by their homely harshness of texture, and a pair of blankets (not guaranteed) quite as innocent of wool.

Then away across the bridge over one of the little rivers whose union gives the town its name ("*Kemper* signifying confluence in the Breton tongue"—Baedeker); past the Church of Ste. Croix, built on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, and up one of the hills which one must needs climb if he would leave Quimperlé. It was only the first of many ascents, now a long, steady incline following in a gentle curve the contour of a sizable hill, then a short, steep pull straight over the crest of a little knob.

Our pace was deliberate. We had expected to go slowly, but how slowly our imagination could never have encompassed in advance. We were familiar with the pace of Modestine of blessed memory, "as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run." But it is quite a different thing to read about sloth in a book and to be confronted with it in the flesh. On our first hill we were loth to press Mignon, for in truth the cart seemed very large. Then, too, we were glad to loiter in the bright warmth, to make little sallies into by-paths in quest of blue corn-flowers, ruddy poppies, and a purple stalk of nodding bell-shaped blooms with which we adorned Mignon's patient head.

But when we came to a level stretch we essayed to hasten her footsteps. Our advance soon became impressive in appearance, if not in speed. On the one side M'dame tugged at the bridle; on the other M'sieur, at a respectful distance for the more efficient wielding of the portentous whip, cracked the lash smartly, anon bringing it down on the little gray body, at first gently, then, in growing exasperation, with less consideration and more force. Meanwhile, in



A BRETON HAMLET

antiphonal chorus, the luckless drivers rang the changes on the only likely commands they could invent: "*Allez, allez,*" "*allez,* Mignon," "*allez vite,*" "*vite* Mignon, *allez, allez vite.*" The shouts she minded not at all, the whip she was even more oblivious of, but the hand on her bridle seemed to give a little encouragement, when it pulled hard enough. And once for a moment we found a combination of all three which moved her pace from perhaps two miles an hour to what may have been two and a half. But the moment passed, and the combination was lost forever.

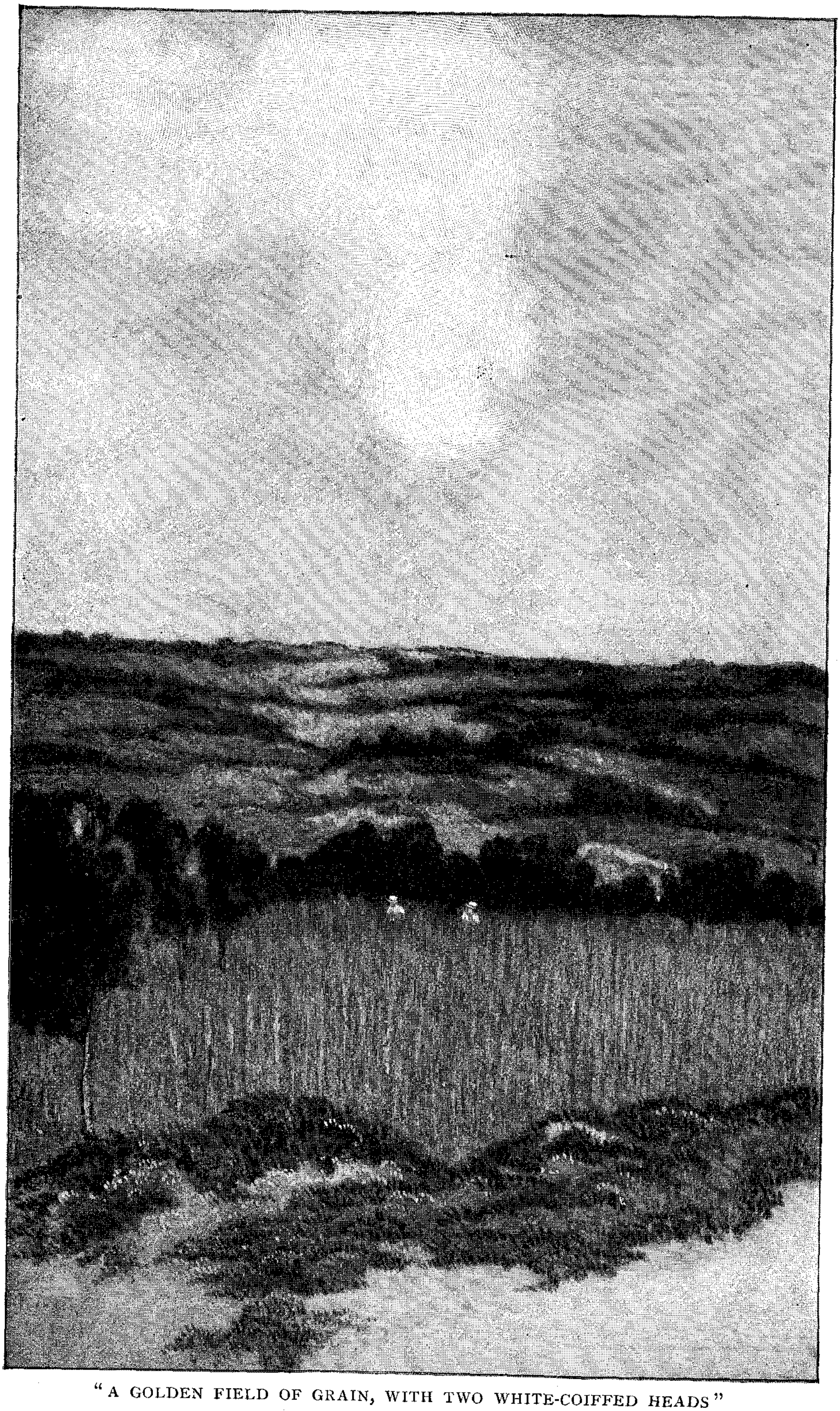
We bethought ourselves of Modestine's goad, and a stout steel pin from somewhere in M'dame's apparel was fastened into the butt of the whip. At first tentatively, then viciously, M'sieur jabbed it into the dusty flank, once, twice, and again. For all the effect on Mignon we might have been operating a mile away; she did not even wag an ear. At the third jab the pin disappeared. We searched for it on the road in vain, then found it stuck deep in the tough hide of Mignon. Only a sturdy pull brought it out, and still the little beast ignored us and plodded patiently on. We returned to the whip, the bridle, and our objurgations.

Materials for luncheon we had brought with us, all save bread. At a cottage by the roadside we bought two sous' worth, cut off from a yard-long loaf clasped lovingly to the housewife's dingy bosom as she wielded the knife. We lunched in a shady lane, with Mignon, released from the shafts and with her head-stall removed, eating chunks of bread beside us, and between morsels watching us with her big inscrutable eyes. Our afternoon was uneventful save for an attempt to give the donkey a drink, with complete non-success, and a visit to the Chapel of St. Fiacre. We reached the little building under the guidance of a scrap of a child, perhaps four years old, and as dirty as any pig. Its mother (M'sieur is weak on the sexes of childhood) sent it to lead us through the mud-holes which served the tiny hamlet for streets, and its hand was only too ready for the copper guerdon of its labors. The chapel is sadly in disrepair, but possesses the bleached remnants of a beautifully carved rood-screen five hundred years old.

Toward five o'clock we reached Le Faouet, by a miracle, it seemed to us, for we had almost come to despair of ever reaching anywhere. But this, it appears, is the normal state of mind of the uninitiate who take to driving donkeys.

We did not like Le Faouet. It was a dreary-looking little place, and the hotel was most unattractive. We had no intention of spending the night there anyhow, for the beautiful day gave promise of a perfect night, and we planned to sleep under the stars—*à la belle étoile.* But we wished to give Mignon a little rest and refreshment, and were uncommonly thirsty ourselves. So we stopped at the Croix d'Or. We were received with almost perfervid enthusiasm—business was evidently slack. We declined the insistent hospitality, demanding only water for our donkey and lemonade for ourselves. While we were partaking of the French notion of this American specialty we made acquaintance with the only interesting person in Le Faouet. A sharp tapping sounded on the floor behind us, and, turning, we beheld the wee-est of goats. She trotted up to us and butted her little head into M'sieur's knee with a most roguish expression, then pranced playfully about us, clicking her tiny black hoofs. Her name, we learned, was Zaza. Shades of Réjane!

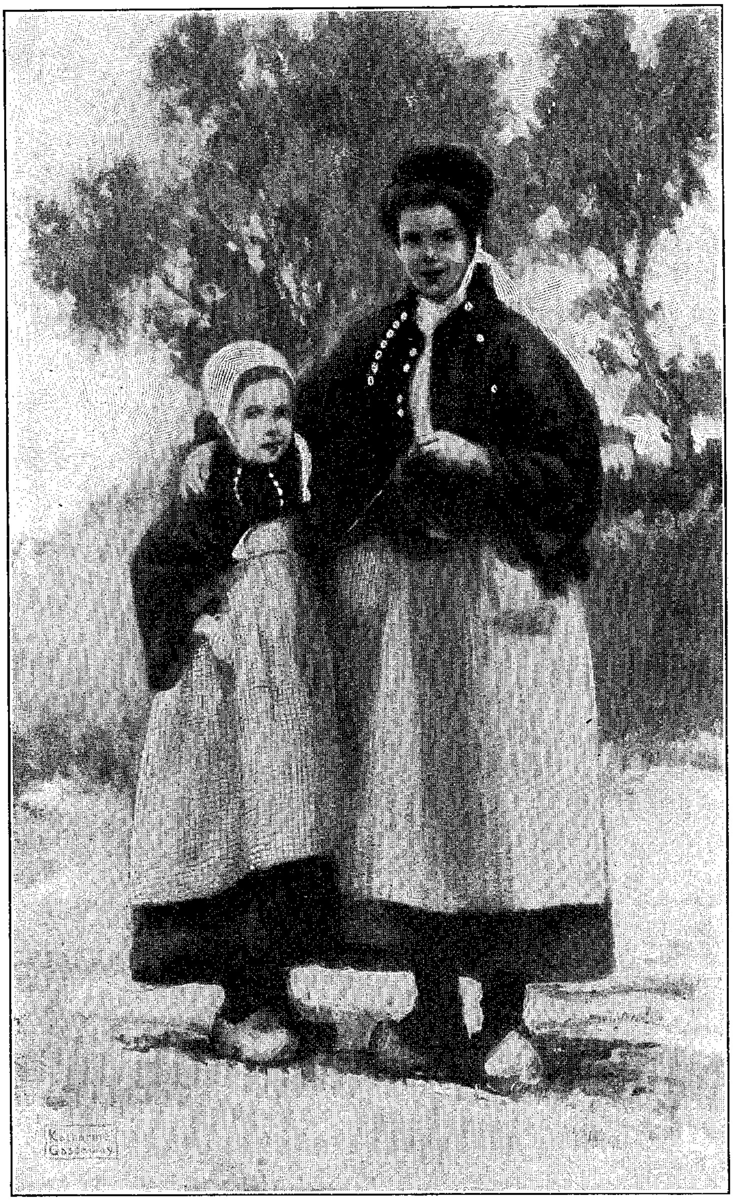
After a brief rest we raided the shops of the town and returned with bread, chocolate, a can of sardines and another of *pâté de foie gras.* We bought from the innkeeper some hay and a measure of oats for Mignon, then, despite the protestations of the people of the hotel, we set forth again. Our plan was to go on until a pleasant camp site invited us to stop. We had visions of a grove and a purling brook. We knew from our road map where, in general, we wanted to go, and we confidently took a road out of the town which we thought would lead us there. It turned out to be a perfect will-o'-the-wisp of a road, "alluring up and enticing down." It promised that around each bend we would find the spot we sought, only to disappoint us



“A GOLDEN FIELD OF GRAIN, WITH TWO WHITE-COIFFED HEADS” each time, and go dancing on ahead again with fresh lures and promises. We were hungry and waxing very weary; twenty miles is quite a walk for a first day. But far worse than our fatigue was our anxiety for Mignon, which increased with every step. She crept along with drooping head and an air of utter woe. Could she hold out a little longer? That was the question each read in the other's eyes. What would happen when she fell in her tracks? And still our lodging for the night eluded us. Once we turned aside into a rough cart track which led beside a brawling river, where some women were just finishing their day's washing, but it landed us in an uninviting barnyard, from which there was no exit but by the road we had come. So we retraced our steps, crossed the stream and climbed a long hill on the other side. Still no luck—and there before us was another hill—interminable. Strange how all the hills were "up" in this country! With profuse apologies to Mignon, we began its ascent. But half way up our hearts misgave us. The sight of that small gray mouse hanging limply in the shafts, nose almost brushing the dust of the road, ears flapping helplessly, small feet dragging dejectedly, was too much for our tender hearts, and—though we blush to remember it—we stepped behind that cart and pushed; occasionally one or the other would take a peep over the back at Mignon—but we found no comfort. Only the wearily bobbing gray head met our gaze, for our *âne* showed no smallest sign of easement—not she—and how we ached and panted! At last there was a top to that hill—very wild and bleak—and, strange to relate, a downward slope to its other side, at the bottom of which we surmised there might be a brook.

We toiled on, and, oh joy! behold a green meadow gently sloping to a tiny stream. A gate and a sharp descent gave some protection from the road. We hesitated not at all, but boldly opened the gate and took possession, driving well under the high bank in order to be screened as much as possible from observation. Our first care was to unharness Mignon (who still lived) and slip over her meek head a halter. Then, rope in hand, M'sieur turned to lead her to a choice grazing ground. But she refused to be led; instead she heaved a great sigh and sank wearily to earth. The countenance of M'sieur expressed horrified, contrite woe, while M'dame in her turn collapsed and went off in shouts of "inextinguishable laughter." The little beast was enjoying a pleasant roll.

Jealous of his reputation as a merciful man, and remembering a little with remorse his wielding of the whip, M'sieur let her roll to her heart's content, and then hastened to spread out a hearty meal of oats and hay. And what a changed donkey attacked that meal! We wished that we could revive so quickly. A thorough toilet by the clear running brook worked wonders, and we, too, refreshed, sat down for a welcome but outlandish supper of tinned things, French bread (which can be as bad in some places as it is delicious in so many others), red wine, and bottled water. The food was queer, but we had plenty of the "best sauce," a glorious sky above, rosy with the tints of the afterglow, the rich green of the meadow and the woods about us, the quiet music of the brook in our ears, and Mignon's brave example before us. We feasted, and prepared ourselves for the night. The donkey was tethered to a thick pole which lay upon the ground. It was light enough to let her move about if she wished to graze, heavy enough to keep her from straying beyond bounds. The cart was uptilted as a head-board for our bed, one blanket spread out for mattress. As the twilight fell we rolled ourselves in our capes, tucked the second blanket about us, and invoked sleep. A wagon filled with peasants passed briskly along the road, filling M'dame's heart with sudden trepidation, not for any real danger, but at the mere thought of intrusion upon our privacy. Behind us, across the hills, a dog's voice sounded a mournful "Taps" for the garrison of the farmhouse and the barnyard. We slept. At intervals we woke, shivered a little in the nipping air, cast a slumbrous eye at Mignon steadily cropping the meadow cross within the limits of her tether, wrapped cloak and blanket a little closer, and slept again. Toward morning the donkey, too, went to sleep, standing with hoofs close together, back humped up and head dejected, a very disconsolate ghost of a donkey in the rising mists. Our day began while the stars still dotted the heavens, for we courted no discovery before we had taken to the road again. Our morning libation to the god of cleanliness, a joyously solemn rite in the great pagan world of out-of-doors, was quickly poured, with the starry eyes of blue forget-me-nots decking the altar. We harnessed our beast, loaded our cart, and set out once more on the open road.



A BRETON "LITTLE MOTHER"

It was still very early. The first level rays of the sun lay along the hill-tops, but in our valley was only the dim radiance of the dawn, the hushed expectancy that precedes the sunrise. Presently our road began to climb again, but the breath of the morning was in us now, and the call to action was a joy. Even Mignon showed a certain cheer.

With every upward step the world about us grew more beautiful. An endless panorama of hills and valleys spread out at our feet, radiant in the golden morning light. And then, quite suddenly, we found ourselves on the top of the world. There could be no doubt about it; we could feel the buoyant curve of the great ball beneath our feet; we fairly soared through space. It was too wonderful to leave, so we climbed a high bank by the roadside, and prepared to break our fast. We will admit that dry bread and *pâté de foie gras*, washed down with *vin rouge*, is not the breakfast we would choose for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. But on the three hundred and sixty-sixth, at five o'clock of the morning or thereabouts, if you are seated on the top of the world, with all of Brittany rolling and tumbling at your feet—just try it and see! As we took up our way again we met several peasants on their way to work in the fields, and exchanged friendly greetings with them. Most of them, however, had only the Gaelic, and could not answer our questions as to the road we should take. We passed a few tiny cottages, and, our curiosity getting the better of our courtesy, we took an occasional peep into their one-roomed interiors. They were always much the same. A great fireplace, near it a curtained bed, on the wall racks for the scant array of dishes, and scattered about the room a few chairs and a spinning-wheel. We stopped at one door to beg some water for Mignon from the housewife, and inquired of her if the road we were following would lead us to Gourin. She stared in amazement and shook her head. We would have to retrace our steps to a little wayside shrine we had passed a quarter of a kilometer back, then take the road to the right, another to the left, and dear knows how many more. The woman confessed herself a stranger in those parts, and we chose to believe her mistaken in her directions. But as we continued on our former way we began to find that the map and the roads hardly corresponded. A seed of doubt took root in our minds—had we, after all, taken the intended road from Le Faouet?

At the next cross-roads a sign-board revealed the truth. It bore the names of many towns to be reached by taking one turning or the other, but no Gourin was among them. Very well, then, we would go to Plouay. We liked the name quite as well as Gourin, and, besides, Plouay was on a railway, if we should tire of our rôle of snail caravan.

Our second day on the road was bright, dazzling, and, before many hours, hot. We gave ourselves up to steady travel, following the white ribbon of the road in its windings and turnings, its ups and downs, over the heather and gorse-grown hills and through the well-tilled valleys. Here we passed a golden field of grain, with two white-coiffed heads rising like twin moons above its horizon line, there a shy group of youngsters peeping from the top of a wall. They stared, we were surprised to find, more in astonishment at Mignon than at our "outlandish" selves, and tumbled precipitately backward as they caught our eye. We passed through tiny hamlets, their thatched-roofed houses set at every angle, and their streets as crooked as they were strait. In one of them we tried to talk with an old man, his face brown and gnarled like his staff, who carried a gigantic loaf of bread perched precariously on his head.

We reached Plouay without adventure, save the eternal adventure of the open road, where the ghosts of all the Vagabonds of all the ages march with you and while the time with tales and songs and merry jests. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Beguiled by that companionship, we reached our journey's end; for 'tis the royal prerogative of the traveler in Vagabondia to change his mind, to go when he pleases, to stop when he will. So at Plouay we made an end, sending Mignon with our blessing back to her master. We had learned a little of Brittany, and we had learned much about what we did not know about donkeys.

PASTOR FRENSSEN

THE GERMAN DICKENS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ILLUSTRATED FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY THE AUTHOR AND WITH DRAWINGS BY T. B. MANLEY

"DOES Gustav Frenssen still live in Dithmarschen?" we inquired.

The face of the Hamburg librarian lit up with pride.

"No," was the answer. "He has recently moved nearer town and has built at Blankenese. Are you interested in him?"

We admitted as much.

"Then," cried the talkative librarian, "you are interested in the most significant figure in our recent literature. It was a great event for Germany when 'Jörn Uhl' became a 'best seller.' That was in the day of the aristocratic, the exotic, the sensational. But with Frenssen came the day of democratic, poetic, lovingly wrought fiction. He has given us a zest for the homely, the autochthonous. He has made the commonplace romantic. I believe that in coming to love his peasants our German sympathies have been taught to reach out even beyond the frontiers of Germany."

We thanked the librarian and turned to go.

"But stay!" he called. "I fear you will be disappointed. Pastor Frenssen is a most unapproachable person. He is half a recluse, and he repels all interviewers with much determination. He—"

But we were already under way for the Blankenese tram.

No sooner had we gained the open country than something pleasant happened. For a stork—straight out of the works of Frenssen—flew across the path and settled on a picturesque wayside thatch that might have covered Thiess Thiessen's cottage.

The hedged way ran between gardens full of lilacs and apple-blossoms, through ancient forests and through fields that gave charming views across the hazy sweep of the lowlands. Finally we entered a town perched on a high ridge with water sparkling between the trees at its base. It was Blankenese.

At a shop we inquired how to find and address the great man.

"The Pastor lives at the bottom of this street," answered the mistress, "and lets himself be be-titled simply Mister Frenssen" (*Lässt sich einfach Herrn Frenssen tituliren*).

A cyclist with merry little blue eyes and an inquiring beard entered the garden before us. We asked whether Herr Frenssen lived there.

"Yes," answered the cyclist.

He vanished with his wheel, and when he opened the front door we noticed that he wore a clergyman's waistcoat. In two excited breaths we announced that we loved all his books and had come from America to say so, and wished to tell our countrymen what sort of person had written them.

He flung the door wide open.

"Anna! Anna!" he roared. "Come right now! Americans are here!" (We found afterward that we were the first Americans with whom he had ever talked; and to this alone our welcome was due.)

We were surprised at his youth, and told him so.

"*Ja, ja*," said he, with a wink. "I'm such a wise and experienced person; that's the reason you all think I'm old. Then, too, I have something of an old preacher's didactic way about me."

His wife brought us a quiet, hearty

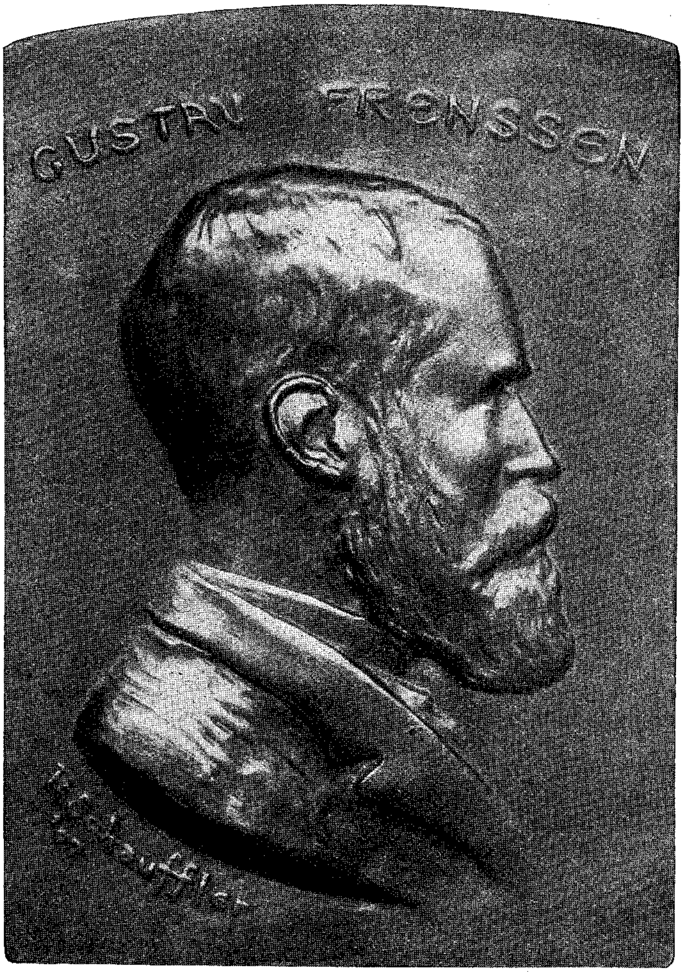
welcome, although she seemed a little dazed at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"We were going for a walk," they said. "Will you join us?"

It was ebb tide, and the wet sand along the Elbe was like a sea beach. He talked deliberately, in the vigorous, staccato, Saxon style which his readers know so well, sketching, in a few careless strokes, a vivid autobiography.

He was born into a carpenter's family forty-four years ago, at Barlt. The school was miles distant, and on the way his comrades would always beg him, in their low German, "Gustav, *ertell man vat*" (tell us something). Then he would invent tales of the Wild West and "Robinsonades," as he called his boyish variations on Defoe; and every one would be astonished how short the long way had been. Thus he grew to be a sort of Homeric bard among the boys. Later he attended a school at Meldorf, had trouble with the master, and ran away to the Lyceum at Husum, where he was well treated. They gave him a scholarship and loved him, and he loved them in return. He happened to have the room which had belonged to Theodor Storm. The spirit of the old poet seemed still to hang about the place, and in reading his poems there young Gustav received the first impulse to write.

As we became more and more en-



FRENSSEN
From a bas-relief by Robert Haven Schauffler

grossed in talk we would slacken our pace and finally come to a dead stop, leaving the ladies to wander on ahead. Then, at a thought-cadence, he would take me by the arm or the lapel, and we would march onward. Once a lady grew so excited at the approach of the celebrity that she stepped into a hole in the sand, and, almost smashing her poodle, fell on her knees at his very feet, to his immense delight. I assured him that the incident was symbolic.

He told me how his father had been too poor to send him to the university and how the peasants of Barlt, believing in his future, had lent him the money, raising it by popular subscription. He went to Tübingen, but was lazy and rolled up large vacations and large debts. Here, at twenty-three, he wrote his first short story—a real study of peasant life in the spirit of Jörn Uhl. But the fashionable magazine rejected it, saying that this sort of thing might go in a farmer's calendar but would not do for its elegant lady readers. This checked his ambition for the time.

He stopped and pointed out a true Low German type—an aged fisherman in high boots with grizzled curls, with a sailor cap fastened under his chin, and a short pipe, who was painting a rudder robin's-egg blue, and looked like a Teutonic Horace Greeley. Frenssen's eyes feasted on the old man. Then he tugged at my lapel and spoke.

"In common with all the folk along the North Sea, I have a heavy, melancholy temperament, the kind that attracts trouble like a magnet. I suppose that *most* humorists have." (He thinks of himself first as a prose-poet, then as a humorist.) "There is much of the autobiographical in that character of mine, Heim Heiderieter. People often say, 'What a happy man Frenssen must be, with all his money and fame!' But they do not take into account all the misery and suffering in my books. They think I merely imagined it!"

He paused to sympathize with a lad in a canoe who was struggling to reach the shore against the ebb. He pointed out how the tide was slanting the heavy buoys in mid-stream, and for the moment there came upon me a sense of the romance and tragedy of that sea which he has so powerfully depicted in "Die Drei Getreuen."

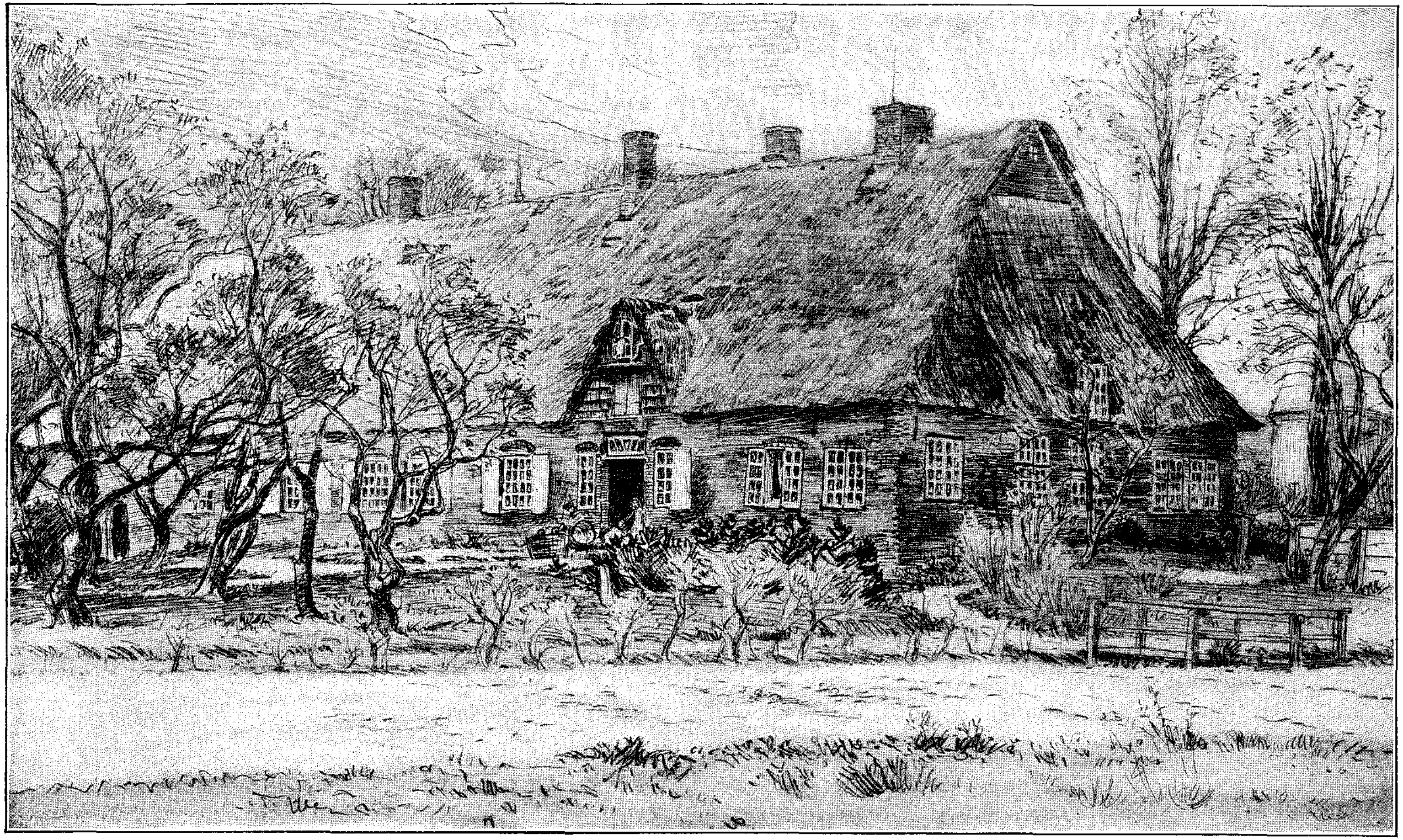
"When I left the university, I tried all sorts of vocations"—he gave a chuckle—"for about a day apiece. First I thought I had talent as a gardener. Then I became a school inspector. And finally I entered politics, taking up with the National-Socialist ideas of my friend Naumann. But the nature of the politician is directly opposed to that of the poet. The one handles things in masses and abstractly; the other individually and concretely. So nothing came of me as a politician. I refuse to tell you all the absurdities I committed."

I drew him on to talk of his art.

"The poet," he said, "is not much farther from the politician than he is from the mere 'writer.' I take a model and let my imagination play about his character, putting in bits of other people and of myself. I *arrange* things and people. The poet is not a camera. Things are by nature *so*"—he seesawed his finger in the air—"but I have to make them *so*"—with a smoothly undulating motion. He then pointed to a beautiful linden above the beach. "The writer stands before that tree and looks at it out of his eyes and describes it as so-and-so. But the poet turns himself into that tree. He can actually become a young girl or a windmill, a filthy little boy or a ship's belly.

"At twenty-eight, after I had become a pastor and a married man, I thought again of writing. My wife called me a goose, and said that a pastor shouldn't think of such things. But I wrote a short story, and it was accepted. That day there was a celebration, I can tell you. I began a novel at once for the Gartenlaube, and, as I had no faith in myself, I wrote about a countess and a ruined castle, trying to make it very elegant and not daring to show my natural style. But, for all that, it peeped out now and again. In my second novel, 'Die Drei Getreuen,' I first showed myself for what I was. In 'Jörn Uhl' I followed my own nose" (*Schrieb wie mir der Schnabel gewachsen ist.*)

We returned and fell to photographing the house and each other, but a storm



FRENSSEN'S BIRTHPLACE

The original of Jörn Uhl's home. Jörn Uhl himself is still living a peasant's life in Dithmarschen began and we all went to the study, where Frenssen showed us pictures of his parents and the old country home, and his diploma as Doctor of Theology from Heidelberg, printed on ass's skin, over which we made merry. Some visitors came to see our host, and the rest of us went into the music-room to hear some Schumann on an excellent piano, and from the bay window to watch the storm-drama playing over the mottled river, blotting out the Altenlande on the opposite bank. Islands of emerald came and went through the mist; the small red sails of fishing-boats scudded for shore, and from our height we could trace the whole progress of the storm.

Presently the pastor came in, much excited:

"I could have struck them dead, the little, subterranean people, for keeping me from this!"

He took his hat and went out into the rain, peering curiously and intimately about at the heavens; coming in afterward and watching the progress of events minutely from the windows. The music, the tempest, and the man made a scene that may not lightly be forgotten.

I asked him whether he enjoyed writing.

"Most of the time," he answered, "it is a species of torture. I work very slowly, and it hurts. But sometimes the pen begins to run along smoothly, and then I actually get some æsthetic satisfaction from it—this morning, for example, when I was writing about a little child at play. Mine is such a wearing occupation that I have to take it easily (*so ganz gemüthlich*). I write three or four hours of a morning, but every half-hour I jump up and pay a visit to my garden or my wife. I can't hold out longer than that on one stretch (*Länger kann ich's nicht aushalten*). It takes me three years to write a novel, and I always do it over twice. There's one good thing about me, though. As a pastor I learned not to mind interruptions."

"But sometimes," his wife put in, "he is so far out of himself that nothing *could* interrupt him. Once, when he was writing 'Die Sandgräfin,' I heard a loud voice in the study. I peeped. There he stood by the desk, with clenched fists, pleading with Thorbeeken, his villain: 'Now, Thorbeeken, don't be such a selfish old brute, or I fear I'll have to drive you over the cliff!'"

Frenssen laughed with great appreciation.

"I remember, too," she went on, "that after writing the death of his hero in 'Hilligenlei,' he was so used up (*angegriffen*) that he could do nothing for a week afterward. The characters are so real to both of us that we sometimes have strange experiences. Once we were at a country fair, and saw an old man. For a long time we both studied him in silence. Finally, as he went by, we turned to each other and exclaimed at the same instant: 'Thiess Thiessen!'"

How Frenssen collected his material was evident. For, instead of finding out all about him, we soon saw that he was finding out all about us.

"*Aber!*" he cried at the end of our recital, "yours is a romance ready-made. To become famous all you have to do is to put that down as you have told it."

He asked about our families for generations back, listening eagerly, making copious notes, and annotating our discourse with quick, humorous asides. I told of a relative whose greatest desire was a daughter, but who, instead, had had six sons in succession, and who played the violin—"*Soh!*" interrupted Frenssen, "and even that didn't help?"

He would roar with delight at some of my empirical German words, and note them down straightway. The absent-minded genius was constantly mislaying his note-book. Then, struck by some sudden thought, he would call out for it as if in pain, and a member of the household would bring it to him on a humorous trot.

"How could you make your African war story such a convincing piece of realism," I asked, "without ever having left Germany?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "When I was planning 'Peter Moor's Fahrt,' I invited veterans of the African war to come and visit me, and I pumped them drier than ever veteran was pumped before. I developed a question-technic all my own.

Suppose they were marching through a certain district:

"'How did the soil look?' I would ask my veteran.

"'Brownish yellow.'

"'How deep were the ruts of the caisson wheels?'

"'Ten centimeters.'

"'Did you walk in the wheel-rut?'

"'No. Outside.'

"'Why?'

"'It was wet in the rut,' etc.

"'In collecting such material, everything depends on what you ask and how you ask it, and how much imaginative endurance you have. Many writers accompany their hero a certain distance, and then desert him through sheer exhaustion. But you must have the *strength* to stick by him to the very end, and with your full powers."

In speaking of the excursus—that characteristic feature of his novels—he said: "Sometimes my characters have done enough for the time being, and then I think it only fair to let them sit down and rest, and tell each other a story."

I confessed that I had unconsciously used a phrase of his in my novel.

"That happens to all of us," he said. "While writing a certain part of 'Jörn Uhl' I had been reading grandfather Goethe's memoirs. Afterwards one of those critical journals that know everything one hundred times better than anybody else copied an extract from that particular place as an example of my 'characteristic' style. Another journal replied that that was not Frenssen's style but Goethe's, and I wrote to say that I thought so too. My natural style is short, epigrammatic, and a little jerky like the Dithmarschers themselves. But I had lapsed into the long, smoothly swinging periods of our grandfather. It's all right to inherit from the great masters, but, after all, we must stand on our own legs and not take from outside in" (his gestures were angular, like those of a peasant), "but give from within out."

"Why have you left your old home?"

A sad look came into his eyes. "It was the background of my first three books," he answered, "and I have used it up. I have come here that I might be near Hamburg, and be able to prowl often about its streets and study its folk. The book I am now writing is about a boy nine years old who comes to Hamburg from the country and begins his life there. For my models I invite my friends from the old home to visit me and study them anew. *This* book will really be a *book*."

"Are you not fond of animals?" I asked him.

His face grew sad in an instant.

"Madly fond," answered Frenssen. "But it is better that childless people should keep no pets, lest they grow too attached to them and become idiotic. We have an awful warning in a neighboring couple who have gone crazy (*vergafft*) over a parrot."

I had innocently pried open their skeleton closet, and it came as a shock to find that the man who loved children so well and appreciated them so exquisitely should have been denied little ones of his own.

The talk drifted to recreations.

"As yet I have no hobbies" ("sport" he put it), "and the only things I care for are preaching, writing stories, and learning to know people. I still seek a sport. I have little interest in art. Perhaps this is due to the fact that my early life was too simple. I never saw a piano till I was twenty, nor an oil painting till I was twenty-five. Never yet have I heard an opera, and I do not care much for architecture. The old-fashioned gables in Lübeck, for instance, that you rave over, I take as a matter of course like any old farmer. I never saw a play till I was so old that even 'Julius Cæsar' struck me as pretty artificial, and I had to laugh myself dead over the crudity and unnaturalness of the peasant scenes.

"In literature I like only the most intensely human things, such as the greatest plays of Shakespeare, and Homer and Thackeray and Dickens. Dickens was a big man, and I admire his humor particularly" (Frenssen was interested to hear that he had been called "the German Dickens"). "But it angers me to see his cynical, objective way of making sport of misfortune and suffering. Thackeray had this way too, but I love them both. They were simply forced to write so by the unsocial, selfish, unsympathetic spirit of their time. If one wrote to-day with such humor, he would be called cruel. I, on the contrary, get so worked up over the woes of poor, suffering humanity that I let out against the ways of society for all I am worth (*schimpf heillos*), and have been called bitter on that account. But I'm not going to do it any more."

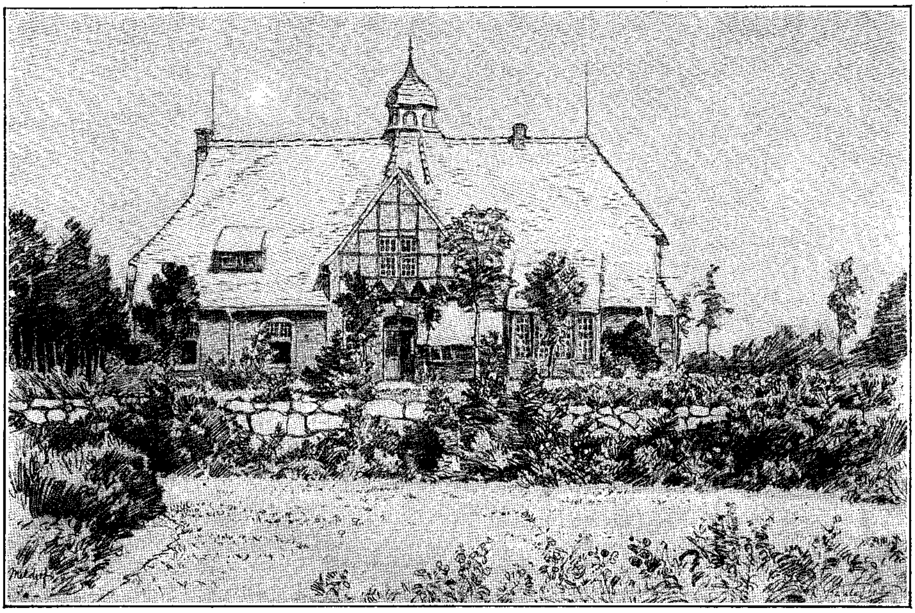
He had heard of no American authors besides Bret Harte, Whitman, and Mark Twain, and of these had read only a little of Harte.

We were afraid that our genial host, contrary to the warnings of his wife, would "talk himself to pieces," so we steeled our hearts against their dinner invitations, and rode back to Hamburg through the twilight.

I had found that Frau Frenssen had a passion for sculpture. So on the next visit I took along a lump of plastilene and modeled the novelist on the back of one of his own books. He showed the characteristic stubborn endurance of the North German, posing immovable hour after hour and refusing all offers of rest or recess. "I can hold out if you can," he would say. "Go at it hard!"

While he sat he was entertained by his sailor-nephew, from whom he had obtained all the material for his chapters of sea life, and by his adopted son Fritz, who seemed more brother than son to him. Fritz would ramble on entertainingly about the office in Hamburg, about his father's latest book, and the old days in Dithmarschen. Frenssen had just told me that Fritz himself appeared in "Jörn Uhl."

"Do you remember," the boy put in, "how the grandfather used to sit all the evening with his feet in the oven, sucking at his long pipe and relating anecdotes that nobody attended to?" And I like to recall Frenssen's answering shout of joy and how he roared for his note-book.



FRENSSEN'S PARSONAGE AT MELDORF

To finish the portrait we spent a third day in Blankenese, eating a second simple uproarious luncheon in the main hall beside Frau Frenssen's loom and beneath the old plow-wheel that served as chandelier.

Then came the best of all: Frenssen accompanied us back to Hamburg for one of his street rambles. In the train we had the compartment to ourselves, and he opened his heart to us.

"I believe my books succeeded because I was a pastor for thirteen years and came to know so intimately the souls of all sorts of people. Also because I love those souls so well. I prefer to talk Low German with a longshoreman from Dithmarschen than to talk with any one else in the world. He is my real affinity. Aged widows and young maidens have turned their hearts inside out to me and have shown me quite marvelous things. And nothing pleases me more than to have the old country people visit me and call me Gustav. Most German novelists live a life apart from their kind, writing about castles and high society and extraordinary people and events. But I think my books have appealed to people because they are simple and true and come straight from the heart."

"Why did you give up your parish?"

"Because I did not like the histrionic side of the ministry. I know not how it is in America, but here public opinion demands from us preachers a certain amount of affectation, and no man of strong intellect would dare to preach exactly what he believes. Then, too, ministers declaim things from the pulpit that they would be ashamed to say quietly face to face with a couple of friends. I wished my life to be quite real, so I put myself into a position where I could preach sincerely and to a wider audience."

"Why do you never travel?" I asked.

"Ach!" he cried, "how much there is to study at home and how many souls of men to know! I tell you, the personality of a Dithmarsch peasant is worth more to me than a whole nation!"

He smiled, struck suddenly conscious that he had fallen into the preacher's oratorical way. Then he coined an inimitable word to express the traveling-inertia of the Frenssens, which indicated that their garments flapped idly in the wind.

"We are heavy people, my wife and I," he went on. "It comes, I suppose, from living in a low, lonely land where folk have always been poor and anxious and suspicious and melancholy. When we travel, we drag our cares along (*schleppen wir unsere Sorgen mit*). You remember what Horace says about *atra cura?* That fits us exactly. I only wish we could be as light-hearted and adventurous and care-free as you young Americans are, even though the money-bag be lean!

"America? I should love to go there! But I may not even cross the Elbe without suffering serious inconvenience. No. It is not seasickness so much as homesickness. I was asked lately to go to Baltimore and deliver a course of lectures—only think (laughing)—at the university there.

"I have long had great love and sympathy for America, where there are so many of my countrymen. I love to let my imagination wander about the cornfields of Iowa, and the big Western prairies. But let me tell you this. America will yet have heavy days to live through. They may not come for a century, but come they will, without fail. You Americans are like young people on a Sunday morning, You are as joyous as children, and never suspect that black Monday is coming with its bitter work.

As we left the car at Hamburg we saw an old peasant woman carrying two huge bundles.

"That," he whispered, "is exactly the way my dear mother looked when she came to town—bundles and all."

He gazed with kindly eyes on the old woman. Before the exit gates she stood bewildered. "*Weisst nicht bescheid?*" he murmured to us in his northern idiom.

"Come out this way, little mother," said the gate-keeper.

It was the first time that I had ever known a Prussian official to show a spark of human feeling.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Frenssen, nudging me delightedly. "He called her 'little mother.'"

On the walk outside we said our "Auf Wiederseh'ns."

"Think of us with love when you are far distant!" he said. Then he vanished on his joyous prowl after humanity.

Moved by a common impulse, we opened the copy of "Hilligenlei" he had given us. Scrawled on the fly-leaf were these words:

"Indifference deadens;
Love makes all alive."

NATURAL SCIENCE FOR THE EVERY-DAY MAN

BY EVERETT WALLACE SMITH

THE American Museum of Natural History stands pre-eminent among all institutions of learning for the extent of its collections along the line of ethnological research among Arctic peoples. In the north end of the main floor of its building at Seventy-seventh Street and Central Park West, New York City, it has on display a comparatively small portion of this material, carefully selected to portray the home and village life of the Central Eskimos. These two statements are set side by side, not so much on account of the facts which they present as because they serve to illustrate the sharp differentiation which the Museum makes between two lines of usefulness—immense stores packed away for specialists; typical specimens placed on view for the education of the general public. These two purposes of a museum are frequently combined and confused. Even in the exhibition halls of the American Museum, which was a pioneer in making the discrimination and which has gone further than any other, traces of the old order remain. For instance, to reach the Central Eskimo exhibit the visitor passes case after case, each crammed full and labeled "Eskimo—Alaska." If he is exceptionally observant and imaginative, he may gain one or two definite ideas of the manners and customs of these tribes. The probability is that he receives only a vague impression of bone implements, rawhide thongs, and fur garments.

When he reaches the smaller exhibit, however, even the most casual inspection will give a notion of how the tribes around Hudson Bay carry on their daily life. The method of arrangement makes that inevitable. In the first place, the exhibit forms a compact unit, and is all visible from one view-point. The open sides of all the cases face the center. Each case holds a few articles chosen to illustrate a single phase, such as costume, hunting, fishing, travel, or amusements. Attached to each case is a simple, succinct exposition of the contents, explaining the methods of hunting, for instance, and pointing out that the implements are mainly of bone because wood and metals are scarce, and some part of an animal must supply nearly every need of these people. Some of the points are made still more realistic by life-size models. A woman in a snow house or igloo is cooking over a seal-oil lamp. The flame jets are so cleverly simulated with colored glass and concealed electric lights that they seem actually to flicker, and the whole process by which they furnish heat, not only for cooking, but to melt the strip of blubber suspended near them, and thus continue to supply their own fuel, is obvious at a glance. In another place a fur-muffled figure sits patiently above a hole in the ice, waiting for another fish to bite and be added to the pile already caught. Finally, the whole section is summarized in a miniature model of a village in which the various activities, shown separately elsewhere, are correlated.

The visitor is not likely to pass through the Central Eskimo section so hastily as he did the larger one. He will spend some time there; probably sit down. The trustees have provided "two skin-covered sledges as resting-places for visitors." Those are their own words. A card on one of the sledges narrates that after its driver died no other native would have anything to do with it and Commander Peary had to take it himself, so that it fell out that this sledge was the one with which he made his record dash "farthest north."

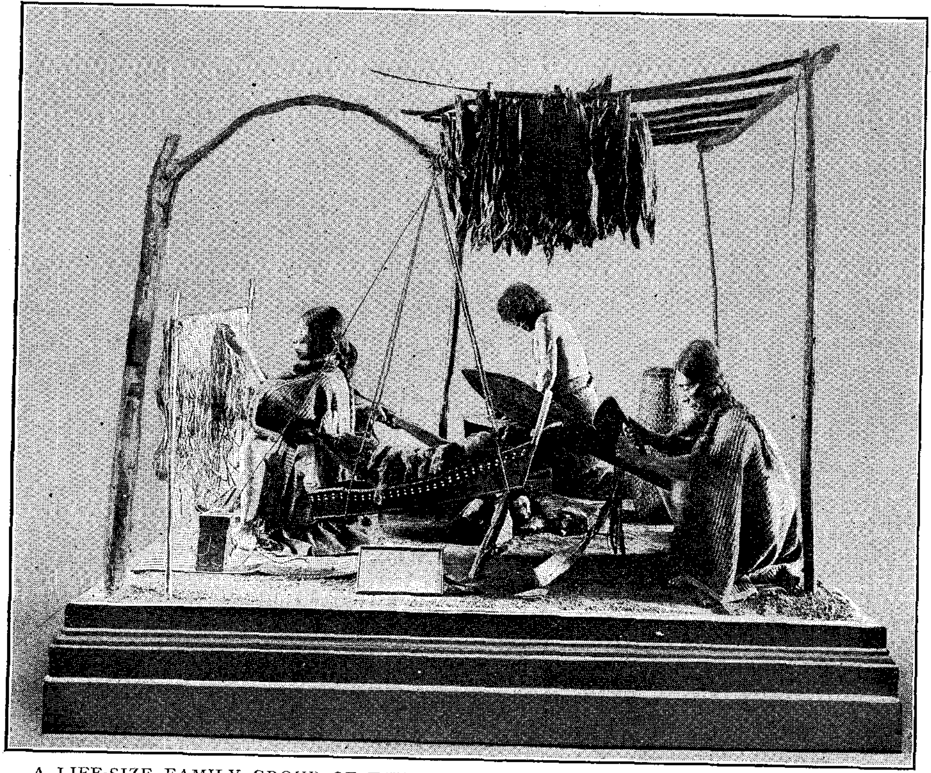
Peary named this historic sledge the Morris K. Jesup, in honor of the late President of the American Museum.

"The new Museum is the outgrowth of the idea of one man, Morris K. Jesup," said another officer of the society (speaking of course before Mr. Jesup's death). It is fortunate that a man with such an idea holds the president's position, and it is equally fortunate that there are associated with him men who are in sympathy with that idea and who have the knowledge and the capability to carry it into sane execution. The chief of the executive staff is Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, the Director.

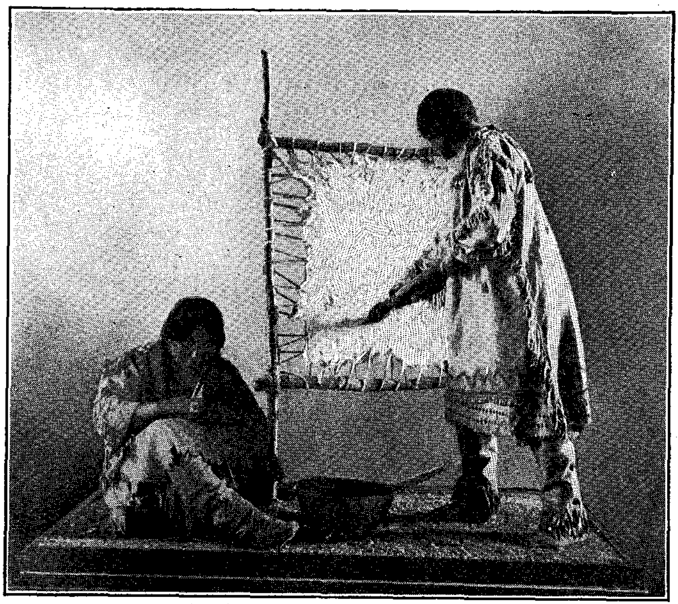
Mr. Jesup was not a scientist; he was not even a college-bred man. But he was equipped with an abundance of shrewd, practical sense. His "idea" was summed up in the answer to the question he put to himself, "What would I and such men as I want to find in a museum of natural history?"

Dr. Bumpus, on the other hand, is a trained scientist and a scholar, a man of many academic degrees, who has taught natural sciences in many universities, but is no pedant; he is a broad-minded man whose inclinations and ability fit him to work out the "idea" into practical form.

It is interesting and worth while to go through the American Museum and observe how these two, with the others associated with them, have by every device possible labored to make natural history available and intelligible to unscientific people. The exhibition halls are designed for the fullest usefulness to such people. Peary's sledge is only one example of the startling extent to which the material is made accessible; there is not a single "Hands Off" sign in the whole six and a half acres open to the



A LIFE-SIZE FAMILY GROUP OF THE KWAKIUTL INDIANS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND



A GROUP SHOWING DRESS AND CUSTOMS OF THE THOMPSON INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

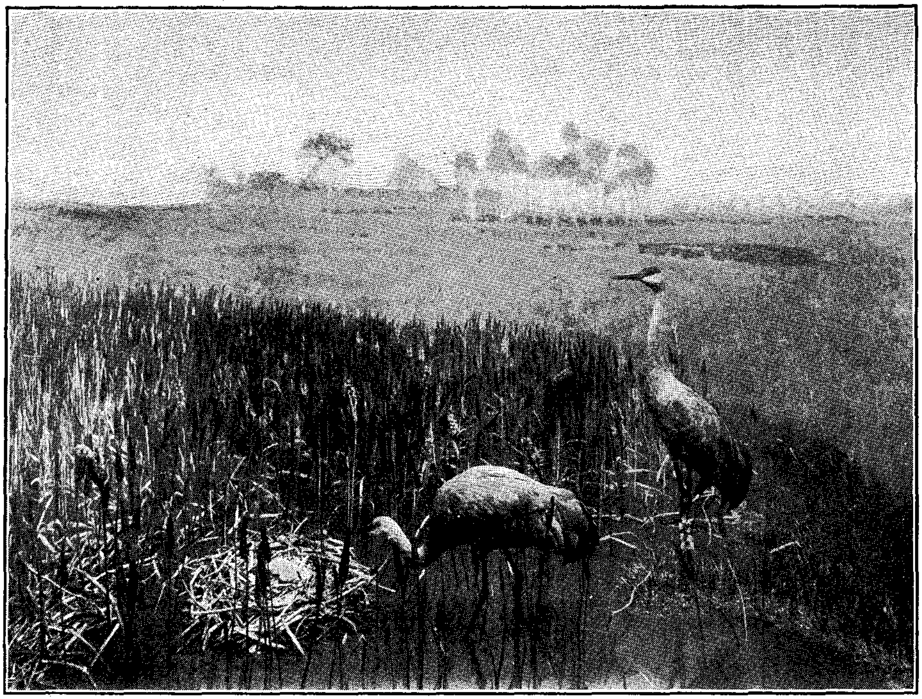
public, and, strange as it may seem, practically no injury has been done to any of the exhibits, although the turnstiles at the entrance clicked off half a million admissions last year. Recently the trustees decided that they could afford to abolish "pay days," and now admission is at all times free.

For a museum of such size a sulphur-bottom whale seventy-six feet long is a fitting specimen. Such a whale in good condition was washed ashore within reach, but dead whales don't stay in good condition; they deteriorate very fast, and it is difficult to preserve them. The Museum's method of obtaining this one was to send a corps of men who noted all its dimensions, contours, and colorings, and, returning to the Museum, set to work with steel, wood, papier-mâché, and paint. As a result the whale is on exhibition now, to all intents.

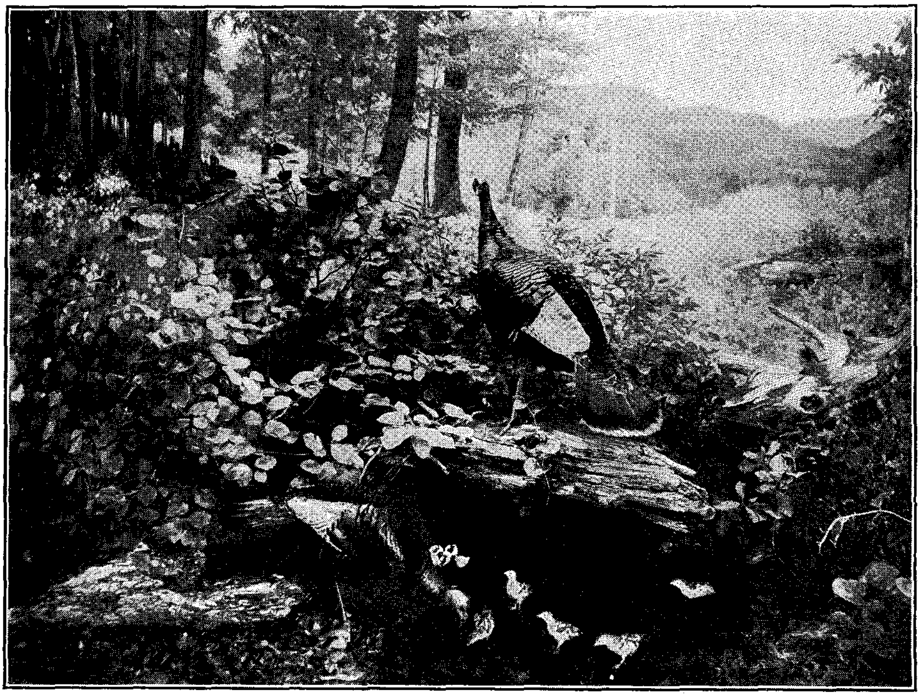
Obviously, a similarly faithful model of a mosquito would be of slight use. Yet mosquitoes are interesting subjects. The Museum has them nearly two feet long. The scales on their wings and such detail are visible when the insects are magnified to that size. In one case there is a larva, in another an innocuous male adult, while in the third is one of the vicious females which do all the biting, shown in the attitude of sucking blood through the eighteen-inch proboscis. To any one who has ever observed a real mosquito gently waving her hind leg while she was thus engaged, there is something more than lifelike in the yard-long exaggeration of that member. Despite the utter impossibility of the thing, the minutely wrought model becomes so genuine after a few minutes' scrutiny that there is a comical sense of relief in viewing the giant vermin from the other side, on which it is sliced open from end to end to expose its inner mechanism.

Of course there is danger that this sort of thing will degenerate into the merely spectacular. That evil is avoided by the competence and sincere earnestness of the men in charge, whose object is not simple amusement but instruction—to depict the phenomena of nature as nearly like nature as possible, and to make manifest the way in which nature works. Science is popularized, but it is good science, never a plaything.

The "new museum" begins at the very entrance, with a cursory view of the universe. A six-inch lighted globe, suspended in the middle of the foyer, represents the sun, while smaller lights of varying sizes at the proper relative



SANDHILL CRANES AT HOME



WILD TURKEYS

The natural accessories with which the birds are surrounded blend almost indistinguishably into the painting which forms the background distances symbolize the other units of the solar system. A very small disk is large enough to be the earth. Ranged around the floor are meteorites, fragments flung off to the earth from these other bodies. In an adjoining room are photographic transparencies which, by the arrangement of lights behind them, reproduce exactly the views of eclipses and other celestial occurrences that astronomers have caught with powerful telescopes.

In whatever direction the visitor proceeds from this lobby he will encounter similar centralization of graphic illustration. In the hall which lies straight ahead he passes first an Indian tepee, which is the most picturesque feature of the space devoted to the Plains Indians. A squaw is cooking inside the tent, while her papoose sleeps at her side. The Eskimo groups are beyond this section. The hall at the left of the foyer is devoted to other Indian and Siberian tribes.

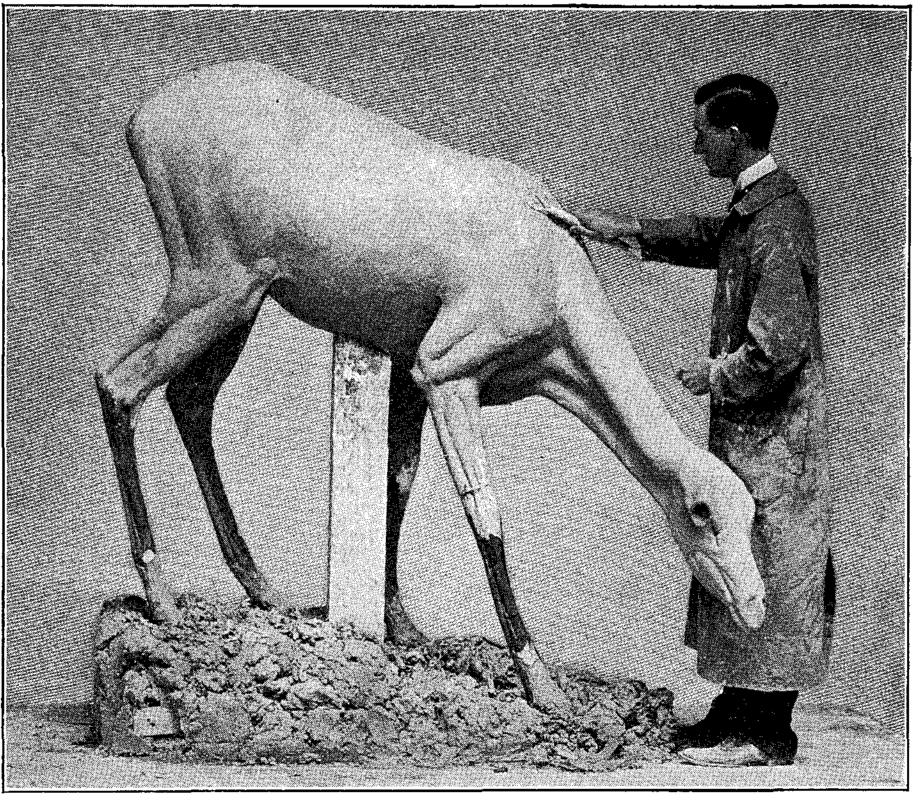
To the right is the Jesup collection of North American woods, in which the "idea" is worked out in another form. Each tree of the continent is represented by a stump with the bark on and sawed off at such angles as to display all the grains of the wood. One half of each of these surfaces is left in its natural state, and one half polished to exemplify the possibilities of the wood for decorative usefulness. In addition, every tree within a radius of fifty miles of New York is further identified by a spray of foliage with flowers or fruit. Photographs and transparencies give the form of the complete tree and show forest growth. In front of the cases containing illustrations of the more common lumber woods are racks which support small planks, placed there so that they may be picked up, felt of, "hefted," and scratched with the thumb-nail—anything that will give an idea of the kind of board those trees produce.

The "guide tables" which stand at the entrances of the halls must be mentioned. Besides indicating the locations of the various contents of the room, they embody a statement of the purpose of the exhibits, and a general exposition of the correlation of the parts with each other. They form the table of contents and chapter headings of the book of natural history which is here laid open.

One of the chief attractions of the old-style natural history museum was its stuffed animals. They do not stuff animals any more for the new museum; they model them. For instance, when "Hannibal," the big Barbary lion which Andrew Carnegie's daughter gave to the New York Zoo, died in 1905, the Zoölogical Society gave his body to the Museum, and it was turned over to Mr. James L. Clark, the Museum's "animal sculptor." Mr. Clark measured it carefully and skinned it. After that he spent several days observing Hannibal's survivors in the Zoo, and making studies of their attitudes. Finally he constructed a life-size model of Hannibal's body just under the skin, bringing out in exact detail every surface muscle and tendon. Over a plaster cast of this the skin was stretched and deftly sewed—all but the head. It took Mr. Clark a long time before he was satisfied that he had caught the wrinkles in the lion's brow which give his eyes their expression of pathetic disdain. Hannibal now looks like a real lion stretched at his ease (only he can be touched), in contrast to neighboring beasts posed as if stalking imaginary deserts on sagging cotton knees. There is artistic as well as scientific merit in Mr. Clark's modeling. Possibly his most beautiful piece of work is a dainty Virginia deer with alert, outstretched head and delicate hoofs making imprints in the ground—real ground, apparently, instead of the polished planks on which other deer are painfully teetering. The contour of the ribs shows through its sleek sides, and the slender bones of its legs are made perceptible, as they are in life and as they cannot be made by stuffing.

This scientific realism is carried further in animal groups set in the midst of natural surroundings. Even a step beyond this is taken in the instance of a herd of elk, which has for a background a big painting by Carl Rungius, "The Home of the Elk," to give it perspective.

With birds, this element of perspective is supplied to a whole series, called "habitat groups," in which the work of the taxidermist who surrounded his



THE NEW METHOD OF MOUNTING ANIMALS—I

They do not stuff animals any more; they model them. A life-size clay model is made of the animal's body just under the skin, bringing out in exact detail every surface muscle and tendon

mounts with accessories of the native places is merged and blended by carefully arranged lights with the work of the artist on canvas. The illusion of some of these compositions is startling, as when the spectator seems to look over the nests of sea-birds on a cliff into the blue ocean.

Many pretty and instructive combinations have been achieved with birds. One group brings together many varieties to illustrate and contrast feeding habits. There are several which exhibit plumage changes arising from various causes and for various purposes. One in particular is noteworthy—that of the white-tailed ptarmigan. The base of the mount is divided into four compartments to indicate the seasons. Only the beady eyes and the feet of the birds offer a contrast with the snow-covered ground of the winter section; in spring the brown earth shows through the snow in patches and the birds' white plumage is flecked with new feathers of the summer color; on the summer quarter the coloring of the adults blends with the sunburned grass, while the chicks almost escape detection even at the close range of scrutiny that is possible here; in autumn the feathers have lost the gloss of bright summer and are tinged with white once more.

One collection comprises all the birds that have ever been authentically noted within fifty miles of New York City; and in a special case is a collection, which is changed each month, showing the varieties which may be found in the neighborhood at that time.

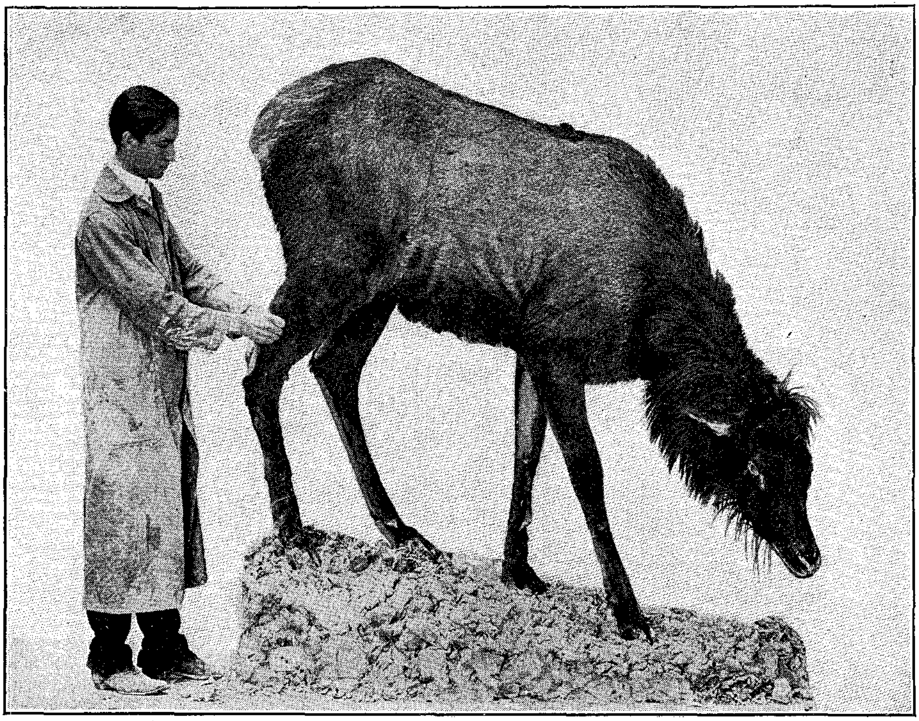
So much for the effort to present natural history in the guise of nature itself. An even more significant exemplification of the dominating desire to make the Museum useful to the general public is the attempt, successfully carried out, to render the science of natural history and its laws intelligible.

The Hall of Invertebrates is as interesting and as useful for showing the methods employed as any other. The "guide table" at the entrance explains the arrangement of the material in twelve alcoves to correspond with the twelve natural groups or branches of the animal kingdom generally recognized by zoölogists. This explanation amounts to a brief exposition of the theory of evolution. "The sequence of the alcoves," its says, "corresponds roughly with the probable sequence of animal life upon the earth." Each alcove then deals more exhaustively and in detail with the branch which it illustrates. For instance, the "guide table" calls the first group "the lowest animals;" in the alcove these forms are given their scientific name, *protozoa*. Various means are employed to reveal these minute and elementary forms of life. Microscopes are placed so that mounted slides can be studied, and are reinforced by laboratory drawings. The manner of reproduction and growth of cells is illustrated by series of enlarged models. The next alcove takes up the sponges, the next the polyps, and so on until the highest or vertebrated animals are reached, completing a comprehensive survey of the progress and development of animal life.

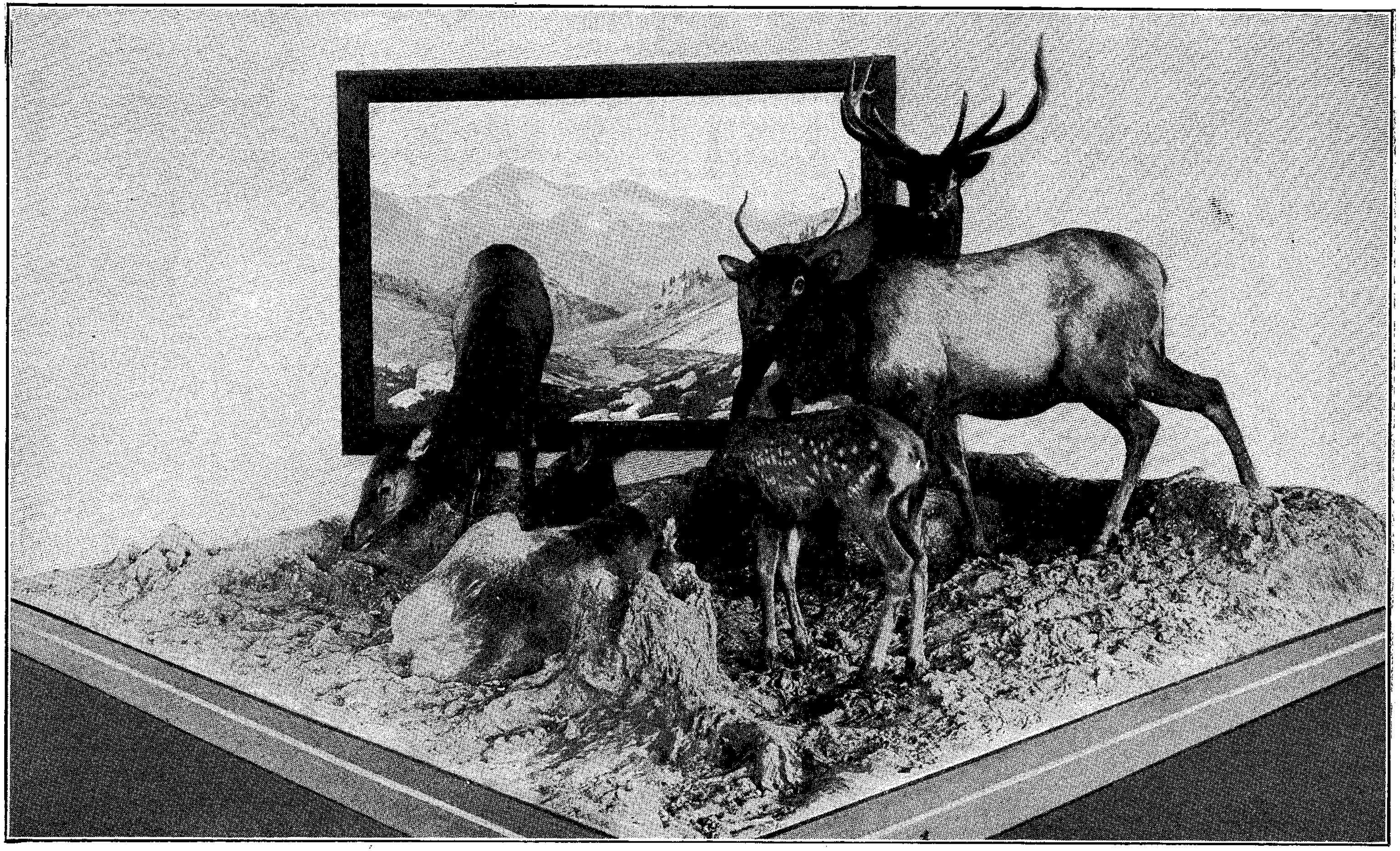
By the use of numerous explanatory placards many points are illustrated in this hall besides the natural groups of the animal kingdom; among them various biological phenomena common to both plants and animals in growth and reproduction, variation and coloration for divers ends, distribution and adaption.

The Hall of Fossil Mammals is another fortunate example of the effort to make clear some of the broad underlying laws of nature. Comparative anatomy comes to have a meaning to a man who never heard the term before, after he has himself compared the skeletons of a man and of a rearing horse mounted side by side and has observed on a diagram how the two match up, bone for bone.

Evolution has a new meaning for him after he has traced the development of the horse from its tiny four-toed ancestor of the middle eocene epoch through all the intermediate stages to the present day. With the prehistoric horse, as with

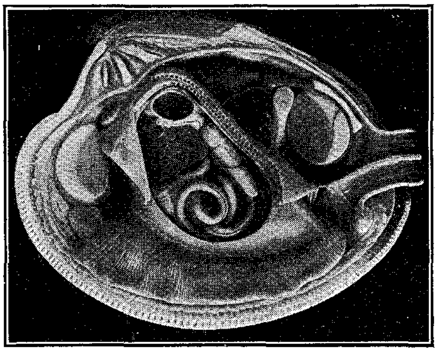


THE NEW METHOD OF MOUNTING ANIMALS—II
Over a plaster cast of the model the skin is stretched and sewed



THE NEW METHOD OF MOUNTING ANIMALS—III

A family group is made up to show [illegible] ls of [illegible] different attitudes [illegible] many other fossil animals, restorations in plaster by Mr. Charles R. Knight, the artist, show their form when they were alive as inferred from study of the skeletons, and paintings present the scientists' guesses at color. A stone-embedded skeleton of a saber-toothed tiger, which died some millions of years ago, is so completely dead that the ordinary observer would not notice that the brute died in a very lifelike attitude of fighting; but this becomes vividly evident when the artist puts alongside of it a reconstructed body, and alongside of that a colored drawing showing the shadows of primeval vegetation on the beast's snarling face. A mastodon skeleton that stands nine feet two inches high and bears tusks more than seven feet long is intensely interesting to a New Yorker when he learns that the monster roamed and died near Newburgh; and paleontology takes a long stride out of the realm of vague mystery.



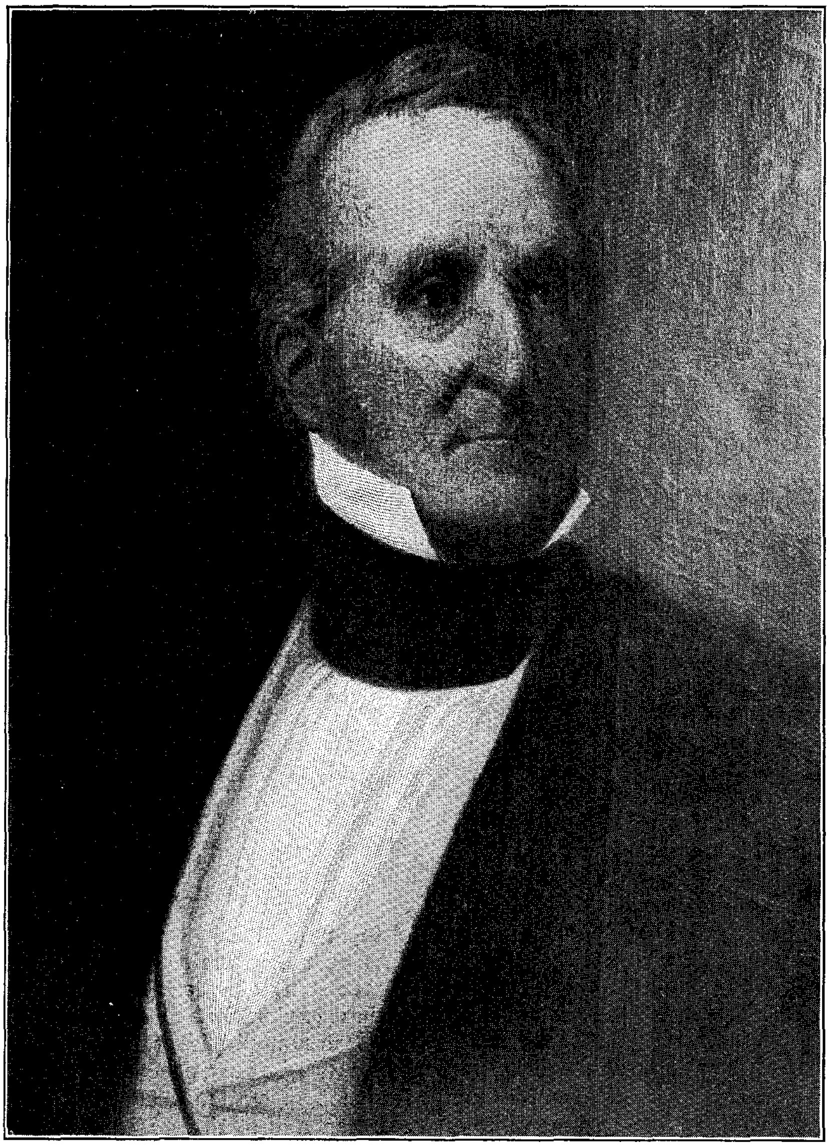
THE CLAM

An enlarged model in the series illustrating the "probable sequence of animal life upon the earth"

Not only are the prehistoric animals described as accurately as scientific knowledge permits, but the histories of the skeletons themselves are given—where and by whom they were found, how they were dug out and prepared, who has had possession of them, if that is interesting, and how they came into the possession of the American Museum. Photographs show the regions of fossil beds and men excavating and packing the bones for shipment. A section of such a bed has been transported bodily to the exhibition hall. Other photographs illustrate the laboratory methods of preparing the fossils and of mounting the complete skeletons.

In connection with nearly every collection in the Museum a "guide leaflet" has been issued. The official designation of these publications somewhat belies their nature, for they are pamphlets of considerable size embodying monographs by recognized authorities. They are sold at a small price. They are intended for popular instruction, and so, while they are scholarly, they are made as untechnical as possible, and they are never mere catalogues. The leaflet on the collection of musical instruments of the Incas, for instance, endeavors to make this collection the basis for a general interpretation of the social life of that interesting people.

This sketch has barely mentioned some of the ways in which the Museum makes its exhibition halls bear on public education. It has taken no account of the many other ways in which it exerts an influence in the same direction. Some of its material it obtains by purchase or gift, but the most of it is gathered by expeditions which the Museum sends to explore every continent. A small part of this is put on view; there are tiers on tiers of methodically stored specimens for the study of specialists. The results of these explorations and of these studies the Museum publishes in a variety of forms. In its large meeting hall it gives frequent illustrated lectures to school-children and adults. If a teacher who is about to take up the study of Africa in her geography class desires to, she can arrange with the Museum to have a man who has traveled in Africa give the pupils a talk about that continent. For the school-children also it has a number of traveling nature-study collections which it sends around from school to school.



THOMAS HART BENTON

FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION
OF THE MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN EXPANSION

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

FIFTH PAPER

THOMAS HART BENTON AND THE OCCUPATION OF OREGON

THE annexation of Texas by joint resolution of Congress was formally completed on the first day of March, 1845. Out of the hostilities with Mexico that followed, the United States gained another large territorial increase, at one bound crossing the Rocky Mountains and spanning the enormous area between the Rockies and the Pacific. But the Mexican War did not give the United States her first foothold on the Pacific. That came with the establishment of the American title to Oregon in 1846, and was secured, not by a bloody conquest, but by the peaceful methods of diplomacy.

For a time, indeed, the settlement of the so-called Oregon Question—carrying with it ownership of the immense tract of territory stretching along the Pacific from California to Alaska, then Russian America—seemed impossible without resort to arms. Yet, singularly enough, until that time the great danger was that the United States would, through sheer negligence, lose what undoubtedly belonged to her. The problem was very different from that presented by Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and the later acquisitions still to be discussed. It was not a case of obtaining territory by purchase or force of arms, but one of vindicating title to a region also claimed by another nation. Originally, in fact, and before the United States became a party to the dispute, no fewer than four Powers were rival claimants to the Oregon country—Spain, France, Russia, and Great Britain. Of these the first and last alone had any substantial foundation for their claims, and this as regarded only isolated sections of the territory; but until 1790, when there was forced upon her the humiliating Nootka Sound convention, conceding equal rights to Great Britain, Spain asserted sovereignty over the whole of Oregon. Two years later, with Robert Gray's discovery of the Columbia River and valley, the United States became an added claimant, strengthening her case in 1803 by the Louisiana Purchase Treaty, whereby she secured whatever rights France had, or fancied she had, in the country beyond the mountains; in 1805 by the explorations of the Lewis and Clark expedition; in 1811 by the founding of the trading-post of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia; and in 1819 by the Florida Treaty, a clause of which, as will be remembered, transferred Spain's Oregon claims to the United States.

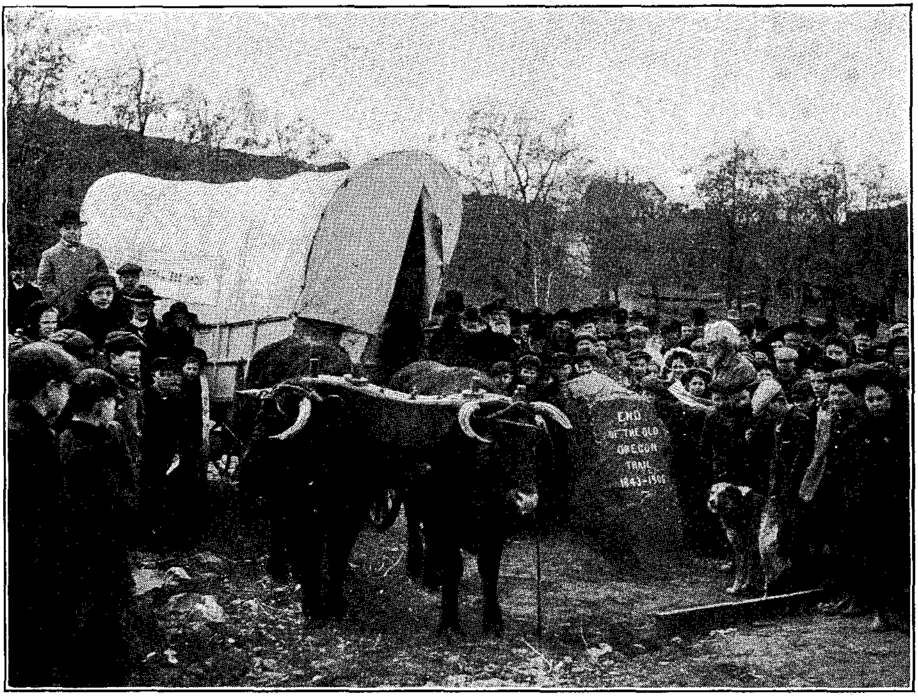
Nothing in all this gave the United States a right to claim the entire Oregon country—Spain's pretensions having really been blotted out long before the Florida Treaty by her abandonment of the region after the Nootka Sound convention of 1790—but what it did give was a better title than any other nation could show to that part of Oregon comprising the rich valley of the Columbia and lying between the forty-second and forty-ninth parallels of latitude. This it was that the United States all but lost by reason of the indifference of the American Government and people. That both Government and people should have been indifferent is, however, not at all surprising. Oregon was a remote, inaccessible, unknown country, popularly supposed to be shut off from the United States by a vast plain of sun-parched desert and an impassable mountain barrier. So little was known of its resources and possibilities that it was accounted absolutely worthless for agriculture, and of value only for the fur trade. In the minds of many there was the suspicion, too, that the occupation and development of Oregon would work against the best interests of the Union, leading to a separation between the Americans on the east and the Americans on the west of the mountains. And, as the diplomatic struggle neared its close, an insidious and powerful opposition developed from the slaveholding Southern States, whose leaders feared that the provisions of the Missouri Compromise would be applied to Oregon, and additional free States created from it.

Another and perhaps the greatest reason for the apathy which so long prevailed was the fact that the people did not feel any immediate need for Oregon. The economic pressure which had compelled the first transmontane migration had not as yet made the second inevitable. On the contrary, the natural tendency of the time was to spread out and occupy the fertile tracts about the Mississippi and its affluents made available by the Louisiana Purchase; and as a consequence, instead of progressing steadily westward, the current of migration took a northerly and southerly direction during the two decades intervening between the acquisition of Florida and the annexation of Texas, the occupation of Oregon and the conquest of California. The westward tendency was further checked for the time being by the Congressional legislation removing the northern and southern Indians across the Mississippi, thus throwing open to white settlement the lands formerly reserved for the "wards of the Nation." So late as 1840, or but six years before the United States definitely took possession of Oregon, the frontier line had been advanced only to the western boundary of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Illinois, with a narrow belt of population extending into eastern Iowa and southern Wisconsin. With the enormous area beyond still open to settlement and exploitation, there was no compulsion to brave the dangers of the desert and the mountains for the sake of a home in an unknown and, as was generally believed, unfruitful land. The situation, in short, was such that had it not been for the enthusiasm and persistency of a little group of agitators, expansionists of the true stamp, the whole of Oregon, from the Mexican to the Russian line, must unfailingly have become the prize of Great Britain.

The foremost of these agitators were John Floyd, Lewis F. Linn, and Thomas H. Benton, primacy among whom must unquestionably be given to Benton. Not only was he the first American statesman to perceive the danger of losing Oregon altogether, but to him belongs the greatest measure of the credit attaching to all who co-operated to bring the contest over Oregon to an honorable and peaceful issue. His voice, also, was the first raised in protest against the agreement by which, in 1818, the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, who with Russia were then the sole remaining disputants, agreed that Oregon should for the period of ten years be thrown open to settlement by both British subjects and American citizens. The convention of 1818, Benton angrily declared in newspaper articles written before he had entered into public life, "speaks as if there was a mutuality of countries on the northwest coast to which the article [providing for the joint occupation] was applicable, and a mutuality of benefits to accrue to the citizens of both governments by each occupying the country claimed by the other. Not so the fact. There is but one country in question, and that is our own—and of this the British are to have equal possession with ourselves, and we no possession of theirs. The Columbia is ours; Frazer's River is a British possession to which no American ever went, or ever will go. . . . There is no mutuality in anything. We furnish the whole stake—country, river, harbor; and shall not even maintain the joint use of our own.

We shall be driven out of it, and the British remain sole possessors."

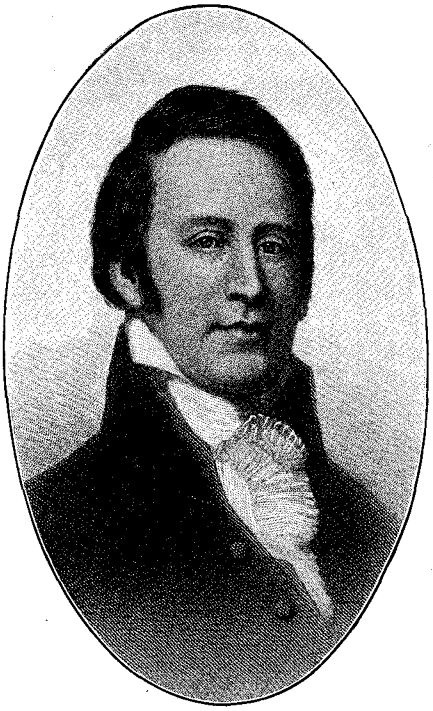
This outburst, repeated at frequent intervals during the many years the joint occupation lasted, was characteristic of the man. Dignified, ponderous, and pedantic, in outward semblance most unlike his fellow-Westerners, Benton was at heart a true Westerner, and never more so than in the ardor with which he dreamed of new fields for the American pioneer to conquer, new territorial acquisitions for the American Nation to make. He was also one of the greatest statesmen the West, or for that matter the entire country, has ever produced. His worth has been obscured to posterity, as it was to his own generation, in part by his personal traits and in part by the superior renown of his leader, Jackson, and his illustrious contemporaries, the triumvirate Clay, Webster, and Calhoun; but it would none the less be difficult to name an individual statesman who has labored more wisely and effectively for the future progress and prosperity of the United States. Extravagant some of his dreams may have been, and extravagant they certainly seemed to many of those who heard him propound them. Yet beneath even his most fanciful schemes was the solid substratum of hard common sense that made him the tireless champion of such vitally essential measures as the establishment of a sound monetary standard, the improvement of transportation facilities, and the development of the unoccupied territories of the Union.



THE END OF THE OLD OREGON TRAIL AT THE DALLES

The picture shows Ezra Meeker starting in an old-time prairie schooner to retrace the course over the trail which he had followed years before

He came logically by his expansionistic sentiments. Born in North Carolina in 1782, and, like Houston of Texas fame, migrating at an early age to Tennessee, the War of 1812 saw him in service first as one of Jackson's volunteers, and afterwards on the Canadian frontier. As luck would have it, he was given little opportunity to learn the art of warfare. But the tasks allotted to him afforded a comprehensive view of the extent and possibilities of the land of his birth, and in this way he became inspired with the ambition to play a part in developing its resources and advancing

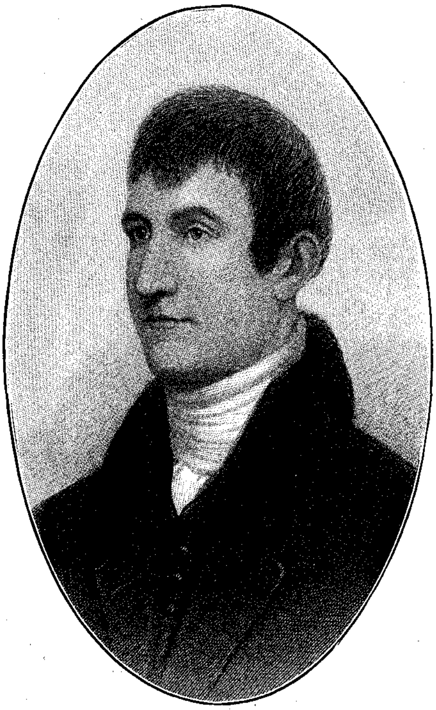


WILLIAM CLARK

it to headship among the nations of the world. His removal across the Mississippi and into Missouri, where he settled at St. Louis in 1815 and soon afterwards began to practice law, served to intensify this ambition. He found himself in a veritable atmosphere of expansion. Trappers and hunters from all sections of the new West made their headquarters at St. Louis, then little more than a village, but a center from which all roads to the wilderness seemed to radiate; there was a constant coming and going of traders, each with his tale of marvels and riches in the distant parts where the sun was lost to view; the caravan of hopeful emigrants was a familiar sight. Giving full rein to his imagination, Benton availed himself of every means of learning more about the plains and prairies, which he believed would soon be populated by an army of lusty pioneers. Especially was his fancy drawn to the depths beyond the Rocky Mountains, his ardent vision already descrying the day when the American people would take their stand on the shores of the Pacific and confront the peoples of the ancient world. Little by little, from trapper and trader and explorer, from the pathfinder William Clark himself, passing the evening of his life in St. Louis, he drew such a fund of information that soon not a man in the whole United States had equally profound knowledge of the far Northwest.

To be sure, Benton was at first among those who imagined that the Rockies must mark the western boundary of the United States, and that American colonization beyond the mountains would mean the creation of an independent Republic. But this did not deter him from urging such colonization, if only for the reason, to quote from a speech of after years, that Oregon "should be possessed by our descendants who will be our friends, and not by aliens who will be our enemies." And soon, although, as is indicated by the quotation, he never quite shook off his separatistic fancies, he was preaching the occupation of Oregon on grounds connected solely with the increased power, prestige, and wealth that the United States would gain thereby. His opportunity came with his election in 1820 as one of Missouri's first two United States Senators. Arrived at Washington, he found at "Brown's Hotel," where he took rooms, Dr. John Floyd, a Virginia Congressman who, from a long residence in Kentucky, was deeply interested in all phases of Western development, and two old acquaintances who had been employed by John Jacob Astor to assist in the founding of Astoria. The four talked long and frequently concerning the situation in Oregon—or, to be more exact, in the Columbia Valley, in which alone they felt an interest—and it was resolved that assistance from the Government should be sought to overcome the advantage the British were gaining through the Hudson's Bay Company's policy of killing off American trade. Benton for the moment could do nothing, as he was precluded from taking his seat in the Senate pending the final decision with regard to admitting Missouri into the Union; but Floyd enthusiastically volunteered to initiate action in the House of Representatives.

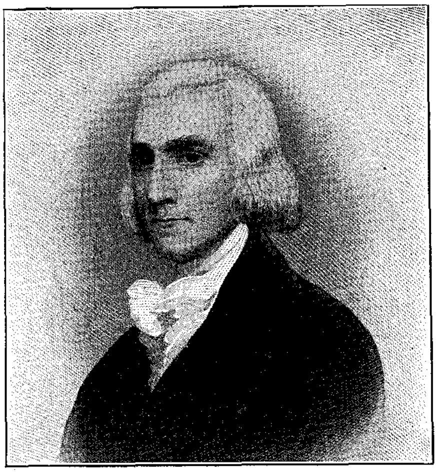
His first step was taken in December, 1820, when he moved for an inquiry into the expediency of military occupation of the country about the Columbia, and succeeded in securing the appointment of a committee, of which he himself was made chairman, to report on his motion. Now began a patience-exhausting struggle which was to last more than a quarter of a century. January, 1821, the committee made its report, emphasizing the value of the Columbia Valley as a means of enlarging the commerce of the United States—a favorite argument of Benton's—by providing a direct line of communication with China. At the same time the committee presented a bill authorizing official occupation, extinguishment of the Indian title, and provision for a government. But this measure was allowed to die without reaching a vote, and a like fate overtook a similar bill reported by the same committee in January, 1822. In no wise disheartened, Floyd returned to the attack, delivering late in the same year the first speech ever heard in Congress on the Oregon question. In a way, it was a masterly effort, making plain the advantages accruing from possession of the Columbia Valley, and advocating its occupation by United States troops. It awakened little enthusiasm, however, and was met by the declaration, to be heard frequently in the following years, that by extending the territory of the United States across the mountains the Union would be exposed to dismemberment and to increased chances of war.



MERIWETHER LEWIS

Meantime, Missouri, after vexatious delays, had been granted admission, and Benton his seat in the Senate. Rising from that seat, in February, 1823, he served notice on his fellow-Senators that unless immediate measures were taken to colonize and fortify the Columbia Valley all claim to it might as well be abandoned. Hitherto neither Floyd nor those who opposed Floyd had touched on the fact that the American title had been challenged by Great Britain on the ground of prior discovery and purchase from the Indians, but Benton in a ringing speech set forth the true state of affairs. Unhappily, he also indulged in grandiloquent and, as it seemed at the time, extravagant suggestions which only amused those who heard him. He would occupy the Columbia in order, for one thing, to carry the lights of religion, science, and free government to the "imprisoned and exuberant populations" of China and Japan, who might also find their "granary" in its smiling valley. And, with a fine outburst of New West indignation, he declared: "I, for one, had as lief see American ministers going to the Emperors of China and Japan, to the King of Persia, and even to the Grand Turk, as to see them dancing attendance upon those European legitimates who hold everything American in contempt and detestation." At which everybody in and out of the Senate, save those who shared Benton's faith in the trans-Pacific destinies of the United States, laughed heartily, and forgot all about the really vital issue of forestalling the British in the occupation of Oregon.

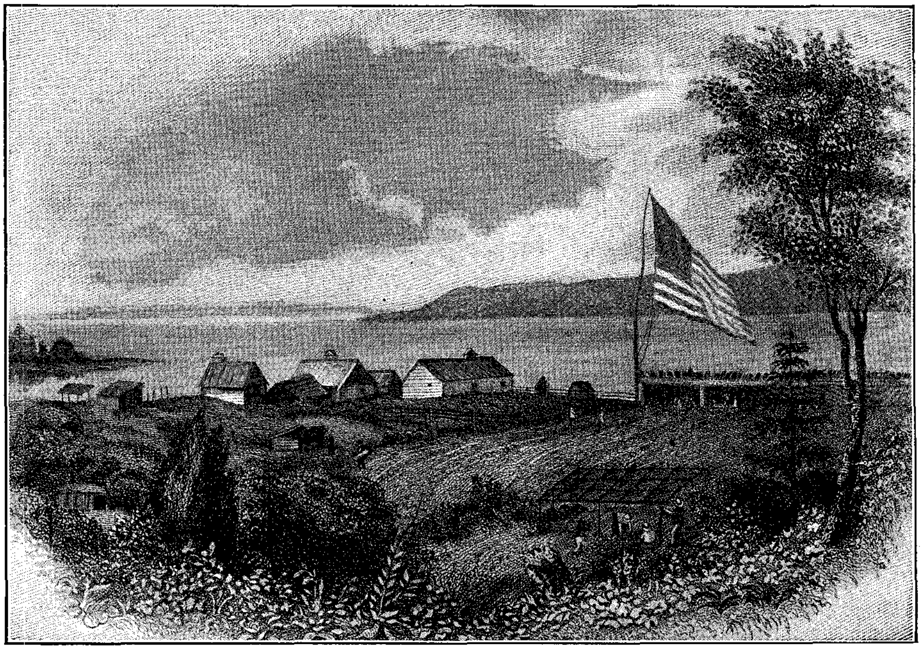
In the House the zealous Floyd was more fortunate. On December 23, 1824, or more than four years after he had first brought the subject to the attention of his colleagues, he had the satisfaction of participating in the passage of a bill by which the President was authorized to occupy the Columbia Valley with a military force, and to set up a territorial government whenever he might find it expedient to do so. The Senate, however, had still to be reckoned with, and the Senate proved obdurate, despite Benton's vehement pleadings; the decisive argument being advanced by Dickerson, of New Jersey, who asserted that military occupation would lead to a war with Great Britain, and justly, as an infraction of the convention of 1818 providing for joint occupation by the two countries. Upon this, Benton, when the opportunity again offered, sought to attain his object by terminating the joint occupation. The ten-year period would come to an end in 1828, and he begged the Senate not to ratify any renewal of the agreement, but to insist instead on a settlement "on the basis of a separation of interests, and the establishment of a permanent boundary" between the English and American possessions west of the Rocky Mountains. Again he was doomed to disappointment. By the convention of 1818 the forty-ninth parallel had been accepted as the boundary between British North America and the United States from the Lake of the Woods to the base of the Rocky Mountains; but all attempts made by the United States to persuade the British Government to carry that line to the Pacific proved fruitless. Over the mountains it would indeed carry it, but only to the point where it touched the Columbia River, which was thence to form the boundary to the ocean. Thus Great Britain would gain a waterway and a large slice of territory to which the United States felt herself rightfully entitled. It was on this rock that negotiations were wrecked in 1818, leading to the joint occupation compromise; and for this reason failure again resulted when negotiations were resumed in 1826, after Russia had abandoned the contest and by treaty with both her rivals consented to accept the parallel of fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, as the southern boundary of her American possessions. The following year, as the only peaceful way out of the difficulty, it was agreed that the convention of 1818 should be renewed, not for a definite but an indefinite period, terminable on twelve months' notice by either party. This new convention, notwithstanding Benton's direful predictions, the Senate duly ratified, only six Senators uniting with the champion of Oregon to vote against ratification.



JOHN JACOB ASTOR
The founder of Astoria, Oregon

Thereafter, with the exception of a futile effort by Floyd, in 1829, to secure the passage of a bill for the construction of forts west of the Rockies and the exploration of the region, the Oregon question slumbered for nearly a decade so far as Congress was concerned. Floyd's withdrawal from the House left Oregon no champion there, and Benton, in the Senate, was too preoccupied with the more urgent business that now devolved upon him as exponent and advocate of the policies of President Jackson. But he did not lose sight of his country's transmontane interests, however much he might despair for them; and it is easy to imagine the satisfaction with which he followed and, so far as he could, promoted the extra-Congressional movement that soon set in and was ultimately to vindicate the American claims. It has already been observed that one of the reasons for the prevalent apathy was the lack of information respecting the resources and character of Oregon. To no small extent this was remedied by the publication of the detailed reports of the legislative committees appointed from time to time to inquire into the subject. Enlightenment also came through the tales carried home by the explorers who, beginning with the discovery of the famous South Pass through the Rockies in 1823, ranged all through the Columbia Valley in the interests of American rivals to the Hudson's Bay Company. Thus stimulated, popular interest in the disputed territory steadily augmented, until a demand began to be heard from different parts of the country, and notably from Benton's State, for land grants in Oregon and disruption of the monopoly which the Hudson's Bay Company, a purely British organization, had enjoyed ever since its absorption of the Northwest Company, the purchaser of the single American trading-post of Astoria. The debate on Floyd's bill, in 1829, revealed the fact that three distinct companies of would-be emigrants, one of which was from Massachusetts and was said to number three thousand souls, were petitioning Congress for land across the Rockies. Nothing came of these petitions, but nevertheless, influenced perhaps by the extravagant pictures of the eccentric Boston schoolmaster, Hall Kelley, who for some years had been lecturing on the riches of Oregon, an expedition started from New England in 1832 under the leadership of Nathaniel Wyeth, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The real colonization of Oregon, however, the movement which Floyd and Benton had so long hoped to see under way, began two years later with the arrival from the East of a small party of American missionaries to the Oregon Indians. Soon other missionaries followed, including the celebrated Marcus Whitman, about whom an interesting legend has been woven in connection with the "great migration" which presently brought upwards of a thousand American colonists into Oregon.[1] Settling respectively on the Willamette and



ASTORIA, OREGON
American trading-post at the mouth of the Columbia River
From an old print

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[1] The story, still repeated by many writers, is to the effect that Whitman, while visiting a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, heard of a scheme to fill the Columbia Valley with colonists from Canada, and at once resolved to hasten to Washington, acquaint the authorities with the situation, and urge immediate colonization from the United States. Saddling a horse and starting out, despite the protests of his associates, he made the long journey eastward at imminent peril of his life, intent only on "saving Oregon" for his country. At Washington he met with a frigid reception from Secretary of State Webster and President Tyler, but secured from the latter a promise that if the feasibility of a wagon route across the Rockies could be demonstrated, he would do all in his power to promote colonization and keep the British from winning Oregon. With this promise in mind, the legend further has it, Whitman himself organized the "great migration," and guided it safely across the continent. Unfortunately for this romantic narrative, documentary evidence has been adduced by Professors Bourne and Marshall showing that the reason for Whitman's journey was to "save," not Oregon, but his mission station, which he had learned the Board of Missions purposed abolishing; and that he simply availed himself of the "great migration" as a means of securing an escort on the way back to the Columbia Valley.

Walla Walla Rivers, and establishing a branch on Lapwai Creek, not far from its junction with the Clearwater, these missionaries gradually attracted about their stations, not merely the Indians they had come to convert, but little groups of settlers from the United States; and in this way, though at first so slowly that it is estimated there were at the end of 1841 not more than four hundred Americans in all Oregon, the American farmer began to dispute supremacy in the Columbia Valley with the British trapper and trader. Immigration, however, still hesitated, owing to the uncertainty as to territorial rights, and it was to end this uncertainty that Benton's brother Senator from Missouri, Lewis F. Linn, in February, 1838, brought in a bill for the occupation of the Columbia by troops from the United States, and the establishment of a Territory to be known as Oregon Territory.

Once more the question of title had been thrust upon the attention of an unwilling Government, and this time with an insistence that would not be denied. Benton, as stanch an expansionist as ever, hurried to Linn's assistance—if, indeed, he had not inspired his action—and, by securing reference of the bill to a select committee with Linn at its head, insured a favorable report on the measure. But it proved impossible to bring about a favorable vote, and again the contest dragged, the only immediate result of the Missourians' efforts, renewed in 1839, 1840, 1841, and 1842, being an access of popular interest in Oregon and a slowly increasing drift Oregonward of settlers from the United States. To further this movement, Benton, now more determined than ever to force a territorial adjustment with Great Britain, hit upon the expedient of sending out his son-in-law, John C. Fremont, a young officer in the United States army, to explore the country west of Missouri and up to and beyond the Rockies. Fremont's special business, as Benton explains in his invaluable "Thirty Years' View," was to locate the South Pass and fix the most direct route for emigration to the Columbia; it being believed that emigration would also be encouraged by the fact that Fremont's work had the sanction and support of the Government. His exploration was completed in the summer of 1842, and was an entire success. The next year witnessed the "great migration" of the thousand sturdy Americans who, starting out in a long caravan of "prairie schooners" from near the site of Kansas City, in Benton's own picturesque language, made "their long pilgrimage overland from the frontiers of Missouri, with their wives and children, their flocks and herds, their implements of husbandry and weapons of defense—traversing the vast inclined plane to the base of the Rocky Mountains, crossing that barrier (deemed impassable by Europeans) and descending the wide slope which declines from the mountains to the Pacific." History was in truth repeating itself. The sons of pioneer fathers and grandfathers, who had themselves crossed a mountain barrier to find homes in a land where nature and the savage formerly reigned supreme, they in their turn were answering the call of the wilderness, the invitation of the setting sun. Not to separate from the Union, but to strike the roots of the Union more deeply and more widely into America, to bring up children who, in a free and open world, should labor in their generation for the Union—such, however indistinctly they were conscious of it, was the mission of those early voyagers of the prairie.

Meantime, important events were transpiring at Washington. Despatched thither by Great Britain to effect a settlement of the Maine boundary and other long-standing disputes, Lord Ashburton, in June, 1842, began negotiations with Secretary Webster which it was confidently expected by many in the United States would end for all time the troublesome Oregon question. But when the Webster-Ashburton Treaty was finally framed and sent to the Senate for ratification, it was found that Oregon was not so much as mentioned, the sole allusion to it being contained in President Tyler's message accompanying the treaty. "After sundry informal communications with the British Minister upon the subject of the claims of the two countries to the west of the Rocky Mountains," explained Tyler, who evidently felt that some explanation was necessary, "so little probability was found to exist of coming to any agreement on that subject at present that it was not thought expedient to make it one of the subjects of formal negotiation to be entered upon between this Government and the British Minister as part of his duties under his special mission." Now, for the first time, popular feeling began to run really high, and on every side were heard expressions of disappointment and resentment, symptoms of a nascent animosity which was sedulously fanned by the wrathful Benton.

In one of his longest and ablest speeches on the Oregon question, delivered when the Webster-Ashburton Treaty came up for ratification, he exposed mercilessly the shortcomings of the diplomacy of the past in giving Great Britain an opportunity to set up a claim to the valley of the Columbia, presented clearly the superior grounds of the American claim, giving title, he pointed out, to all the region west of the Rockies between the forty-second and forty-ninth parallels; and denounced in unmeasured terms the silence obtaining in the treaty. "The President tells us," he sarcastically cried, "that there is 'no probability of coming to any agreement at present.' Then, when can the agreement be made? If refused now, when is it to come? Never, until we show that we prefer war to ignominious peace." "The fact is," he continued, waxing angrier with every word, "no agreement is ever intended. Contented with her possession, Great Britain wants delay that time may ripen possession into title, and fortunate events facilitate her designs. My colleague [Linn] and myself were sounded on this point. Our answers forbade the belief that we would compromise or sacrifice the rights and interests of our country; and this may have been the reason why there were no 'formal negotiations' in relation to it. Had we been 'soft enough,' there might have been an agreement to divide our country by the river, or to refer the whole title to the decision of a friendly sovereign. We were not soft enough for that." He would, therefore, urge all who heard him to vote against the ratification of the treaty.

In this plea he failed, and the treaty was duly ratified. But so thoroughly had he aroused the Senate that a demand arose for action on Linn's latest bill, which included a land grant of six hundred and forty acres to every white male emigrant to Oregon. Then began a stormy debate, with Benton and Linn meeting a powerful opposition headed by none other than John C. Calhoun, himself at that very moment moving earth and sky to achieve the annexation of Texas. Let matters stand as they are, urged Calhoun, and "silent immigration" will finally save Oregon for the United States without involving the Nation in the possibilities of a war. Here, manifestly, was the baneful influence of sectionalism. Oregon would not benefit, nay, was likely to injure, the slavery system and the political power of the slaveholding States. Therefore it would not do to feel over-anxious about Oregon. But not even the eloquence of Calhoun could stem the tide. Passing the Senate, though by the narrowest of margins, Linn's bill was hurried to the House; where, however, to the joy of its enemies, it met an opposition too strong to be beaten down.

Before Congress again assembled Linn had died, and Benton remained the sole survivor of the original champions of Oregon, with victory seemingly as remote as ever. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, the situation completely changed, in a way that at last presaged definite action. But it was not a change altogether to Benton's liking. He had preached unfalteringly the doctrine of war, if it were necessary to go to war to secure American rights beyond the Rockies. He had not preached what now began to be asserted with the greatest freedom—that American rights beyond the Rockies included the entire country from California to Russian America, and that the United States should give battle rather than relinquish any part of it. Nor was this assertion made only by reckless and excited individuals. It was even voiced by the head of the Nation, the discredited Tyler, President without a party, and prepared to go to any length to obtain one. To curry favor with the Democrats of the South he had espoused the cause of Texas annexation; similarly, to obtain popularity among the Democrats of the North and West, he declared, in his annual Message to Congress, December, 1843, that "after a rigid and, as far as practicable, unbiased examination of the subject, the United States have always contended that their rights appertain to the entire region of country lying on the Pacific and embraced within north latitude forty-two degrees and north latitude fifty-four degrees, forty minutes."

Caught up as a party cry, and with the "reoccupation" of the whole of Oregon inserted side by side with the annexation of Texas as a plank of the Democratic platform on which James K. Polk was nominated for the Presidency, the country during the campaign of 1844 rang with the defiant slogan of "Fifty-four forty or fight!" From Great Britain came back distinctly warlike echoes, increasing when Polk in his inaugural displayed every sign of intending to stand squarely on the platform that had elected him. Already, however, it was evident that the United States would be involved in one war as the result of the annexation of Texas; and neither Polk nor anybody save "fifty-four forty" extremists of the type of Cass, of Michigan, and Hannegan, of Indiana, was willing to see her engaged in another. A compromise, then, was assured—provided Great Britain would compromise. That was the rub. July, 1845, Buchanan, now Secretary of State, offered the old line of the forty-ninth parallel between the British and American possessions west of the Rockies, an offer which was rejected by the British Minister, Pakenham, in terms which were regarded as offensive.

To give Polk the credit that seems fairly his due, it was probably his action in withdrawing Buchanan's offer and reasserting, as he did in his first annual Message, December, 1845, his determination to stand out for the whole of Oregon, that brought Great Britain into a more pliant frame of mind. Polk, as subsequent events showed, was "bluffing"—to use a homely but expressive phrase—yet without his "bluff" the controversy would scarcely have been settled on the precise terms which the United States had from the first been willing to accept—and terms, it cannot be too thoroughly understood, which were absolutely just. Of late years the tendency has been to decry the settlement as an act of almost criminal concession on the part of the Administration—whereas it is perhaps the most praiseworthy measure which the Polk government achieved. In any event, Polk's seeming inflexibility, supported by the action of Congress in authorizing him to give the necessary twelve months' notice terminating the joint occupation agreement, convinced Great Britain that concession on her part was imperative if she would avoid a war; and no more than the United States did she desire to engage in hostilities. Before the summer of 1846 arrived she had made a complete surrender, yielding her claims in the valley of the Columbia and accepting the forty-ninth parallel as the demarcation line between her far West possessions and those of the United States.

Still the situation was not free from danger. So strong was the "fifty-four forty" sentiment in the Senate that it was questionable whether a treaty constituting the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary line would be ratified; and non-ratification would not merely embarrass the Administration, but almost surely lead to increased complications with Great Britain. In his dilemma Polk turned to the one man who, he felt, could save the day for him and for Oregon—Benton, of Missouri. Already one of the most abused statesmen in the country by reason of the bravery and honesty with which he denied the right of the United States to any part of Oregon north of the forty-ninth parallel, Benton cheerfully accepted the added burden laid upon him. His counsel to Polk was to fall back upon an obsolete custom and request the Senate to give him, as President, its advice upon the terms of the treaty to be negotiated with Great Britain, submitting, for such advice, a draft of the treaty that had been already arranged. By this device the responsibility for receding from the "fifty-four forty" line would be shifted from the President to the Senate.

Eagerly Polk clutched at this straw. But, he nervously asked, would the Senate take the desired action, a two-thirds vote being requisite? Benton engaged that it would, and, to make good his pledge, saw personally every Senatorial member of the opposition party—the Whig party—and secured the promise of sufficient votes to carry the day over those Democrats who, like Cass and Hannegan, insisted that they must and would have all of Oregon or none.

June 10, 1846, the "advice" was asked. It was an anxious moment for both Polk and Benton, facing a torrent of angry invective and denounced as traitors to their party and their country. For two days the storm raged, and then, the Whigs faithfully falling into line, by thirty-seven votes to twelve the President's wishes were met in a terse, businesslike resolution. Three days afterwards the treaty itself was signed by the Secretary of State and the British Minister, and in another two days the Senate ratified it by an increased vote on each side—forty-one in favor of, and fourteen opposed to, ratification. In such wise, nearly thirty years after he had uttered his first protest against the presence of the British in the fertile lands about the Columbia River, did Thomas Hart Benton triumph in the cause he had so stoutly advocated.

IN THE FOREST

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Cover me over, forest wild,
  Wind me about with windy boughs,
Make me, O Mother, your broken child
  Who strayed from the beautiful house—

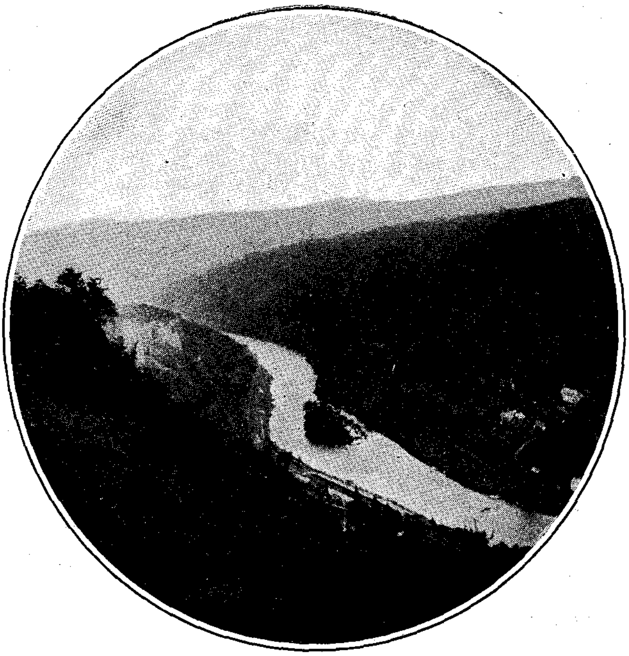
Who strayed from the path with pine-needles brown,
  From pool and clearing, wild rose and brier,
And in the stone-kiln of the terrible Town
  Was burnt in the Human Fire!

Take me! my torn heart fitfully beats
  Even at your touch, with its ancient pity—
Hush in the Brain the crowded streets,
  The million eyes of the city!

But dream not now, O Mother of me,
  Your child will bide in your strange wild beauty—
No, he has tasted Eternity,
  Whose awful tide is Duty!

He knows the Sorrow of Man; he knows
  His is the World where the Man-tides drift—
But oh, to-night, with wind and wild rose,
  Mother, he is uplift!

But oh, to-night, with the brown wild dusk,
  Bluebird and chipmunk, dusk dimmed, night starred,
Let his shattered hands your glories pluck,
  Mother, till he sees God!



DOWN THE WYE

BY W. H. CRITTENDEN

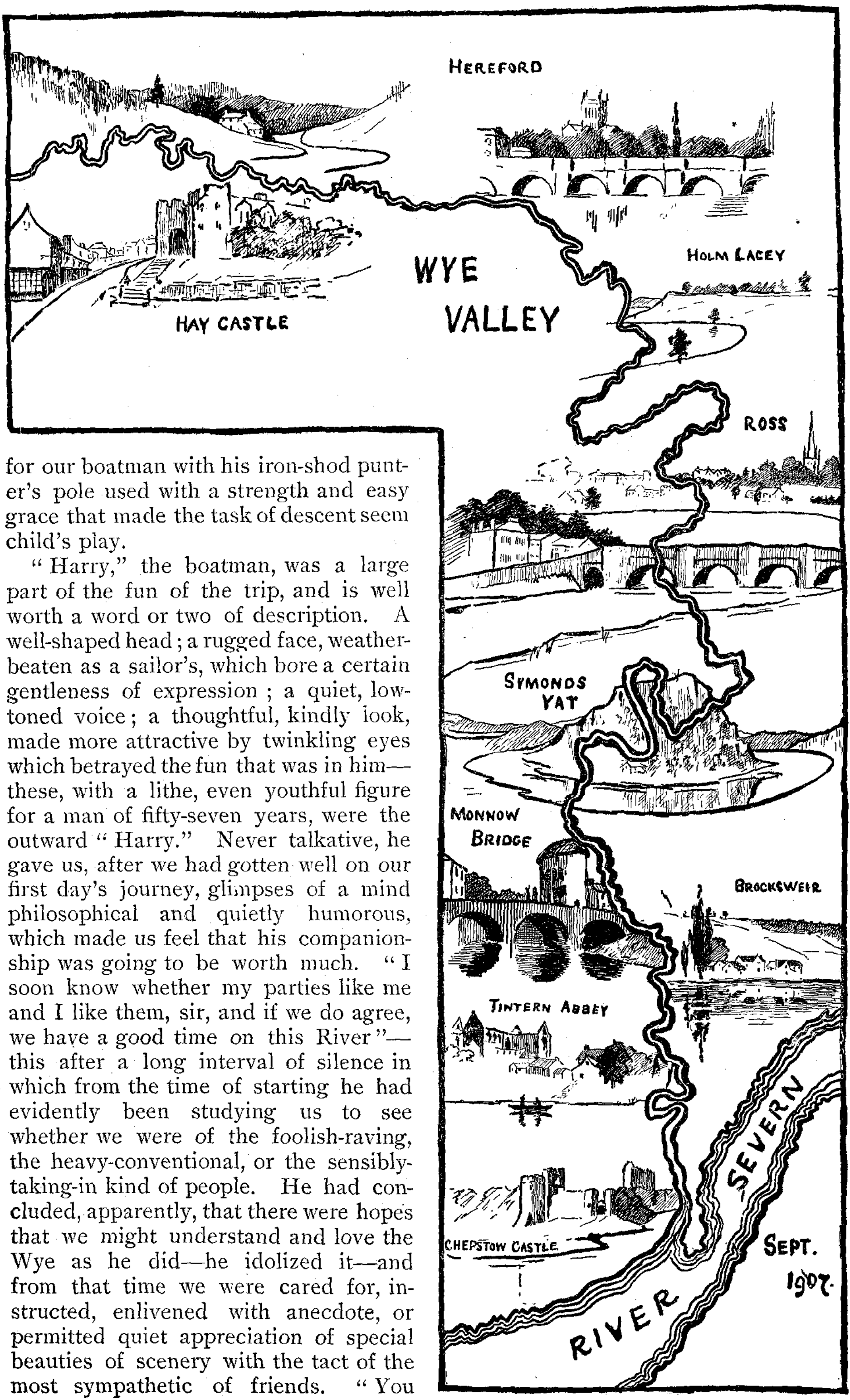
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"IT'S your own river, sir; there'll be no trippers, no steamers, no motor-boats, no locks—just yourselves."

These words of our boatman were our first introduction to the River Wye; four delightful days followed.

We, my wife and I, had spent a September week, the year before, in a leisurely row down the placid Thames from Oxford to Windsor; this season what we heard of the beauties of the swifter and less frequented Wye excited our interest. The guide-book, usually so full and reliable, starts its reader at Ross half-way down the River by boat, soon switches him to train, and in the end leaves him at Chepstow, undecided whether he has reached it by boat or train, auto or air-ship. In this state of doubt "the best hotel in Hereford" was told that we needed maps, guides, anything and everything instructive concerning the River. This promptly brought us a survey map with illustrated pamphlets, and these decided us. Early in September we appeared at Jordan's boat-house on Hereford's fine old bridge, and a bargain was soon made for one of the long, comfortable boats used on English rivers, to be rowed, pair-oared, by a boatman and myself. The trip could be made from Hay, thirty-six miles above Hereford, to Chepstow, one hundred and six miles down stream, as good rains had made the water deep enough to carry over the shallows.

The Wye presents many difficulties to any oarsman unfamiliar with its "streams." "Streams," in the tongue of Herefordshire, are swift-running shallows, sometimes attaining the dignity of rapids, and tumbling in crests two or more feet high, sometimes treacherously smooth or rippling descents whose twisting and turning channel would have swept us helplessly this way and that but



for our boatman with his iron-shod punter's pole used with a strength and easy grace that made the task of descent seem child's play.

"Harry," the boatman, was a large part of the fun of the trip, and is well worth a word or two of description. A well-shaped head; a rugged face, weather-beaten as a sailor's, which bore a certain gentleness of expression; a quiet, low-toned voice; a thoughtful, kindly look, made more attractive by twinkling eyes which betrayed the fun that was in him—these, with a lithe, even youthful figure for a man of fifty-seven years, were the outward "Harry." Never talkative, he gave us, after we had gotten well on our first day's journey, glimpses of a mind philosophical and quietly humorous, which made us feel that his companionship was going to be worth much. "I soon know whether my parties like me and I like them, sir, and if we do agree, we have a good time on this River"—this after a long interval of silence in which from the time of starting he had evidently been studying us to see whether we were of the foolish-raving, the heavy-conventional, or the sensibly-taking-in kind of people. He had concluded, apparently, that there were hopes that we might understand and love the Wye as he did—he idolized it—and from that time we were cared for, instructed, enlivened with anecdote, or permitted quiet appreciation of special beauties of scenery with the tact of the most sympathetic of friends. "You might take in your sculls now, sir; there'll be some scenery you won't want your back to." This was repeated in different forms many times a day, to the saving of my oarsman's pride and the delight of the eye.

Hay was the starting-point to which the boat was sent by train the day before, and in the morning, a sunny one, we followed it. Harry met us on the station platform and bade us see the town while he put the boat in the water a few yards away. Several glimpses of the River as we neared it in the train had convinced me that to handle a boat on it without mishap a steady head and hand were needed. With no aversion to swimming, we prefer to choose time and place, so that a bottle, labeled "——'s Best Whiskey," boldly pushing out from Harry's inside pocket gave us some moments of very uncomfortable reflection. My impressions of Hay remain hazy; it appeared to me as a quaint Welsh town—the station is in England—of rather rugged architecture, where whisky would be apt to be uncommonly strong and fiery.

This thought brought no comfort, and the end of the half-hour found us on the River bank in no very happy frame of mind, watching Harry about to descend a shallow "stream" of the River and come in for us. The first thrill of pleasure and excitement in watching his skillful, easy use of the long pole in the swift dancing water was often renewed, but never with the same feeling of mingled admiration and relief.

HARRY, THE BOATMAN

As the boat rounded in under a willow-shaded bank, I suggested to my wife that Lincoln's remark to Grant's critics, that he would be glad to have his other generals use the same brand of whisky, seemed to fit our case, and that perhaps she would like me to lay in some of Harry's kind. His proved, however, to be the mildest of beers in a misleading bottle, a stimulant he very reasonably and harmlessly used.

"The lady mustn't jump up or scream if we strike a rock; I'll get you out of any trouble, though I've never had any in the thirty years I've rowed this river." A moment later we were in a whirling, twisting mass of water, hurrying us on with railroad speed.

It is hard to describe the sensation—revived with every one of the thirty or forty "streams" which we shot that first day—of exhilaration and exultation in being in and part of the plays of the tossing water and yet in a way mastering it through the dexterity of the man at the pole, who threw his implement forward in advance of the boat, by gradual, mighty pressure turning us sharply across the current, or dropped it close to the bow, gently easing the boat away from slippery rocks or treacherous eddies. The rule is to steer for the "V" between the shallows or rocks on either side of the channel, but as often as not there is no "V" visible, and one way seems as good as another; yet, apparently by instinct, our boatman avoided many a rock and shoal where to us nothing hinted their presence. Time and again the swift current swept us across the River from beneath one tangled bank of vines and bushes to the other, whose drooping branches with their menace of the fate of Absalom our lady passenger escaped by a hair's-breadth.

"HIS SKILLFUL, EASY USE OF THE LONG POLE"

Once fairly on our way, there came definite impressions of the sights and sounds about us; pleasant sounds of dipping oars, of splashing water and of muffled ringing when steel met stone as the poplar pole sought the river bed; the tinkling sound of tiny brooks emptying into the River, so shyly hiding themselves with hanging vines and bushes that only the sound betrayed them; peaceful views of meadows dotted with majestic Herefordshire cattle, straight-backed, brown and white streaked, unconscious of fate and the Argentine market for which they were destined.

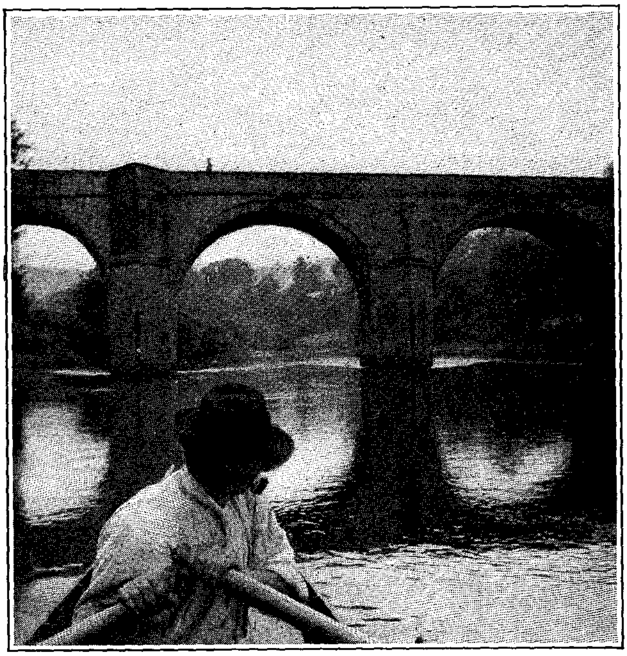
For long reaches there stretched high clay banks peopled with thousands of cheeky little rabbits whose countless habitations had the look of gun-pierced fortifications. In and out popped the little creatures, or, sitting up like prairie dogs, paused unfearing to stare at us.

The green and red backed kingfisher darted in and out of the thicket, the heron gravely stood within tempting distance or indifferently took its short flights ahead of us, while from time to time the splash of the jumping salmon made wide circles in the smooth pools; the moorhens (prettiest of sights), one after the other cutting diagonals across the River, flapped up silvery spurts of spray with every movement of their wings. The moor chicks, too, suddenly appeared under near banks and vanished where there seemed no shelter. And once, once only, some pheasants, with flashes of brilliant color, crossed our track.

The River was literally our own, as Harry had promised; until we neared Hereford we met no boat of any kind. The salmon fisherman, wading waist-deep, might claim occasional possession, but, really, the freedom of the River was ours. In summer season, doubtless, row-boats are numerous, but steamers are impossible except at Ross, where a ridiculous little stern-wheeler has once in a while attempted a few miles with poor success.

The woods, thick masses of elm, oak, and pine, alternated with meadows and cliffs. Toward noon we passed Clifford Castle, high on a bank (a ruin gracefully hung with ivy), with but faint longing to explore the birthplace of "Fair Rosamund," for we were hungry and the keen, pure air with the exercise made the promise of luncheon more interesting to us than any sights, however historic. A low, pink-stuccoed building with its surrounding of gray outbuildings, a little further on, proved to be the inn we were seeking, and from its dingy little bar-room, dark as a pocket, we took away capital cake and biscuits.

The afternoon brought us to the first of the many stone bridges (most of them four hundred years old) which beautify the Wye. This was Bradwardine Bridge, joining finely wooded banks with lofty spans of red sandstone.



"BRADWARDINE BRIDGE, JOINING FINELY WOODED BANKS"

Following on Bradwardine Bridge came a succession of cliffs (from which the material for the bridge had come), whose rich reddish color was softened by clinging vines. These red cliffs, appearing often, and very striking in color, are a unique and very beautiful feature of the upper Wye Valley (lower down the rock is gray or white), as, from source to mouth, are the amazing loops and windings which gave it its Roman name, Vaga.

Through the woods topping one of

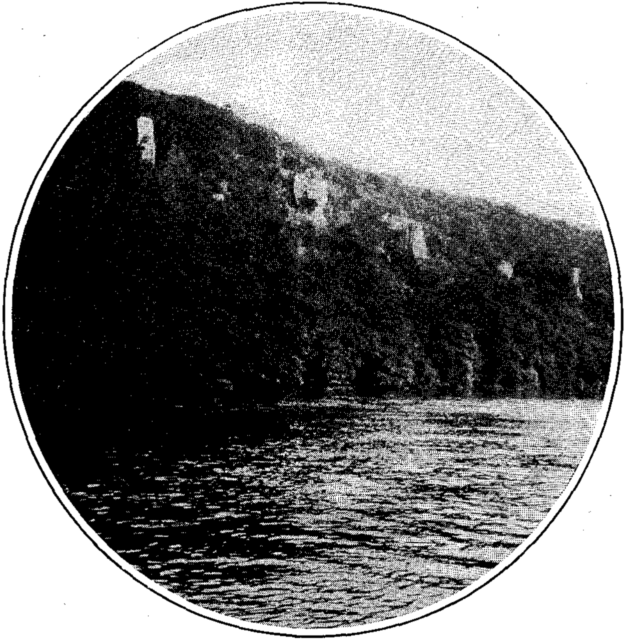
these cliffs could faintly be seen a part of King Offa's Dyke, stretched from Chester to and along the Wye, but we were no antiquarians eager to learn its secrets and were content with the glimpse. As the chill of the late afternoon came on we were landed at the foot of a grassy slope, and, climbing the slippery river bank, mounted by rough steps to a stone cottage where a friendly St. Bernard, with wagging tail, welcomed us. He, with cackling hens and audacious wasps (wasps always fought us for the marmalade), shared the "slathers" of bread and butter which, with good hot tea, were served to us in a little pavilion. The hostess, in the friendly spirit of Herefordshire, displayed to my wife, without reserve, the charms of an unforgettably fat baby.

Then followed a long row in the fading light till evening bells and the faint outlines of Hereford's cathedral tower warned us we were back at our morning starting-point—thirty-six miles between 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.; a swift river, this Wye.

Hereford's quaintness and charm, and they are great, have been too often described to mention. We left it and its bridge, whose northern arch dates back to 1490, behind next morning and set out for Ross, twenty seven and a half miles away.

This second day was the least striking of the River days, though there were many sights of quiet beauty. Typical of English homes were the many stately or quaint country seats, always picturesquely old, and placed discreetly well back from the River and upon an eminence to command a view and to avoid freshets, In the park of the Earl of Chesterfield,

THE BISHOP'S GARDEN

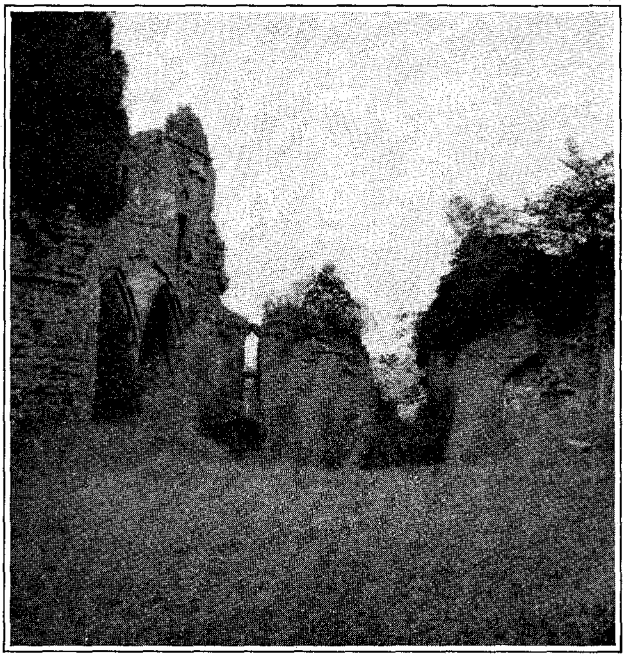


"CASTLE-LIKE MASSES OF GRAY ROCK"

and to be seen from the River, was a famous pear tree said to have yielded the largest crop of pears of any tree in the Kingdom, and fifteen hundred gallons of "perry." It lay rather than stood, the main trunk but a few feet high, its branches spreading along the surface of the ground for fifty feet, and sending down its shoots to bind them to earth. Inns and places there were, too, with names which tempted one to visit them. "The Carrott's Inn," "Even Pibs," "Morney Cross," "Dinedor Court," "Green Man Inn," "Hole in the Wall," and "Capler Camp" (one of many Roman remains), all beckoned us, but we kept on till Hoarwithy with its New Harp Inn, highly praised by Harry, was reached. Harry, by the way, had rowed Mark Twain past this very place years before, and had conceived the warmest admiration for our great humorist. He knew his principal works almost by heart; no American could have enjoyed Twain more.

Harry's numerous acquaintances along the bank, gentlemen-fishermen, boatmen, farmers, ferrymen, afforded us much amusement. For each of them he had a jovial greeting, a word of chaff, and an answer, no little pride and importance in his tone, of "Hay through to Chepstow" to their queries as to his destination.

We found the "New Harp" a charming inn. It was as simple as it could well be, white, vine-covered, with a small, tangled garden and door-yard, some bits of old furniture, and a hostess, very ladylike, who in unaffected fashion cooked home-cured bacon and eggs and prepared tea for us. She insisted we should see St. Dubricius, the "finest church anywhere about." A more complete contrast to the usual English village church which makes itself one with the landscape, and gains your respect and admiration by its quiet dignity, the sense of age, and the softened, broken outlines which time and a stormy history have caused, can hardly be conceived.


GOODRICH CASTLE—TWELFTH CENTURY RUIN

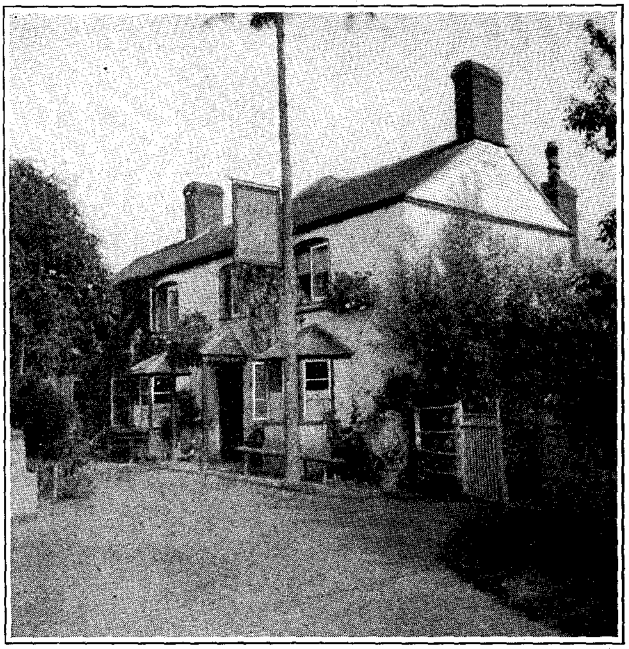
St. Dubricius, a little bit of Italy, with its whiteness and its steep approach, cypress-bordered, tries to take your judgment by storm with its newness and the money spent upon the interior in pavements of Eastern marbles and elegant decoration. A generous rector had made it the pride of the countryside, and the vergeress showed, as one of the wonders, a floor mosaic of a brilliant peacock done in rare stones—a rather curious church emblem.

Just before Ross came into view, and as we were rowing along a quiet reach, there came a sudden jar in the boat. Harry "caught a crab" and nearly went over backwards. His astonished exclamation confirmed our impression that his oar had struck the body of a big salmon just rising to the surface. The incident was still under discussion by the boatmen when we left Ross the next day. Only Harry's reputation for veracity and our evidence as eye-witnesses gave it credence.

Ross, reached toward sunset, is on the outer edge of a great bow of the River, a violently modern hotel spoiling the view of the town, which rises steeply from the water. The fine old market-place, and a church in the interior of which an oak tree has stood and bravely pushed out its green for two hundred years, are among its attractions. Addressing ourselves to Harry, we asked him to name our stopping-place. "Well," he said, "if you are content with women service and no greasy foreigners or Japs to wait on you, and plain English dishes—no foreign messes and no show—then you'll take the Swan." We took the "Swan," and were well pleased with the plain and substantial fare and our huge three-windowed bedroom, whose four-posters and big lounge were very restful.

The third day the traditional "weather-breeder" of clear atmosphere and great fleecy clouds proved the spectacular one of the trip.

Leaving Ross, we passed under the noble Wilton Bridge, and, as a long day was before us, hastened on towards Goodrich Castle. This twelfth-century ruin, approached through sopping wet grass and a steep and muddy path, blood-red, we stormed, without loss—to pocket—in the custodian's absence.



NEW HARP INN, HOARWITHY

Further on, the Forest of Dean—unlike some of England's present-day forests, really a forest of trees—runs along the east bank, and, looking up one of its deep valleys at Lydbrook Viaduct, glimpses are caught of the iron mines, for which and for their Roman roads these woods have long been famous. At this point alone commerce intruded upon the River, and yet only to add a shade of mystery and romance. A dark ridge of impressive height stretched its gloomy mass across our passage, appearing to bar our way. A road, its weary length defined by the white "notes" of the miners' cottages, mounted the height, and then ran along with it, disappearing into forest depths; on the River bank a few whitewashed cottages, from which the women descended by steps to wash their clothes in the clear water. The whole scene had an un-English touch.

As one nears Symond's Yat—what Yat is no one can tell, or who Symond was—the hills gradually close in upon the River until, as Harry says, "you can't breathe so well." High, close-wooded cliffs rise steeply from the water, and from their green background burst out a succession of beautiful castle-like masses of gray rock—the Coldwell Rocks. These lead up to Symond's Yat, a boldly rounded point overlooking them all. Around this the River bends in a great loop before it can resume its course southward. We left the boat to ascend the point by a narrow path; Harry rowed to meet us on the other side, four long miles bringing him to a point four hundred yards from our place of parting. A false step upon the path, a fall, and a consequent coat of rich red mud, generously distributed and next to impossible to remove, showed me how the Romans discovered iron in this Forest of Dean. Despite the incident, the climb of six hundred feet was worth the pains; views of fresh green woods, the curving river, the fields below, and the distant hills were the reward. One of the books on this region declares it impossible to do justice to the beauties of the scene, and recalls a story of Coleridge, who, standing before the Falls of the Clyde, was unable to find a word fitly to express his admiration. A gentleman from Glasgow, standing near, exclaimed to his daughter, "How majestic!" Coleridge turned and complimented the stranger on his choice of epithet. "Yes, sir," said the Scotchman, "it is indeed majestic, it is superb, it is august, it is beautiful, it is picturesque;" and the lady added, "It is the prettiest thing I ever saw."

Once started again, we were swiftly borne down the "Slaughter" Pass between Symond's Yat and Great Doward, the scene of many a fierce battle, by a pretty island with a dancing "stream" on either side and past another line of fine cliffs toward the Monmouth of Prince Hal. Not unmindful of Monmouth's history, or the charm of its projecting gables, old churches, and fine bridges, we yet gave some of our time to its antiquity shops, known far and wide. Spoils we carried away, but our minds still harbor the painful doubt whether we were the spoilers or the despoiled, and would not have been wiser and richer had we confined ourselves to exterior observation of Henry's town. Crown Derby tea-sets are a subject not wholly pleasant for us to dwell upon.

The twelve miles between Monmouth and Tintern is a fine stretch of river. At a picturesque group of farm-houses called Bigsweir the Wye changes with the incoming of the tide from the Severn, and its waters, to this point crystal clear, turn to a muddy brown.

Arrived at Tintern, Harry's persuasive tongue brought back the keeper from his supper to show us the beautiful Abbey by evening glow. It justified all that has been said in its praise.

Nine miles of rowing in a misty morning rain which "went out with the tide," as the watermen predicted, took us beneath the wonderful Wyndecliffe and past Chepstow Castle to Chepstow and our journey's end. And yet not quite the end, for the Wyndecliffe's thousand feet must be climbed and its view secured before one can be said to have seen the River between Tintern and Chepstow.

A shining curve of river, a soft blue haze overhanging many counties, and the far-off ruins of Chepstow Castle were all spread out before us from the Wyndecliffe's height. The enchanting path of moss-grown steps—hundreds of them—brought us down to the highway on the riverside and thus back to Chepstow, where, with many regrets, we parted from Harry, his boat, and his River. Striking as the scenery is from Ross to Chepstow, our first days will linger longest in the memory. "Oh, yes, we've seen the Wye, we've been rowed from Ross to Monmouth" (or Tintern perhaps), is what we often hear; but those who say this have not really seen the Wye.

MONSIEUR VIPLE'S BROTHER[1]

BY PAUL BOURGET

TRANSLATED BY KATHARINE P. WORMELEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

EARLY in his career M. Paul Bourget described himself as "a moralist of the decadence," "a maniac of psychology, and a passionate lover of analysis;" and these phrases classify his earlier work. He brought to the study of men and manners twenty years ago a skeptical though not a cynical temper, a well-trained talent rather than an original genius for observation, a sensitive rather than a vigorous mind. There was little promise of power in his early work, and power is not the note of his later work; but there has been a decided gain in sincerity and vigor of conviction, and a new element of moral judgment has appeared in his stories, notably in "Divorce" and "The Weight of the Name." He once defined himself as a moralist but not a reformer; of late he has ceased to be content to give a reportorial account of life, and has taken sides in the conflict which is now going on in France.

Certain qualities in M. Bourget's work are explained by the fact that he is a cosmopolitan by blood as well as by artistic conviction. He was born at Amiens but his father was a Russian and his mother an Englishwoman. He studied at the Lycée of Clermont and at the Collège de Sainte-Barbe in Paris. He was an ardent student and a voracious reader, and is at home in the poetry and fiction of several literatures; he is also well acquainted with modern philosophy. With this somewhat severe literary and scholarly training, it was probably fortunate for his future work that he went into journalism and gave himself a supplementary education of hard work and simple living. He came to know the cafés and boulevards of Paris intimately, as a multitude of poor students, artists, and writers had done before him.

His first venture in literature was a volume of verse, which showed little original poetic gift either of imagination or of phrasing. A volume of essays dealing with five well-known writers appeared in 1883, and made a distinct impression as a piece of brilliant psychological analysis. He described these literary studies as "a few notes made to help the historian of the modern moral life in France during the latter half of the nineteenth century," and their interest is due to the combination of the scientific temper and vivid literary feeling. Less severely logical than the work of Brunetière, these studies are more distinctly critical than the appreciations of Lemaître. Several volumes of critical essays, notably "Études et Portraits," have followed this successful critical venture in a field in which the French have produced more than one master; and while M. Bourget has not put himself in the front rank as a critic, he has popularized criticism without sacrificing its quality.

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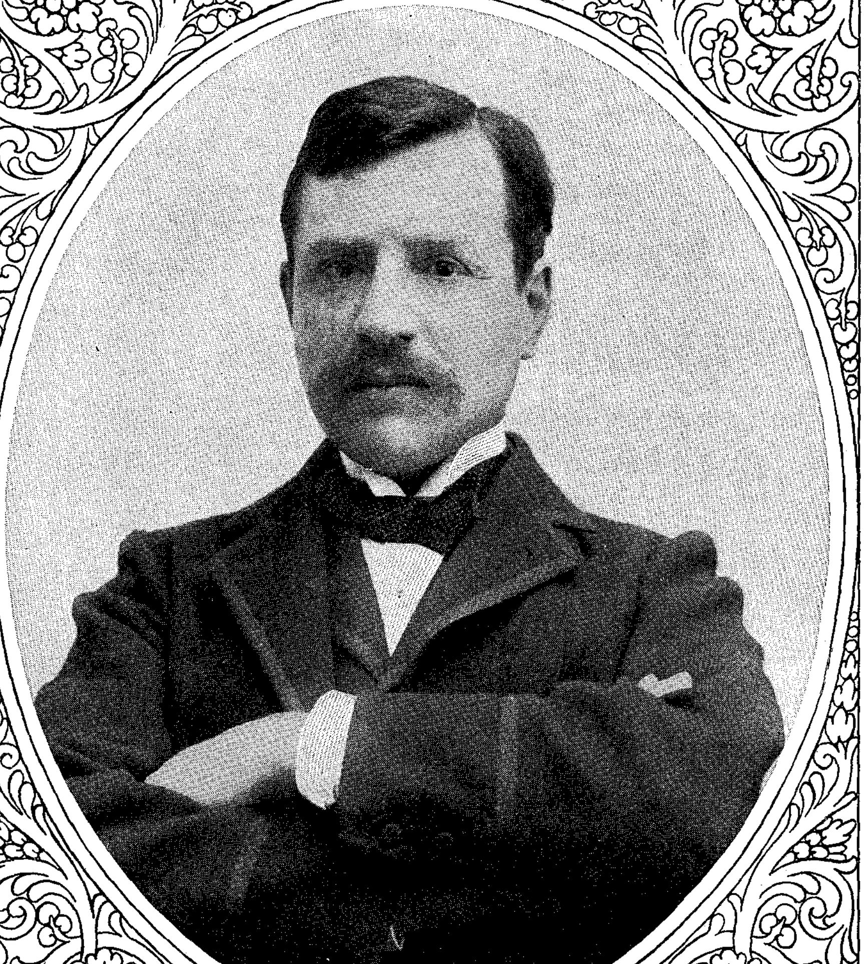


PAUL BOURGET

He was one of the pioneers in the modern movement of travel in France, and has reinforced his cosmopolitan point of view by the study of other countries. These journeys have found record in a little group of charming books. "Sensations d'Italie" shows the special qualities of M. Bourget's mind in the field of natural and social observation, and is notable for close analysis and delicate discrimination. "Outre-Mer" is the fruit of a visit in this country in 1894, and, although not free from curious misreadings of American conditions, reveals his determination to be open-minded and free himself from provincial preconceptions.

His novels, of which the best known by American readers are "Le Disciple" and "Cosmopolis," make an array which proves his industry and talent for a certain kind of analysis, and convey the impression of being the work of a highly trained and accomplished man of letters rather than a born novelist. They read like careful studies of a highly sophisticated society rather than like first-hand reports of fundamental experience. M. Bourget is almost exclusively a student of Parisian life on the upper social planes, though he has drawn portraits of women of other races. His method is always analytical, and his interest in the psychology of complicated natures and situations gives his stories a touch of monotony. The problem of sex is the theme which constantly recurs in these novels, as in so many French stories; too much attention is paid to furniture and the toilette; and while it is not quite true, as an English critic has said, that his fiction is "a seductive if somewhat sickly product of the hot-house of an outworn civilization," it is true that it lacks vigor and wholesome vitality. His criticism is likely to survive his fiction; for his fiction, though full of cleverness and skill, does not present a first-hand view of life, lacks the saving grace of humor, and is never entirely convincing. Of late years M. Bourget has been drawn to a more serious view of life and has entered the Roman Catholic Church; and his later stories, "Divorce" and "The Weight of the Name," while open to the criticism made in France that they are tracts, show a great advance in moral insight and power. Neither of them is, however, a great piece of writing; Bourget's place is with the secondary men. H. W. M.

ONE of the most exciting impressions of my childhood was the sojourn of the Austrian soldiers made prisoners during the campaign of 1859 in the provincial town where I grew up. In that gloomy town of Clermont in Auvergne, where the railroad has only lately penetrated, we were not spoiled by travelers; those who came to us were chiefly invalids on their way to Royat, still in the wilds, or to Mount-Dore and Bourboule, then difficult of access. The arrival of these vanquished enemies, with their white uniforms soiled by service, and their foreign faces, was an event for the whole population, but especially for little urchins of my age (I was then seven); and I well remember with what innocently cruel curiosity we went as near as we dared to the newcomers, while they walked up and down on the terrace of the Poterne celebrated by Chateaubriand, from which can be seen the fine line of mountains extending from the plain of the Côtes to the massive woods of Grave-Noire. I don't know what confused images of war may flutter in the brains of children who, in this year of grace 1889, trundle their hoops along that terrace, now much changed. Where are the chains, fastened to great stone posts, which barred the way towards the cathedral? Where the rough declivity that sloped from the terrace level, the stronghold of the street boys who were the objects of my secret envy? The boys of the present day are the sons of a people on whom weighs the burden of a national defeat; but we were the children of a period still near to the imperial epic. The old men of seventy who laid their hands upon our curly heads had seen the victorious eagles re-entering France on their return from Europe; and the legend of the Napoleonic glory was still so stirring that it filled our imagination with magnificent and also, it must be owned, with comical conceits. For instance, I and my four best friends, Émile C——, Arthur B——, Joseph C——, and Claude L——, were convinced that one little French boy was stronger than two little foreign boys, no matter of what other nation they might be. Our astonishment was therefore great when we compared the brave and vigorous Austrian troopers before our eyes with the soldiers of our own country who were passing along the same paths and beneath the same trees. It bewildered us to see them of the same height and with the same appearance of muscular power—such was the foolish form of our boyish faith in the superiority of our race and nation. Eleven years later we were to pay dear for such illusions, and for others more serious though founded on a faith which was almost as childishly puerile.

I recall this sojourn of the prisoners with strange uniforms (which was in fact very brief) because another recollection is attached to it—that of an incident which long remained mysterious to my boyish mind, and on which I still reflect with passionate interest whenever I hear a discussion on the nature of children. I must add that the person who told it to me lives in my memory as one of the most original types that I knew in this old provincial town, where my ferreting eyes were already opening to every peculiarity of countenance and to the slightest oddity of behavior. He was an old friend of my family, once actively connected with the university and now retired with the function of inspector, who answered to the somewhat fantastic name of Monsieur Optat Viple, the man being as fantastic as the name. I see him now across the vanished years, as though he were coming from the cemetery to take his accustomed walk along the Cours Sablon in the sunshine—very tall, very lean, his hat in his hand, with a pointed, bald head, spectacles on an endless nose, his overcoat buttoned tightly round his elongated waist, in summer as in winter, in winter as in summer, his feet incased in double-soled boots, which he never changed, even in the house, for fear of taking cold. He had kindly offered to teach me the rudiments of Latin and Greek for the pleasure of testing a method of his own, and I went every day at nine o'clock to take my lesson in his study before his dinner, which he invariably ate at ten o'clock, that he might sup (as they call it in those parts) at half-past five.

Not once since the death of his wife had the inspector broken this rule of two meals, ordered by him according to the hygienic advice of a friendly doctor, from whom he acquired a horror of alcohol, tobacco, and coffee. One bottle of wine (true Chanturge which he got from his own vineyard) sufficed him per week. But ten libraries would have been wholly insufficient to satisfy his hunger for reading. I have never known a man so possessed by a mania for printed literature. All was fish to his net, from the newspapers of his neighborhood to the local reviews, from the finest Latin authors to the worst novels of the present day; the whole interlarded daily with readings from Voltaire, out of Kehl's edition, which filled two large shelves in his book-room. Monsieur Optat Viple was (though it pains me to say so after this description) outrageously irreligious and jacobin—nearly as much so as his friend Monsieur Gaspard Larcher; and these highly respectable infidels never met without the one saying to the other, "*Homme noir*, where do you come from?" On which they would both laugh with juvenile hilarity. As for Monsieur Viple, the matter explains itself; one of his nearest relatives, his mother's brother, sat in the Convention and voted for the King's death. How he reconciled republicanism and the horror which the actual régime inspired in him with a mameluke admiration for the first Bonaparte was one of the mysteries attaching to the worthy man, who, by the by, had a mania for extolling Nature in the style of Rousseau, apropos of his wild and dear Auvergne, which he had traversed on foot in all directions. He uttered the name Jean Jacques in trembling accents. As I think of it, it seems to me hardly wise to have confided my education to this Voltairean, though he never allowed himself to interfere with the religious instruction which was given to me by others. But he talked to me, young as I was, with the utmost enthusiasm about the encyclopædists and the revolutionists. While professor at Langres after leaving the Ecole Normale, he had met a relation of Diderot's. The names of all the writers of the eighteenth century filed through the interminable conversations he kept up with me when he took me to walk; for on fine days he would fetch me from my home and I was allowed to go with him along the roads which were strewn with the scoriæ of extinct volcanoes. We spent hours in this way—I questioning him on a thousand childish or serious things, he replying with a kindness that never wearied; while far in the distance the Dômes profiled their masses, outlined in peaks symmetrical or rugged, and the vineyards glowed in greenery around us, with their clustering unripe grapes or their heavy purple bunches, according to the season, while the brooklets flowed beneath the willows and the unseen songsters sang—Oh, mysterious sadness of the springtide of other days!

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, the morning when my old friend related to me the incident to which I just now made allusion. As the weather seemed uncertain, we had started for the Bughes, a sort of square planted with trees quite near the town and reached through the faubourg Saint-Allyre. We were just about to meet on the Poterne terrace a group of Austrian prisoners in their white uniforms, when Monsieur Viple, as if to avoid them, pulled me abruptly down the side street which leads to Notre-Dame-du-Port, an old Roman basilica with a dark crypt. He was silent for some minutes. I looked into his furrowed face, on which the rounded point of his shirt collar was pressing, and I said to him suddenly:

"Monsieur Viple, don't you want to look at those Austrians a little nearer?"

"No, my child," he said, with a look I had never yet seen on his face—full, it seemed to me, of the shadow of some dark memory—"the last time I saw their uniform was too dreadful."

"When was that?" I persisted.

"At the time of the invasion," he replied. Then, as if making a calculation in his head, he added, "About forty-five years ago."

"Did they get as far as Issoire?" I asked, knowing that he came from that town.

"Yes, as far as Issoire," he answered, slowly. Presently, as we were going down the road which leads to the station, he added, pointing to another parallel road which is called the route to Issoire: "First they reached Clermont; then they came direct to us. Ah! our house was very near being burned at that time—yes, yes, even so. We did not expect them. We knew very well that the Emperor had been defeated, but we could not believe it was all over with him—that devil of a man had won the game so often. And, then, we loved him; my father loved him; he had seen him once reviewing his troops in the Carrousel after the campaign of Austerlitz. How often he told us of that wonderful blue eye which forced you to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' by merely looking at you. And mind you, my boy, that Emperor was not like this present one. *He* was a man of the Revolution, a jacobin at heart, who wasn't afraid of *hommes noirs*. Enough, enough!"

"But why did the Austrians want to burn your house?" I asked, with the persistency of a small boy who perceives a story and does not mean to let it escape him.

"The invaders arrived one evening," continued the old man, as if he had forgotten me, and was following the visions which crowded on his memory. "They were not very numerous—a single detachment of cavalry, commanded by a tall officer, very young, with an insolent face and a long, fair mustache which almost floated in the wind. We had spent that day in horrible anxiety. We knew the enemy were at Clermont. Would they come to us, or would they not come? How ought we to receive them? A council was held at my father's house, for he was then mayor of the village. If he hadn't been so sick, he was the man to put himself at the head of a determined troop and barricade the streets. Who knows whether, if all the towns and villages had done that, the allies might not have met the fate of our grumblers in Spain? There is but one policy for an invaded people—guerrilla warfare and sharpshooting, the taking off of the enemy head by head. Yes, we might have defended ourselves. We had provisions, and all the peasantry round about had guns hanging to a nail in their chimneys. But my poor dear father was in bed shaking with chills and fever, which he caught in the marshes of Courpières while snaring birds. So wiser counsels prevailed. Suddenly a burst of trumpets; the enemy were upon us! Ah, boy, may you never know what it is to hear the clarions sound a foreign march like that. Such superb disdain was in that blast—disdain and hatred! How well I remember listening to it in my father's bedchamber, my forehead against the window-panes, as I watched the officer caracoling at the head of his troop; and when I turned away I saw the old man weeping."

"Then you ought to be pleased, Monsieur Viple, to see those very soldiers prisoners now," I said.

"Pleased? pleased! I have no confidence in this Emperor. But enough, enough!"

This was the customary exclamation of the old jacobin when he did not wish to say anything I might repeat to the displeasure of my family. He continued his tale:

"The Austrians had not been fifteen minutes in the town before they knocked violently at our door. The handsome officer with the long mustache chose to install himself in the mayor's house in company with two others, and I was ordered to move out of my room. I can see myself still, inveighing against them and hiding a pistol which I had loaded for the defense in a sort of cupboard, which served me for a poke-away. I was furious at having to leave my room, which was the prettiest in the house; it looked out upon a terrace where I played constantly, from which a flight of stone steps covered with mosses led down into the garden. Beneath it was the billiard-room, and above a sort of attic to which I was relegated during the time the Austrian officers were in the house. They immediately ordered dinner; and as they were tired with their day's march, every one had to put his or her hand to the business of getting their meal ready at once These three officers and six persons with them made nine, and that was a good many to provide for suddenly. However, we managed to get up a repast which my mother was anxious to make succulent. "We must mollify them," said the poor woman, as she sent me to the fish-pond to catch some trout—those beautiful fresh trout I was so fond of feeling slip through my fingers as I caught them. I was also sent to the cellar for champagne; four bottles of which my father used formerly to uncork for each of the great Emperor's victories. The supply was almost exhausted. I can't tell you my distress in having to prepare such a feast for these men with our own provisions in our own house, by this time noisy with their boisterous gayety—the racket increasing and still increasing, with laughter and the clinking of glasses as the meal went on. They drank toasts given in a language I had never heard. I listened to the noise from the kitchen, where it was decreed that we should take our own meals in the chimney corner. What were they toasting? Our defeat, no doubt, and the death of our poor Emperor. I was only twelve years old at the time, but I swear to you no one ever suffered more from anger and indignation than I did sitting on my little chair opposite to my mother. As a good housewife, her mind dwelt chiefly on the breakage of the plates and glasses. 'I hope they have all they want?' she said anxiously to the servant. 'They want this, and they want that,' answered our good Michel; and this and that were accordingly sent in to them until the moment when Michel came into the kitchen with a troubled face. 'They want coffee!' he said."

"Coffee was easy enough to supply," I remarked, interrupting Monsieur Viple.

"Do you think so?" he replied. "You don't know, child, what rarities coffee and sugar were in those days. You have been told how the Emperor had the idea of a great continental blockade for the purpose of preventing all commerce between England and the European nations. Yes, it was an idea, and a great idea, though it came to nothing. However, it had the immediate result, to us of the lesser bourgeoisie, of diminishing and even stopping altogether the sale of certain foreign products. So when the servant came in with this fresh demand my mother was aghast. 'Coffee!' she cried; 'but we haven't an atom of it in the house. Go and tell them so.' Two minutes later Michel returned. 'They are drunk, madame,' he said; 'and they declare they will either have the coffee or smash everything.' 'Good God!' cried my mother, clasping her hands; 'and I have left my Sèvres set on the sideboard!'

"The racket in the dining-room increased. The officers were rapping on the floor with their sabers and shouting till the window-panes rattled. That good Michel of ours tried three several times to make them listen to reason, and three times he returned to us fairly routed by a shower of abuse. They shouted, 'Coffee! coffee!' and the mere words pronounced in the German way seemed a hoarse growl of savagery. At last the uproar became so loud that the sound of it reached my father's room, and presently the kitchen door opened and his tall figure, wrapped in a brown dressing-gown, with a foulard round the head, appeared, his eyes gleaming. 'What is all this?' he said, and I saw his lips tremble as he asked the question; with fever was it, or anger? They explained the matter to him. 'I will speak to them,' he said, and he went into the dining-room. I followed him. I shall see that scene throughout my whole life—the Austrian officers in their white uniforms, their faces flushed with drink, broken plates and bottles flung here and there upon the floor, the soiled cloth, and the smoke of their tobacco curling about the heads of our insolent conquerors. Yes, all my life I shall hear my father saying: 'Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor that I do not possess what you ask; I have risen from a sick bed to come here and ask you to respect the hearth on which I have received you as my guests.' He was hardly allowed to finish before the man with the long mustache, whose blue eyes gleamed with an evil look, rose and came up to him with a goblet of champagne in his hand. 'Very well!' he said, in a tolerably pure accent, which showed him to be a man of superior education to his fellows, 'we will believe you if you will do us the pleasure of drinking to our august master, who has come here to save your country. Gentlemen, we will all drink to the health of our Emperor.'

"I looked at my father in terror, and, knowing him as I did, I saw that he was in a paroxysm of anger. He took the glass; then, lifting it toward the portrait of Napoleon, which the brutes had not observed, he said in a ringing voice, 'Yes, gentlemen, long live the Emperor!' The officer with the long mustache followed the direction of my father's eyes. He saw the portrait—an ordinary engraving. Breaking the glass and frame into fragments with one blow of his saber and refilling the glass my father had emptied, he cried brutally: 'Come, shout, "Long live the Emperor of Austria!" and make haste about it.'

"My father took the glass, raised it again, and said, 'Long live the Emperor!' 'Ha! you French scoundrel!' shouted the officer, and, catching up a chair, he struck my sick father a violent blow in the chest, flinging him backward with his head against the angle of a door, while my mother and the servants and I uttered cries of horror."

"Was he dead?" I asked, interrupting the old man.

"We thought he was," answered Monsieur Viple; "for we saw the blood reddening the white handkerchief about his head. But he lived; though it took him six months to recover from the shock of that blow."

"What did you do, Monsieur Viple?" I asked.

"I?" he said, hesitating, "nothing, absolutely nothing; but my brother—"

"Your brother? You never told me about him."

"No, he died young. We were nearly of an age; he was scarcely a year older than I. After he had gone to bed in his garret (for we had the same bedroom, and both of us were exiled to the attic) he began to think—think—think. Little boys in those days, you must know, were trained to be soldiers; they heard so much of fights and dangers and cannon-balls and musketry that there was very little they were afraid of. So after he went to bed he could think of nothing but the troubles of that miserable day, the arrival of the enemy, their entrance into the house, the preparations for dinner, the assault upon his father, the insults to the Emperor. He imagined the officer asleep in his own bed—his, and he the son of that old man basely injured. Suddenly an idea of vengeance began to grow, to grow, in his little head. He knew the old house as you know yours in every corner of it. It was built at various times, and the skylight of the attic room to which the boy was now consigned opened upon a gently sloping roof, with a ledge or coping some seven feet below it. By walking along that ledge one could reach an ivied wall; in the wall were iron spikes which made a sort of ladder by which to reach a chimney in one direction, and in the other a second ledge from which it was possible to get down upon the terrace which I mentioned to you. The room in which the officer slept opened upon this terrace; and so, you see, my brother got out of bed, dressed in haste, crept like a cat down the slope of the roof to the coping, then along the coping down the iron spikes to the terrace, and so to the window of his old room. 'Twas a warm summer's night. The officer had closed the blinds, but not the window. My brother made sure of this by passing his little hand through the heart-shaped hole in the shutter. He stretched out his arm and felt no glass. Close to the hole was a bit of twine which served to open the shutters from within. He was brave enough to pull it. 'The worst that can happen to me,' thought he, 'is to be caught. Well, if I am, I shall say that I had forgotten something in my room and came to get it.' A foolish excuse; but the boy was possessed by an idea. The shutter creaked as it opened, but no one stirred. The officer was sleeping soundly—stupefied no doubt by wines and liquors. His snores echoed from the room in regular cadence. With all the precautions of a thief, my brother glided along the floor till he reached the cupboard where he had seen me hide that pistol. He took it out. You can fancy how his heart beat. He stayed there perfectly still a quarter of an hour perhaps, crouching on the floor, hugging his weapon, without really knowing what he meant to do with it. The moonbeams entering through the window fell athwart the room, lighting it just enough to show a vague outline of the various objects. The officer slept on; still the same calm, unbroken sleep proclaimed by the monotonous snore. An image of his father entered the child's mind. He saw the scene of the evening; that old man raising his glass towards the portrait, the chair flung upon him, then his fall and the flowing blood. The boy half rose and crept to the bed. He could almost distinguish the features of the sleeper. He cocked the pistol—how tremendous such little sounds as that can seem in moments like these! He pointed the pistol to the corner of the man's ear, there, just there below the hair, and he fired—"

"What then?" I exclaimed, as he paused.

"Then," continued the old man, "he ran to the window, jumped the balustrade of the terrace, crept along the coping of one roof, climbed the iron spikes of the wall, and along the coping and slope of the other roof till he gained his room. Once there he closed the skylight, hid the pistol beneath his pillow, and went to bed again, pretending to sleep, while a sudden uproar filled the house, showing that the pistol shot had wakened the household, who were doubtless searching for the murderer."

"Did they find him?"

"Never. Threats and search all failed. The Austrians wanted to burn the house down; they arrested our servants one by one, but each could show an alibi, fortunately—my brother too. But who would think of suspecting a child? Moreover, the dead man was hated by his soldiers and also by his superior officers."

"Ha! then he was really dead, was he? It served him right!" I cried.

"Yes, did it not? You think it was right, don't you?" asked the old inspector, his eyes glittering with a feverish recollection of a long past yet ever present memory.

"And your brother?" I persisted, "what became of him?"

"I have told you already that he died young," he replied.

Passing through Issoire a few years ago, I met, at the house of a distant relative of mine, an old lady over eighty years of age, who was a sort of cousin of my early friend the inspector. We talked of him a great deal, and in the course of conversation I chanced to say:

"Did you know his brother?"

"What brother?" she asked.

"The one who died young."

"You are mistaken," she replied; "Optat never had a brother; he was an only son—as I know very well, for I was brought up with him."

I then understood why it was that Monsieur Viple did not choose to cross the market-place where the Austrian prisoners were assembled. He himself was the child who had avenged his outraged father—he, the old university professor, who since that day had probably never touched a weapon. What strange mysteries are sometimes hidden in the depths of a peaceful and humble destiny!

Letters to The Outlook

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

Regarding your recent editorial "Our Debt to Germany," does it not strike you that England has very material grounds for her anti-German feeling? In business the two countries are keen rivals, and the "Made in Germany" bugbear of ten years ago is still a live factor. Germany's methods in endeavoring to get at English secrets of manufacture, the results of long years of patient work, do not tend to decrease the ill feeling, as was instanced not very long ago when certain German chain-makers tried to bribe South Staffordshire workmen to go over to Germany and reveal the secret processes of their work for the instruction of German workmen.

But, above all this, the milk in the cocoanut may be arrived at when we consider the notorious Kruger telegram and the attitude of the German Emperor and the German press during the Boer War. This will never be forgotten or forgiven in England. Let me quote an extract from "The Great Boer War," by that brilliant Irishman A. Conan Doyle. Referring to the period immediately following Buller's reverses at Colenso, the author says, after excusing the attacks of France, Russia, and the Vatican on the grounds of hereditary hatred, etc.:

"But what are we to say of the insensate railing of Germany, a country whose ally we have been for centuries? In the days of Marlborough, in the darkest hours of Frederick the Great, in the great world struggle of Napoleon, we have been the brothers-in-arms of these people. So with the Austrians also. If both these countries were not finally swept from the map by Napoleon, it is largely to British subsidies and British tenacity that they owe it. And yet these are the folk who turned most bitterly against us at the only time in modern history when we had a chance of distinguishing our friends from our foes. Never again, I trust, will a British guinea be spent or a British soldier or sailor shed his blood for such allies. The political lesson of this war has been that we should make ourselves strong within the Empire, and let all outside of it, save only our kinsmen of America, go their own way and meet their own fate without let or hindrance from us."

It is undoubtedly wrong not to let the dead bury their dead, but Englishmen are very human and have notably long memories. Our own experiences, prior to the Spanish War, though very much exaggerated, are still remembered.

All this is not, of course, an apology for the anti-German feeling; it is merely an attempt at an explanation of it.

Cleveland, Ohio. N. L. L.

NOT OF HESSIAN DESCENT

Thinking highly of The Outlook and cordially conceding it a position widely removed from the mass of unintelligent periodicals, I regretted to see expressed in the issue of April 4, by the Spectator, "the suspicion" that the Lancaster County farmers are of

Hessian origin. The "suspicion" is perhaps sufficiently set at rest by Mr. Steiner's article on the Ephrata community in the same issue, in which he refers to the two hundred years' residence of these people in Lancaster County.

Suspicions or opinions of racial origin not warranted by facts are common enough, and when formed are preferred often to the actual beginnings. Witness the popularity of the misused term "Anglo-Saxon." John Munro, in his "The Story of the British Race," says that the English ought to be considered Celts rather than Saxons, as the Saxons were a scant element in the population and not an important one. He adds that it would be as correct to call the English Romans or Finns as to call them Saxons. "Anglo-Saxons," he continues, "is not much better, and is still more unsuitable to the Americans." The "Anglo-Saxon" fiction is hardly more persistent than the suspicion of Hessian origin of the Lancaster County Germans entertained by the Spectator.

Even if those of the Hessian troops who remained in America had not been scattered through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, their entire number was but as a drop to a deluge when compared with the many thousands of Germans who had come to Pennsylvania in the century preceding the American Revolution. Among these latter were the followers of Conrad Beisel, referred to by Mr. Steiner, one of whom translated for the Continental Congress the Declaration of Independence into nearly all the languages of Europe, he being the only man equal to the undertaking who could be found in America. Well known are the still earlier Germantown colonists, and their protest against slavery, celebrated in Whittier's poem "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," of which the poet said that he thought it a much better poem than "Snow-Bound," but the public would never find it out. It was from the Pennsylvania German population that were formed the first regiments to reach Boston from the southward at the beginning of the Revolution, and the first to reach Washington at the outbreak of the Civil War. There were many of the same stock in the French and Indian War. It was General Bouquet and his German battalions who, as Rosengarten says, "atoned for the injuries that resulted from Braddock's defeat in the same border region" by his victory at Bushy Run in 1763.

The descendants of Hessians fought in the Civil War, General Custer, the famous cavalryman, being, so it is said, one of them. But the German population of Lancaster County, which county for many decades is placed by the census reports at the head of all counties in the United States in the value of its agricultural products, was already a large one when the Revolution brought the Hessians and Brunswickers to America; and it would be as accurate to suspect this people of a Hessian origin as it would be to attribute the same American beginnings to the German Waldos and Fryes of New England, who became Americans long after many thousands of the Lancaster County Germans had become established upon American soil.

Long ago Doddridge said in his "Notes on Virginia," "It is remarkable that throughout the whole extent of the United States the Germans have the best churches, organs, and graveyards." Their success in agriculture is the result of the application of intelligence to their pursuit. Everywhere they picked out the best lands, the Shenandoah Valley and other valleys in Virginia, the Cumberland Valley in Maryland, the limestone lands of Lancaster, and the well-watered soils of Berks, Bucks, Lebanon, and Montgomery Counties in Pennsylvania. The New England settlers and the Scotch-Irish, the former of whom came to northeastern Pennsylvania and the latter to the frontier, took up lands which the Germans would not have looked at twice. The outcome bespeaks the degree of intelligence in the choice The German knew how to treat his land and his live stock, and if there are any better specimens of the human physique than the inhabitants of the Conestoga Valley, or any finer-looking horses or cattle, I have failed to see them in America or Europe. It is the ambition of these people, not to roll up bank accounts as an end, but as a means to the acquirement of land, which, when acquired, they do not part with. Farms in the Lebanon Valley have been in the same families for generations, and a representative of one of these families, now a successful business man in New York, and, I suppose, "a gentleman farmer," raises field-corn which is worth for seed $10 per bushel, so successful in twenty-five years of careful culture has he been in developing a seed which will produce a maximum of corn and a minimum of stalk. But every year this "gentleman farmer" walks through his Lebanon County cornfields and marks every ear of corn that is to be saved for planting. George Washington was that kind of a farmer. But usually the "gentleman farmer," who maintains his farm with an income derived from other sources, is an economic disturber, like the girl who works at low wages in order that she may buy gowns and ribbons. Lately the Agricultural Department at Washington said that these Pennsylvania

Germans were the best farmers in America. If that is correct, the rest of us, while we may learn from them, can hardly expect to teach them anything by sentimental farming. Farming must always be in the main an economic proposition, and for this reason the attempt to reclaim abandoned farms, where the conditions do not warrant it, is a misguided effort. The sentiment of the Pennsylvania German is manifested in the love of the land, in his growing things, in such directions as the English Virginian Doddridge pointed out; in music, as at Bethlehem, where public concerts with choral society and orchestra and classical music were given in the eighteenth century, long before Philadelphia, New York, or Boston knew what good music was. When sentiment and economic waste are banded together, the result is apt to be disastrous.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Haddonfield, New Jersey.

WAS JESUS A PEASANT?

In The Outlook of February 29 L. H. C. "takes exception to the term *peasant* as applied to Jesus of Nazareth by Dr. Abbott in his illuminating article 'A Unique Personality,' in The Outlook of January 18."

If it appear audacious for an ignorant frontiersman to try to vindicate a famous scholar like Dr. Abbott in his choice of words, no doubt it may seem almost equally presumptuous for him to quarrel with a college president's definitions of them. Let me hasten to disclaim such a responsibility.

The Century: Peasant. I. A person of inferior rank . . . living in the country or in a rural village. . . . II. Of or pertaining to, or characteristic of, peasants; rustic; rural.

Webster's International: Peasant. A countryman; a rustic. Syn—Countryman; rustic; swain; hind. Peasant, adj.: Rustic; rural.

It is possible that our college president thriftily withheld a part when he trusted your correspondent with his definition.

L. H. C.'s naïvely literal acceptance of the Old Testament tradition about the Jews' common descent from Abraham recalls the hero of one of Harold Frederic's most famous novels, and his (the hero's) sympathetic concern about all the minor details of that patriarch's life, so inconsiderately passed over by his biographers!

Though many still hold, I believe, that the story of Abraham is a myth, through and through, there seems to be a growing tendency to accept Dr. Cheyne's welcome suggestion, *i. e.*, that Abraham may be, after all, "historical or quasi-historical." Certainly, as Canon Cheyne has pointed out, Abraham cannot be "grouped with Jacob and Israel, for the name Abraham has a different linguistic coloring from the two latter. It was natural, however, that when Hebrew became Israelitish, the southern hero Abraham should be grouped with the northern hero Jacob-Israel."

In other words, though no longer considered a pure myth, recent scholarship seems to view Abraham as a mostly mythical hero—in the Greek sense—and not originally Hebrew, in the strict sense, at all. If David ever "boasted" descent from the alien hero and demigod Abraham, it was the emptiest jactancy.

Touching L. H. C.'s contention for our Lord's Davidic and so royal descent, I shall quote from a very graceful writer of sound scholarship, the late Dr. Orello Cone: "Son of David he never calls himself, and when the blind men, the woman of Canaan, the beggar, and the multitude hail him with this title, he pays no attention to it. Adopting the Rabbinical exegesis, he once shows by a forcible *argumentum ad hominem* that, according to the terms of a Psalm probably erroneously ascribed to David, the Messiah cannot properly be called the son of that king. The conclusion of this remarkable argument appears to be that he regarded the Messiah as greater than a temporal monarch, not to be compared to the greatest of earthly kings, and not as son even of David, the great Messianic type of his nation."

A short quotation from Baron von Soden: "The round numbers figuring in both of them [the genealogies of Jesus] show how little they aimed at simply reproducing documents. The complete divergence makes it more probable that the pedigree did not admit of documentary establishment. All that was postulated was descent from Zerubbabel, David, and Abraham. The mode of supplying the intervening links was a matter of indifference. Proof of the physical descent of Jesus from David was doubtless not to be found. Nor in Jesus' days was there need for such; for the Messiah was in any case *de jure* David's son—*i.e.*, heir and legitimate successor; and if any one ever had occasion to turn this ideal into a natural sonship, this was done by deducing the latter from the former."

The literature upon these most interesting subjects is, I find, fairly unanimous and (to a poor man at least) distressingly abundant.

Recent research seems to confirm a statement made by Ernest Renan as long ago as 1863: "The family of David had, as it appears, been long extinct; nor did the Asmoneans, who were of priestly origin, or Herod, or the Romans, dream for a moment that any representative whatsoever of the ancient dynasty existed near them."

Lodi, Nebraska. C. O. MORRISON.

THE SUMMER VACATION SCHOOLS

The fourth season of the Vacation Schools under the direction of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York City is now being planned. No summer work in our city is more resultful in spiritual, physical, educational, and social welfare for the people. Last year there were some five thousand children enrolled in these Vacation Schools. The instruction is given by college men and women, students from Yale, Brown, Barnard, Smith, Adelphi, Pratt, Princeton, Haverford, and many others, who thus spend their vacation in giving and gaining benefit. They work under the close supervision of specially trained inspectors, who visit the schools constantly and unify the whole work by their suggestions and advice. Before the opening of the school season in July, a short special training course for the teachers is given, and throughout the summer weekly meetings of the whole faculty are held.

A work like this affords an excellent opportunity for the college student in his junior vacation to make a practical study in social work in the field where conditions are the best for such study, and he cannot fail to go back to his senior year wiser, more socialized—and may we not say more Christianized?—than before. The Vacation Schools are held by courtesy in various churches and mission buildings widely scattered throughout Greater New York; and they chiefly reach the children of the poor families, who, by the closing of the public schools and the inadequacy of the people's playgrounds, would otherwise be turned into the streets in the hot summer months. The school programme includes a Bible story, with the Lord's Prayer recited in concert, a great deal of singing both of hymns and of patriotic and jolly songs, industrial work of various kinds, such as hammock-making, basketry, and sewing, first aid to the injured and other branches of hygiene. Further developments will be made in the instruction as the resources of the work are increased.

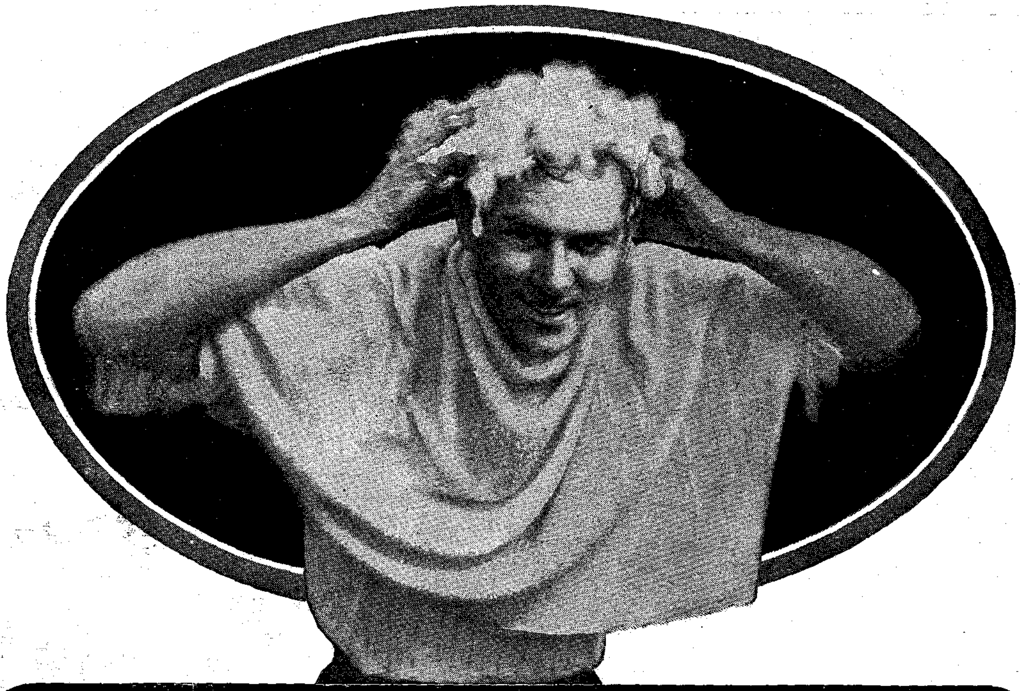
M. F. C.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL MEMORIAL

The interest which The Outlook has shown in the work of the restoration of the old Paul Revere House encourages us to inform you that the house was opened on the 18th of April, the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of Paul Revere's ride to Lexington. The house is open daily from ten to four to all visitors. An admission fee of twenty-five cents is being charged to help maintain the memorial. To any of your readers who come to Boston this will be a most interesting point to visit. The house has not been restored simply to make a quaint old building, but the purpose ever kept in mind has been to make it as nearly and exactly like the original as possible, and this has been done in a painstaking and faithful manner, and it stands to-day as a wonderful monument of old Colonial days, the only known house of its age in the heart of a great city typical of the life of the early settlers—a perfect example of the old construction, with its great fireplaces, quaint cupboards, old floor boards, oak hewn beams, etc., and containing as well many priceless relics of Paul Revere. It is the intention to accept for the house in furnishings nothing that is not genuinely of Revolutionary age, so it is still only partially furnished; but the old water ewer, part of Paul Revere's chamber set, his old crane in the fireplace, his old flintlock gun, his old meat-chopper, and several other interesting things of this sort are well worth a visit on the part of any one who makes a stop at Boston.

It is hoped that every one who can will aid the Memorial to Paul Revere either by a direct contribution or by a visit to the house when an opportunity offers.

PAUL REVERE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.



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Our booklet, "The Value of Systematic Shampooing," gives valuable information. Sent free on request.

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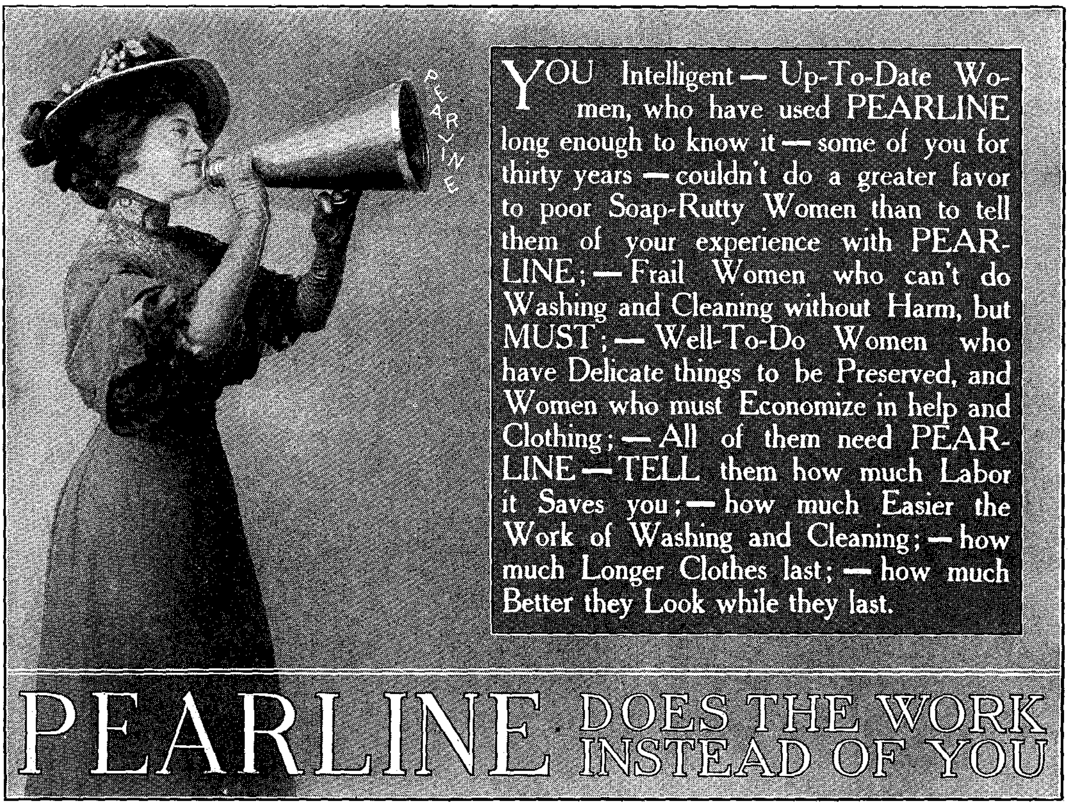
Suite 87 C, 81 Fulton Street, New York



YOU Intelligent — Up-To-Date Women, who have used PEARLINE long enough to know it — some of you for thirty years — couldn't do a greater favor to poor Soap-Rutty Women than to tell them of your experience with PEARLINE; — Frail Women who can't do Washing and Cleaning without Harm, but MUST; — Well-To-Do Women who have Delicate things to be Preserved, and Women who must Economize in help and Clothing; — All of them need PEARLINE — TELL them how much Labor it Saves you; — how much Easier the Work of Washing and Cleaning; — how much Longer Clothes last; — how much Better they Look while they last.

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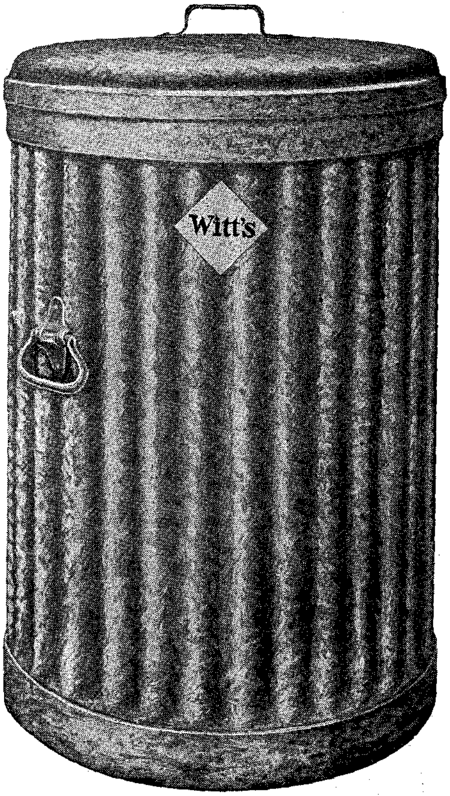

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Can you say this about the garbage can you have?

Witt's can has close-fitting lid and water-tight bottom. It is always neat and trim.

And stays so—it's the strongest can made. All steel, corrugated, galvanized inside and out. Such an improvement *in every way* you ought to have it *now!*

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THREE SIZES:—No. 1, 15¾ x 25 inches; No. 2, 18 x 25; No. 3, 20½ x 25. Witt's Pail, No. 7, 5 gallons; No. 8, 7 gallons; No. 9, 10 gallons. ADDRESS

The Witt Cornice Co.
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FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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any reputable financier will confirm your good sense and judgment, and assure you that a fixed and permanent rate of interest at 5% is more than the average earnings of capital invested in fluctuating stocks, or speculative investments of any kind, in the long run.

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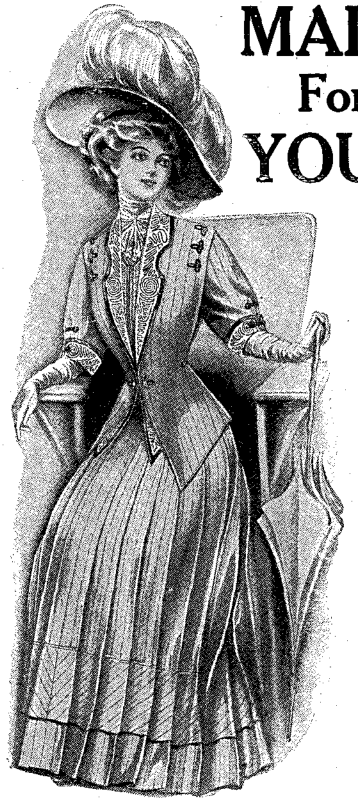
YOUR SUIT—Was It MADE For YOU?



Was your suit made for just ANYONE and **bought** by you? Is it just a suit or is it **your** suit—made **for you,** made purposely to fit you and to become you and possess your individuality.

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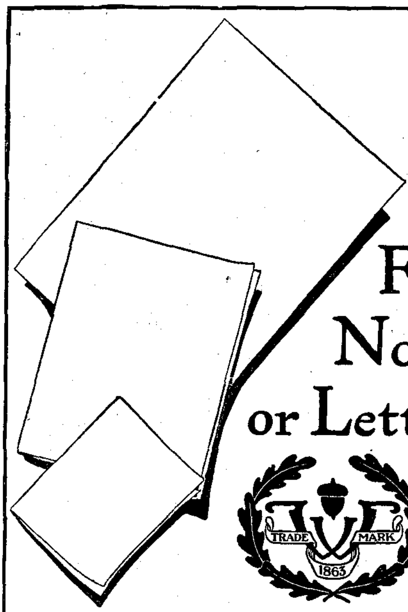

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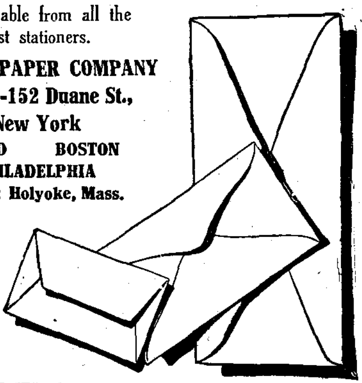
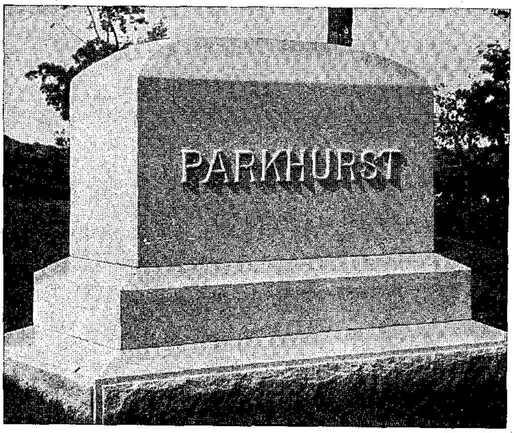


Miller Monuments



which dot the entire country, are among the highest grade examples of artistic memorial work in America.

The main reason is that I have made memorial-making my life work.

Further reasons: only the finest granite is used; my workmen are all artists—not merely stonecutters; my designs are original and individual; and I charge the lowest prices possible for the exclusively high-grade work that I turn out.

My free illustrated book will tell many interesting things about memorials. Write and I will send it to you.

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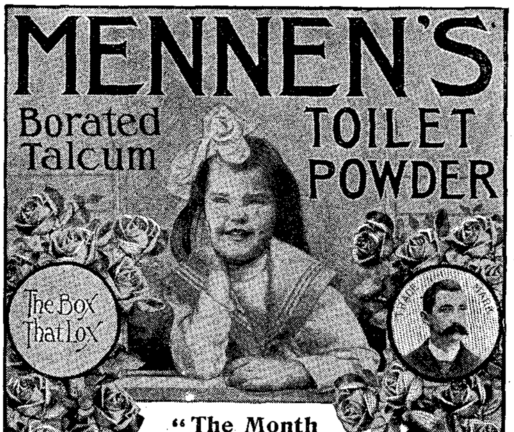
45 Liberty St., Quincy, Mass.



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calls for special complexion safeguards, to insure a summer of perfect skin condition and comfort.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

used after **bathing,** keeps the skin smooth and healthy, prevents **Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn,** insuring the much coveted "browning" without burning. After shaving it is delightful.

For your protection the **genuine** is put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the "**Box that Lox,**" with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. **Sample free.**

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Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets. **Sample free.**

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Specially prepared for the nursery

POMPEIAN
MASSAGE CREAM
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ROSY CHEEKS not Rouge-y Cheeks

There are three kinds of "beauty." There is the prettiness of the young girl—which is like that of the wildflower. There is the beauty of the matron—which is like that of the cultivated rose. And there is the sham "beauty" of the made-up woman, which is like the artificial flower on her hat.

The first is purely natural, spontaneous beauty, which is bestowed—and taken away—as nature may fancy. It is fleeting at the best.

The second is natural beauty, too, but it is natural beauty retained and maintained by aid and care. This is the beauty that lasts.

The third is not beauty at all. It is the pitiable makeshift of cosmetic, rouge and bleach, that deceives no one, and defeats the retaining or regaining of natural beauty.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

"The Largest Selling Face Cream"

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The beauty that is maintained by Pompeian Massage Cream is both natural and enduring—it defies time and withstands social cares, household duties and all the other things that tend to rob the matron of her good looks. Pompeian Cream is the largest selling face cream in the world, 10,000 jars being made and sold daily.

TEST IT WITH FREE SAMPLE

Also our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin. 50 cents or $1.00 a jar, sent postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price, if dealer hasn't it.

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Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—25c. a cake; box of 3 cakes, 60c.

Cut out along dotted line, fill in and mail, or send postal to-day.

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Gentlemen:—Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

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For 12 tops of Red Metal caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with **Gold Trade-Mark** or 24 from Split Bottles with **Black Trade-Mark** and 15c for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

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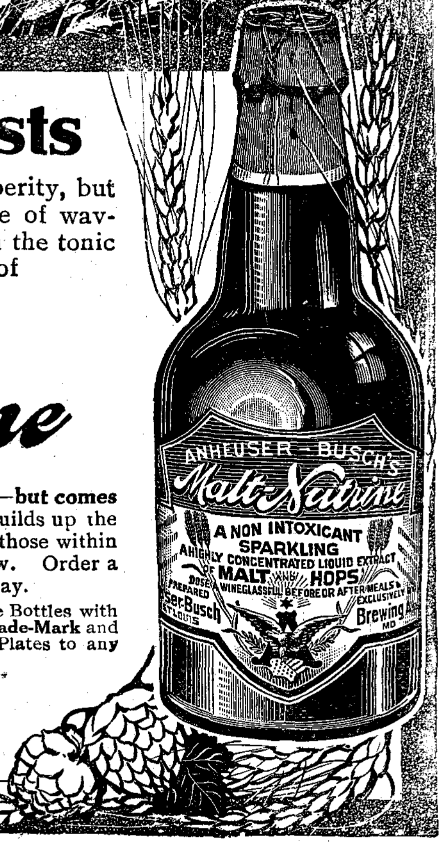
St. Louis, Mo.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A NON INTOXICANT
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DOSE A WINEGLASSFUL BEFORE OR AFTER MEALS
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Dissolve one 10c. package of Strawberry JELL-O in a pint of boiling water. When partly jellied pour into a mold or bowl lined with lady-fingers. When cold remove from the mold. Garnish with ripe strawberries and serve with whipped cream.

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A 10c. package makes enough dessert for the family.

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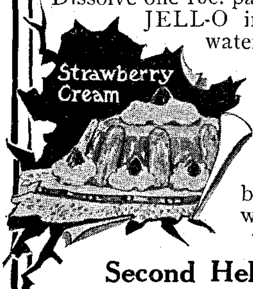

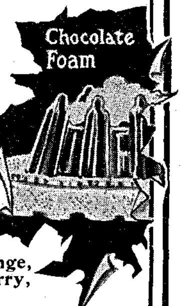

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80c a pound box

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